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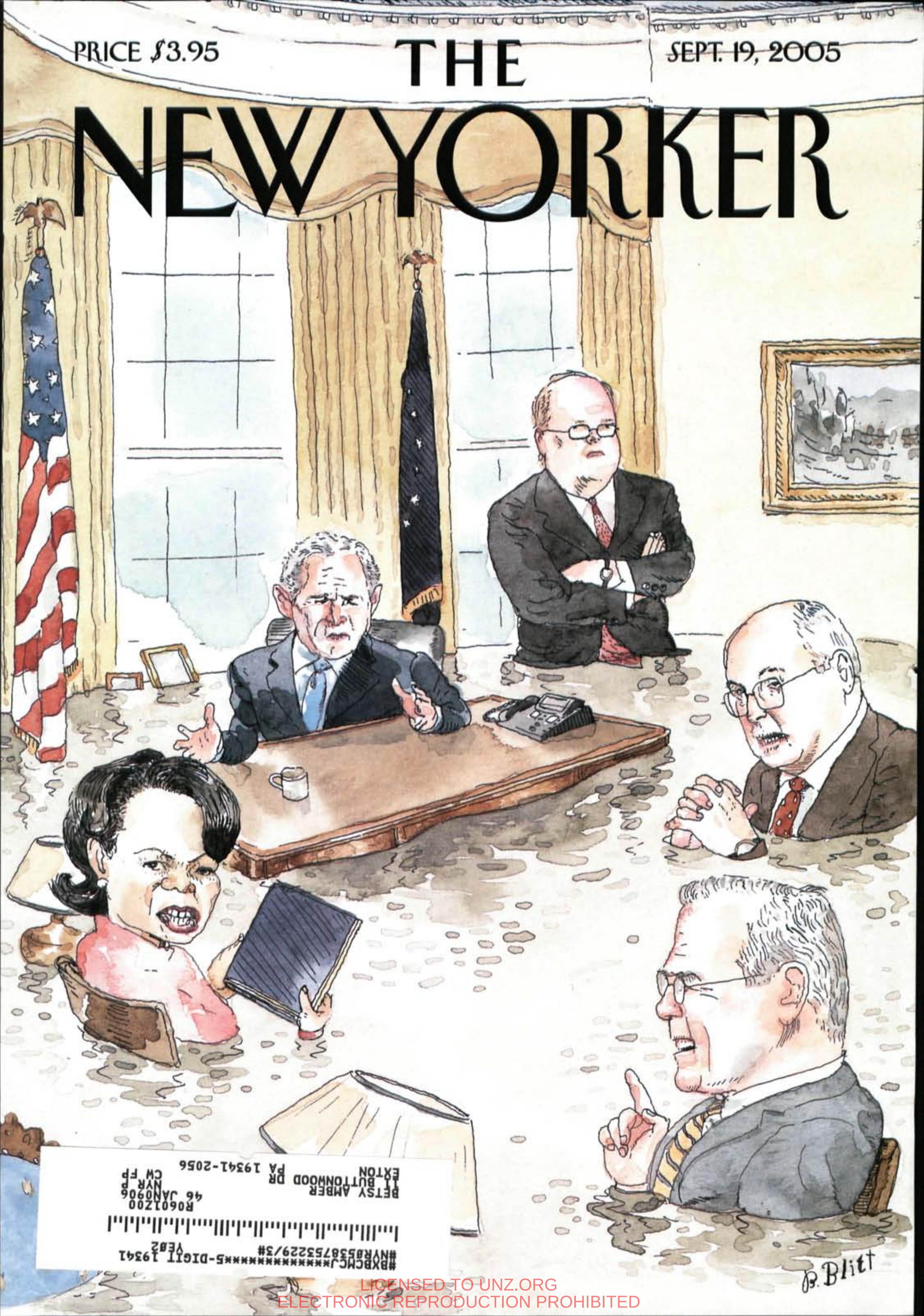
THE NEW YORKER

SEPT. 19, 2005



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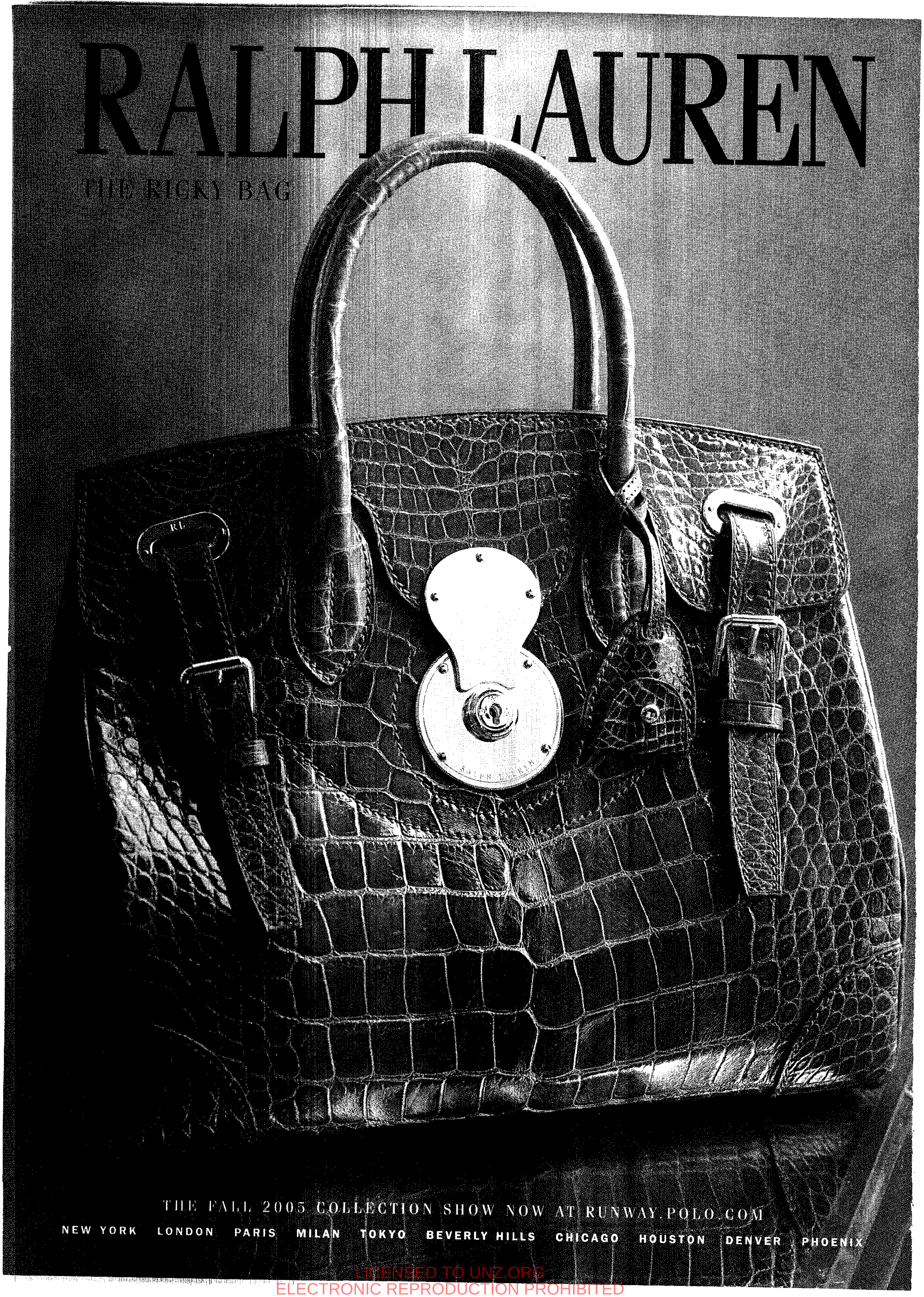
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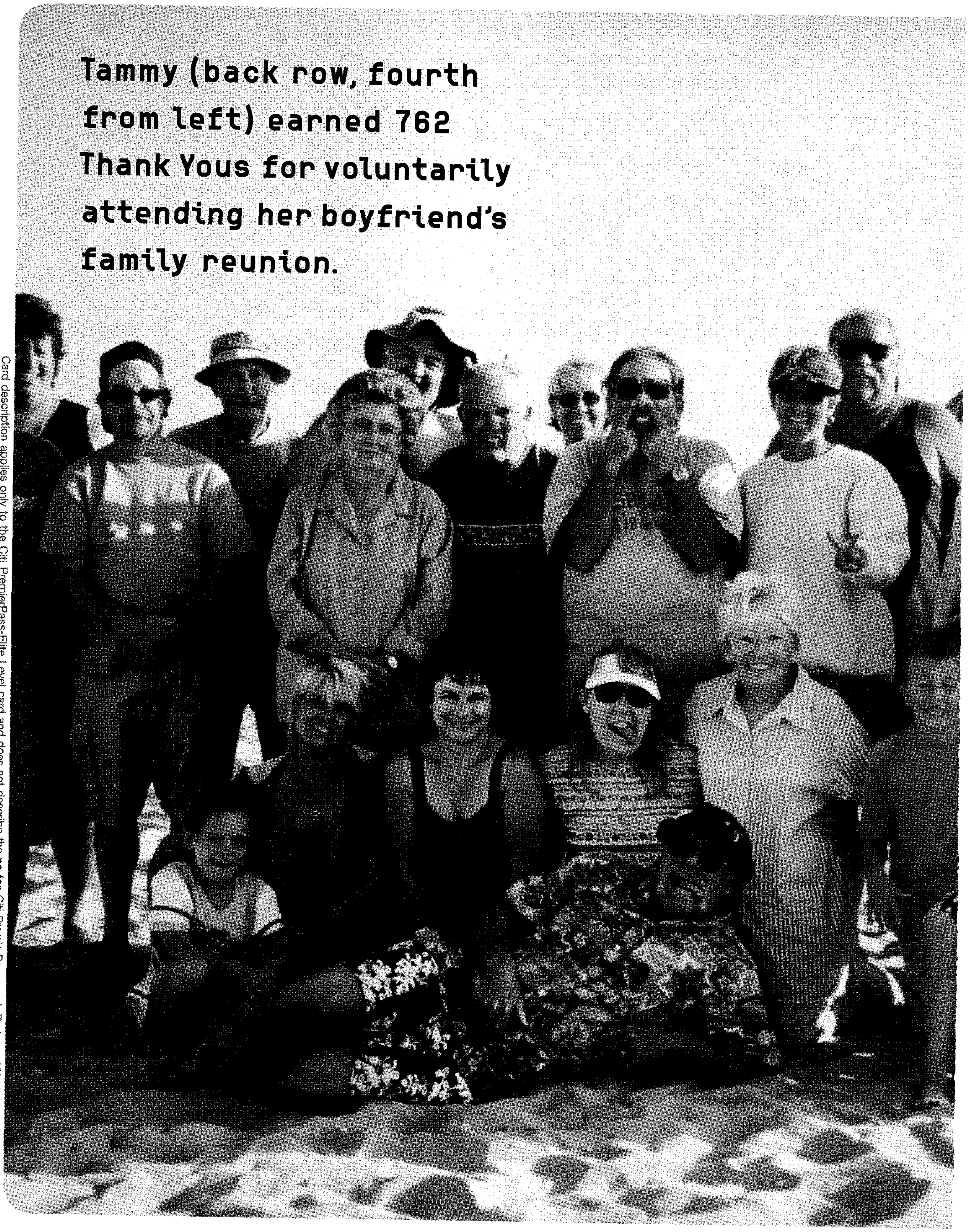
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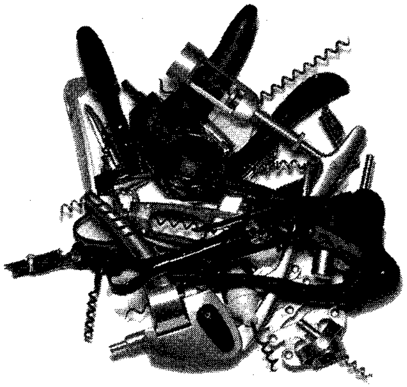

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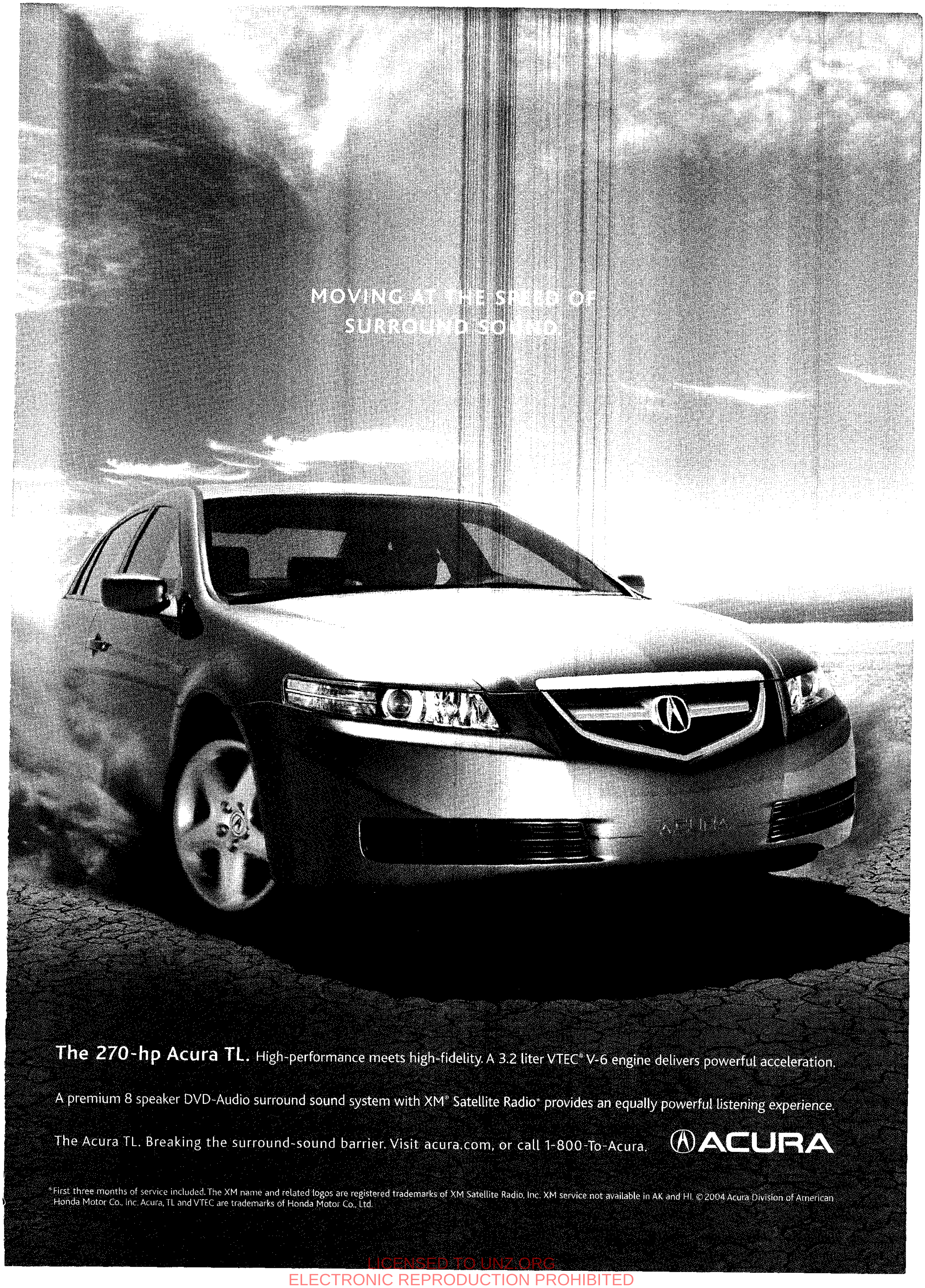

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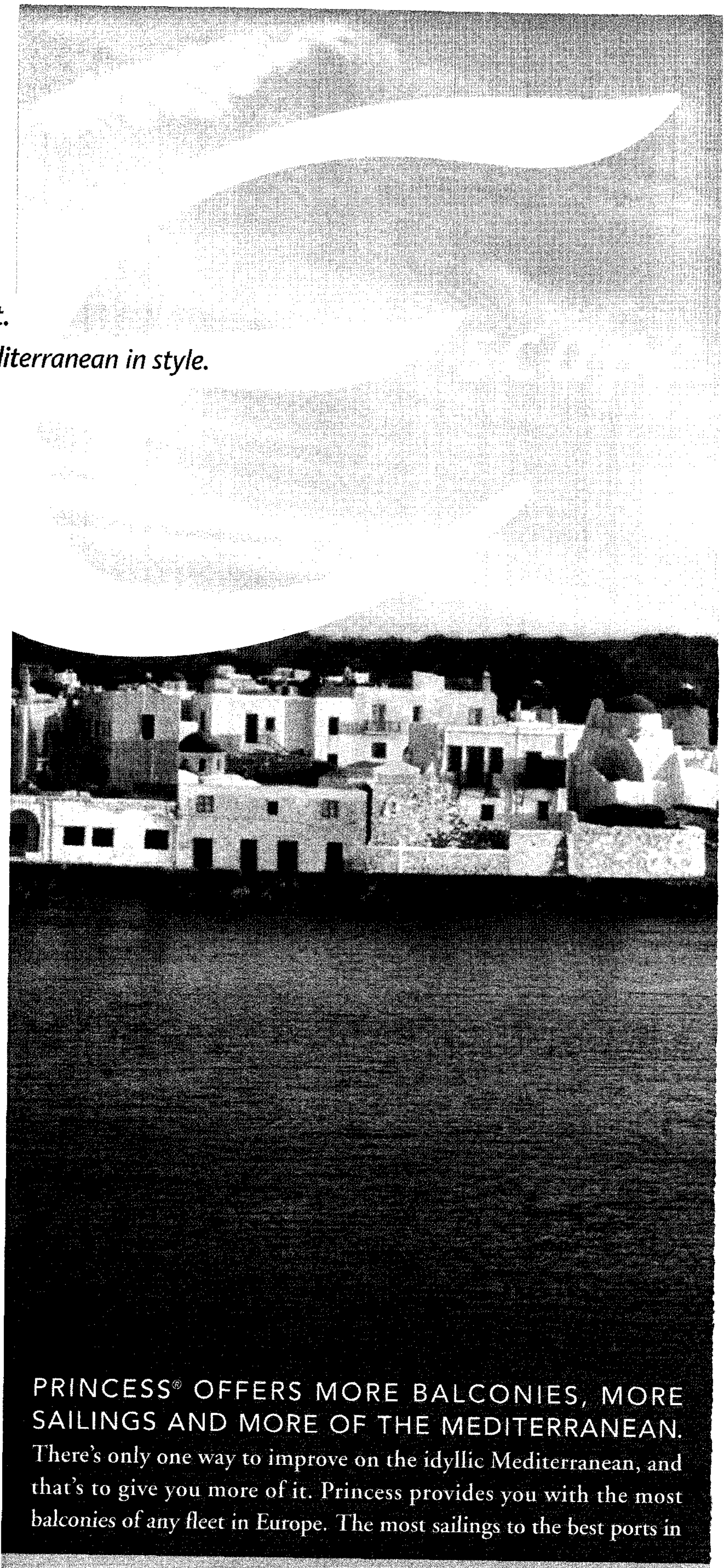

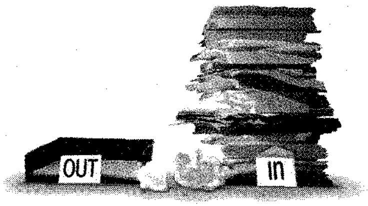

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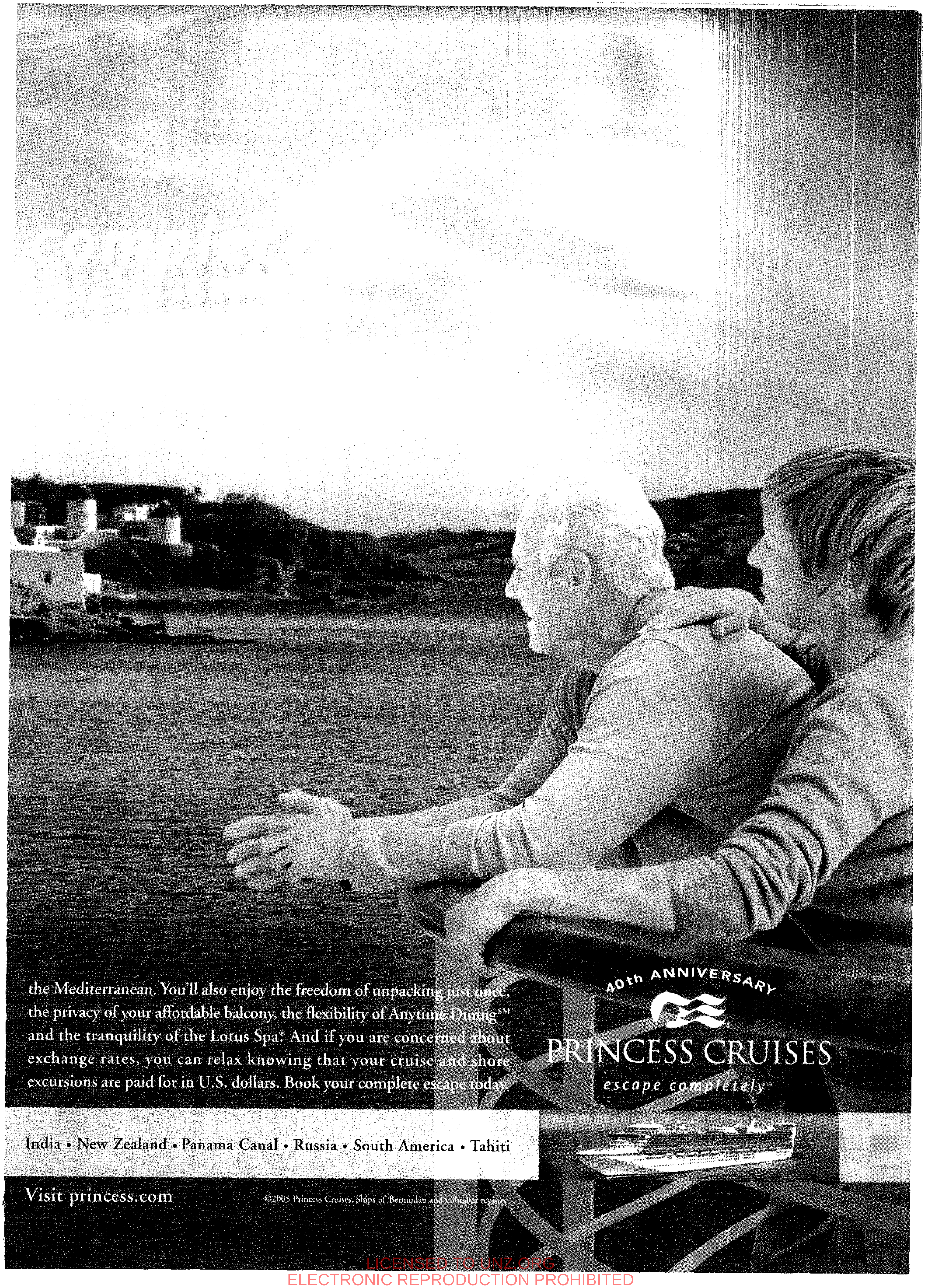

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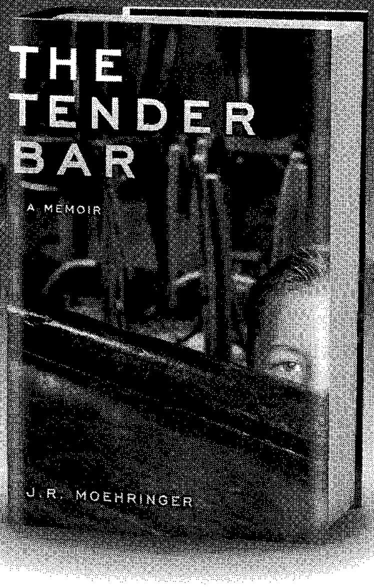

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CONTRIBUTORS

Jon Lee Anderson ("Leaving Desire," p. 42) is the author of, most recently, "The Fall of Baghdad," which will be available in paperback later this month.

Elizabeth Kolbert (Comment, p. 35) has a book about global warming, "Field Notes from a Catastrophe," coming out in March.

Jane Kramer ("The Rise of Angela Merkel," p. 48) writes the Letter from Europe for the magazine. Her books include "The Politics of Memory," a collection of essays on Germany.

Jane Mayer (The Talk of the Town, p. 37) is a staff writer based in Washington, D.C.

Lauren Collins (The Talk of the Town, p. 38) is a member of the magazine's editorial staff.

Thomas McGuane (Fiction, p. 82) will publish "Gallatin Canyon," a collection of stories, in May.

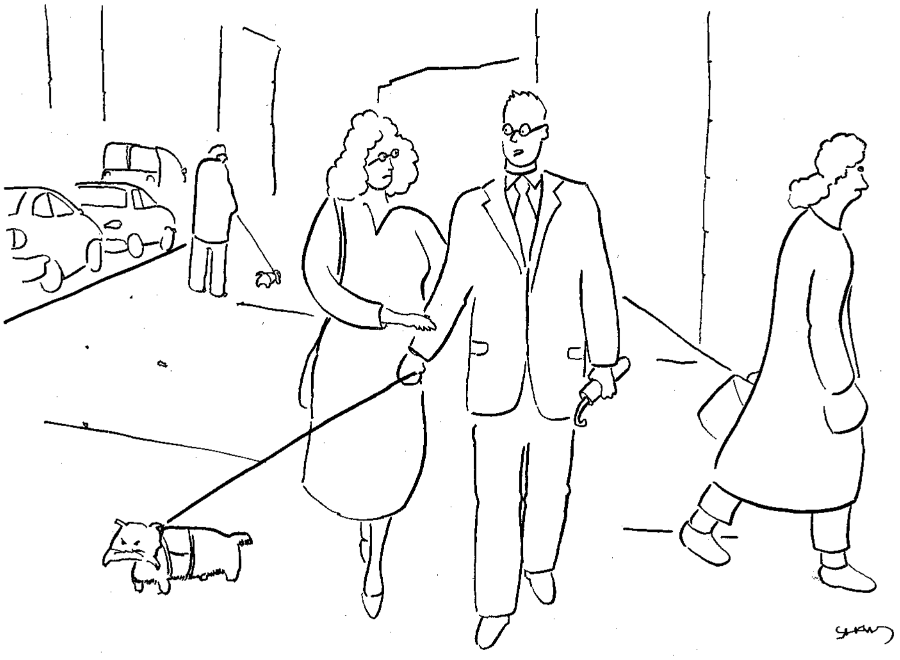
David Grann ("The Lost City of Z," p. 56) is a staff writer.

Elizabeth Bishop (Poem, p. 81), who died in 1979, received many awards in her lifetime, including the Pulitzer Prize, in 1956, and the National Book Award, in 1970. "Edgar Allan Poe & The Juke-Box: Uncollected Poems, Drafts, and Fragments" will be published in February.

John Lahr (A Critic at Large, p. 88; The Theatre, p. 98) has a new book, "Honky Tonk Parade: *New Yorker* Profiles of Show People," coming out next month.

Anthony Lane (The Current Cinema, p. 96) is a film critic for the magazine. His book "Nobody's Perfect: Writings from *The New Yorker*" is available in paperback.

Barry Blitt (Cover) is the illustrator for the children's book "Once Upon a Time, the End: Asleep in 60 Seconds," which has just been published. ♦



"I was downgraded to junk status at work today."

THE MAIL

PREACHER MEN

Peter J. Boyer's article on Billy Graham was informative about the historical development of "fundamentalist" and "evangelical" Christianity in America ("The Big Tent," August 22nd). When I was a student at Union Theological Seminary, in the fifties, Graham was invited to present his view of Christianity. There was much controversy about whether Graham should be allowed to speak: would he be embarrassed by the questions from the floor at this liberal seminary? Several hundred students and faculty attended, including the great theologians Reinhold Niebuhr and Paul Tillich. I stood next to Tillich and watched as tears rolled down his face and he muttered to himself in disagreement. Boyer's comment that Niebuhr refused to see Graham a few years later makes sense in light of their different views on Christian morality. Niebuhr stressed "paradox" and ambiguity, whereas Graham, as Boyer noted, chose to keep it simple.

Helen S. Farmer
Champaign, Ill.

My grandfather was a Presbyterian minister and a friend of Billy Graham's, and my family spent summers at my grandfather's home in Montreat, North Carolina, about fifty yards from Graham's. We always thought of Billy Graham as a member of our greater family. True, my mother was critical of the Southern Baptists' fundamentalist tent-revival practices, but such matters never interfered with our regard for him, because he respected everyone he met. That his son Franklin, now assuming leadership, could say openly that Islam is a "wicked, violent" religion and that the extremism we call terrorism constitutes the "true Islam" is reprehensible and reckless. Franklin Graham could clearly benefit by emulating his father's tolerance and compassion.

Lane Barden
Los Angeles, Calif.

Billy Graham's son Franklin excoriates the government of Saudi Arabia for having "no tolerance of other religions or other faiths," yet professes his own conviction that on pain of eternal damnation "either you're going to do it voluntarily and submit your heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, or you're going to be forced." Thankfully, our own government hasn't yet succeeded in adopting the younger Graham's beliefs into an official state religion, but it isn't for want of trying. It is sad to see that Richard Holbrooke and Bill Clinton have lent credibility and given a platform to this intolerant man.

Sylvia Lowenthal
Brooklyn, N.Y.

HOW TRUE

Jim Holt, in his discussion of Simon Blackburn's new book, "Truth: A Guide," says that Blackburn "accuses Nietzsche of sloppy thinking" (A Critic at Large, August 22nd). Holt argues that Blackburn's protest arises from Nietzsche's claim that we are limited by our perspectives. However, this is to ignore the Nietzschean "will to power," which interprets, and seeks to engage with, as many perspectives as possible. Nietzsche sought to describe the complex relations between perspectives and how we organize the multiplicity of existence as knowledge. Simplifying Nietzschean perspectivism in this way effectively pulls the teeth of a complex argument in order to declare in the next moment that it has no bite.

Michael Stern
Eugene, Ore.

CORRECTION: The Cartoon Caption Contest in the September 12th issue misidentified one of the three finalists. The caption "I think it's important for them to hear both sides of the debate" was submitted by Marjorie Staiger, of Boulder Creek, California.

•

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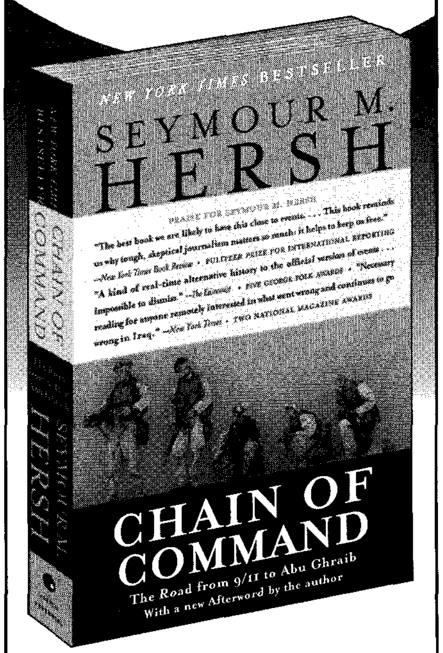
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Ralph Lee's Mettawee River Theatre Company. Photograph by Sylvia Plachy.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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18	19	20	14	15	16	17

THIS WEEK

THE THEATRE
REALLY ROSIE

Rosie O'Donnell takes over the role of Golde in "Fiddler on the Roof" on Sept. 20 at the Minskoff, where she will uphold family values and family ties alongside Anatevka's current First Papa, Harvey Fierstein. (See page 14.)

NIGHT LIFE
JEWISH MUSIC

The New York Jewish Music & Heritage Festival gets under way this week, highlighting a wide range of culture, from uptown—the jazz pianist Dave Brubeck's première of a new work, "The Commandments," at the Rose Theatre—to downtown: a tribute to the late Joey Ramone at the Museum of Jewish Heritage, in Battery Park City. (See page 16.)

ART
ART IN RUSSIA

The Guggenheim's new "Russia!" exhibit is a bit of a sprawl, covering eight centuries of Russian art, from medieval icons to video works. But the focus is even broader—the show includes works by artists like Van Dyck, Rubens, Gauguin, and Picasso from the collections of Russian royals and businessmen. (See page 18.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
BACK TO THE MET

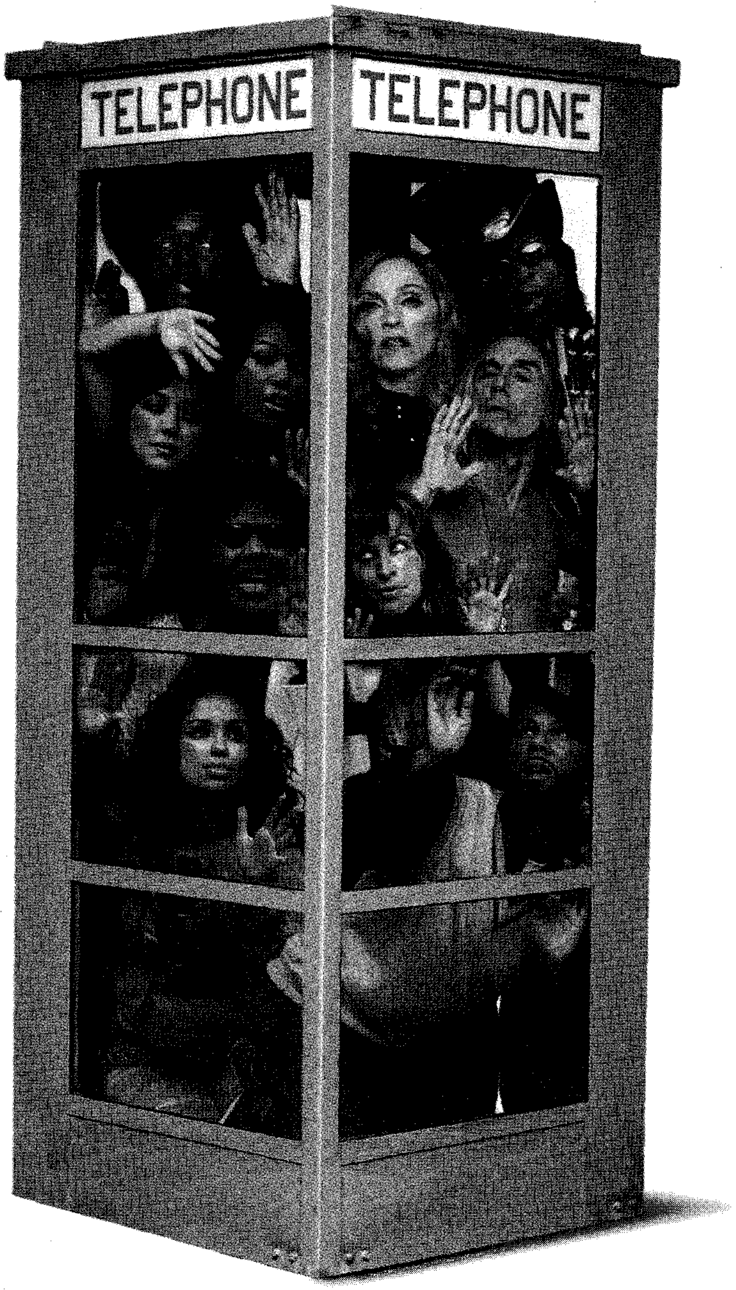
After a sumptuous opening-night gala, the Metropolitan Opera begins its regular season with a revival of Massenet's "Manon," an entertaining bit of ancien-régime excess. Renée Fleming will sing the title role. (See page 25.)

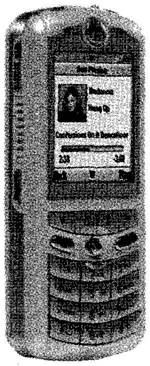
MOVIES
"SEPARATE LIES"

Julian Fellowes, the British actor and screenwriter, is now a director; his new romantic thriller stars Tom Wilkinson as a husband who defends his wife (Emily Watson) on murder charges. (See page 28.)

READINGS
"LOLITA" AT FIFTY

Vladimir Nabokov's novel is the subject of a discussion at Columbia University's Miller Theatre. Panelists include Alfred Appel, Jr., the editor of "The Annotated Lolita," and Stacy Schiff, the biographer of Nabokov's wife, Véra. (See page 32.)





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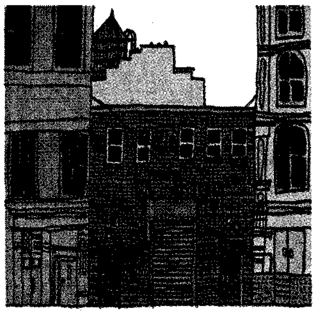
CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK
LIVING THEATRE

Theatregoing in this country can sometimes feel like a chore, but not when you see one of the alive and edifying productions of the Wooster Group, which for thirty years has sought to free American theatre from the strictures of late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century melodramas and musicals. Its newest production, "Poor Theatre," which opens Sept. 21, flouts the notion that theatre should shut out modern influences (junk TV, bad movies) and instead embraces the world and all its technologies. The group likes to experiment with important texts: in past shows, the company has deconstructed Racine's "Phèdre," and the veteran member Kate Valk has given a gender spin to Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape." Here, in homages they call "simulacra," they turn Jerzy Grotowski's performance theories inside out and reimagine William Forsythe's dance method, weaving in video and cinéma-vérité elements that lampoon the very notion of empirical truth. By using as much varied material as possible, usually with a "classic" at hand, the actors confront the idea of white-male greatness head-on.



—*Hilton Als*

THE THEATRE
OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.

COLDER THAN HERE
MCC Theatre opens its twentieth-anniversary season with the U.S. première of a dark comedy by Laura Wade, about a detail-oriented homemaker who plans her own funeral. The cast includes Judith Light, Brian Murray, Sarah Paulson, and Lily Rabe. Abigail Morris directs. In previews. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 212-279-4200.)

DR. SEX
A love triangle between Dr. Alfred Kinsey, his wife, Clara, and their boyfriend, Wally, has become a musical comedy, with a score by Larry Bortniker and a book by Bortniker and Sally Deering. Directed by Pamela Hunt. In previews. Opens Sept. 20 at 8. (Peter Norton Space, 555 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

FRAN'S BED
Mia Farrow stars in Playwrights Horizons' thirty-fifth-anniversary season opener, a play written and directed by James Lapine ("Passion," "Sunday in the Park with George"), about a woman who revisits her memories as she lies in a sickbed, surrounded by her family. In previews. (416 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

THE GREAT AMERICAN TRAILER PARK MUSICAL
Set in a Florida trailer park called Armadillo Acres, this musical comedy has a book by Betsy Kelso (who directs), music and lyrics by David Nehls, and a set by Derek McLane ("I Am My Own Wife"). In previews. (Dodger Stages, 340 W. 50th St. 212-239-6200.)

THE INTELLIGENT DESIGN OF JENNY CHOW
The Atlantic Theatre Company begins its twentieth-anniversary season with a comedy by the young playwright Rolin Jones, about an agoraphobic adopted girl who builds missile components for the U.S. Army while hunting for her birth mother. Jackson Gay directs. In previews. Opens Sept. 19 at 7. (336 W. 20th St. 212-239-6200.)

IN THE WINGS
Jeremy Dobrish directs a new play by Stewart F. Lane, about a couple of wannabe actors whose romance is imperilled when one of them gets a lucky break. In previews. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 212-239-6200.)

KISSING FIDEL
In a new play by Eduardo Machado ("The Cook"), which opens Intar's fortieth season, a Cuban-American in a vehemently anti-Castro Miami family incenses his relatives by declaring his intention to travel to Havana to make peace with Fidel. Michael John Garcés directs. In previews. Opens Sept. 20 at 7. (Kirk, 410 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

LATINOLOGUES
A collection of comic and thoughtful monologues about the Latino experience in America comes to Broadway from the West Coast, directed by Cheech Marin (of the Cheech and Chong movies) and written by Rick Najera, who also performs, with Eugenio Derbez, Rene Lavan, and Shirley A. Rumierk. In previews. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.)

MEDEA
The Classical Theatre of Harlem presents its 2002 production of the tragedy, adapted and directed by Alfred Preisser. April Thompson plays the title role. Previews begin Sept. 15. (HSA Theatre, 645 St. Nicholas Ave., near 141st St. 212-868-4444.)

MIRACLE BROTHERS
The Vineyard Theatre presents a new musical by Kirsten Childs, set in seventeenth-century Brazil, about two brothers, one black, one white. With choreography, featuring capoeira, by Mark Dendy. Tina Landau directs. In previews. Opens Sept. 18 at 7. (108 E. 15th St. 212-353-0303.)

A NAKED GIRL ON THE APPIAN WAY
Richard Thomas and Jill Clayburgh star in a new comic drama by Richard Greenberg ("Take Me Out") about parents whose lives are disrupted when their grown children return from a year abroad with surprising news. Presented by the Roundabout Theatre Company and directed by Doug Hughes. In previews. (American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. 212-719-1300.)

NO FOREIGNERS BEYOND THIS POINT
The experiences of two East Coast liberals who taught English in Guangdong, China, in 1980 are portrayed in this new play by Warren Leight ("Side Man"). Presented by Ma-Yi Theatre Company and directed by Loy Arcenas. Previews begin Sept. 17. (Culture Project, 45 Bleecker St. 212-352-3101.)

THE PAVILION
Brian D'Arcy James, Stephen Bogardus, and Jennifer Mudge star in a Rattlestick Theatre Company production of a new play by Craig Wright ("Orange Flower Water"), about nostalgia at a hundred-year-old dance hall in Minnesota. Directed by Lucie Tiberghein. In previews. Opens Sept. 20 at 7. (224 Waverly Pl. 212-868-4444.)

POOR THEATRE
The latest production of the Wooster Group is an exploration of the boundaries of theatre that pays homage to Jerzy Grotowski, William Forsythe, and Max Ernst. Previews begin Sept. 14. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 212-868-4444.)

RED BEADS
Clove Galilee, Rob Besserer, and Ruth Maleczech participate in this multidisciplinary dance-theatre collaboration between Mabou Mines, the puppeteer Basil Twist, and the Japanese composer Ushio Torikai. Directed by Lee Breuer. Opens Sept. 20 at 7:30. (Skirball Center for the Performing Arts, 566 LaGuardia Pl. 212-992-8484.)

SPIRIT
Two of the macabre and mischievous creative minds behind "Shockheaded Peter" (the performer Phelim McDermott and the director Julian Crouch) are involved in this entertainment by London's Improbable company, in which three brothers struggle with various forms of conflict. One preview on Sept. 14. Opens Sept. 15 at 7. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 212-239-6200.)

WALKING DOWN BROADWAY
The world première of a play by the New York writer Dawn Powell, about two sisters from Ohio who move to New York and lose their illusions, is presented by the Mint Theatre Company. Steven Williford directs. Previews begin Sept. 15. (311 W. 43rd St. 212-315-0231.)

A WOMAN OF WILL
Amanda McBroom, author of the 1979 hit ballad "The Rose," has written the book and lyrics for this musical about a modern lyricist who rhapsodizes about Shakespeare's leading ladies as she tries to write songs for an update of "The Merchant of Venice." Music by Joel Silberman, who also directs. Previews begin Sept. 15. (Daryl Roth, 101 E. 15th St. 212-239-6200.)

NOW PLAYING

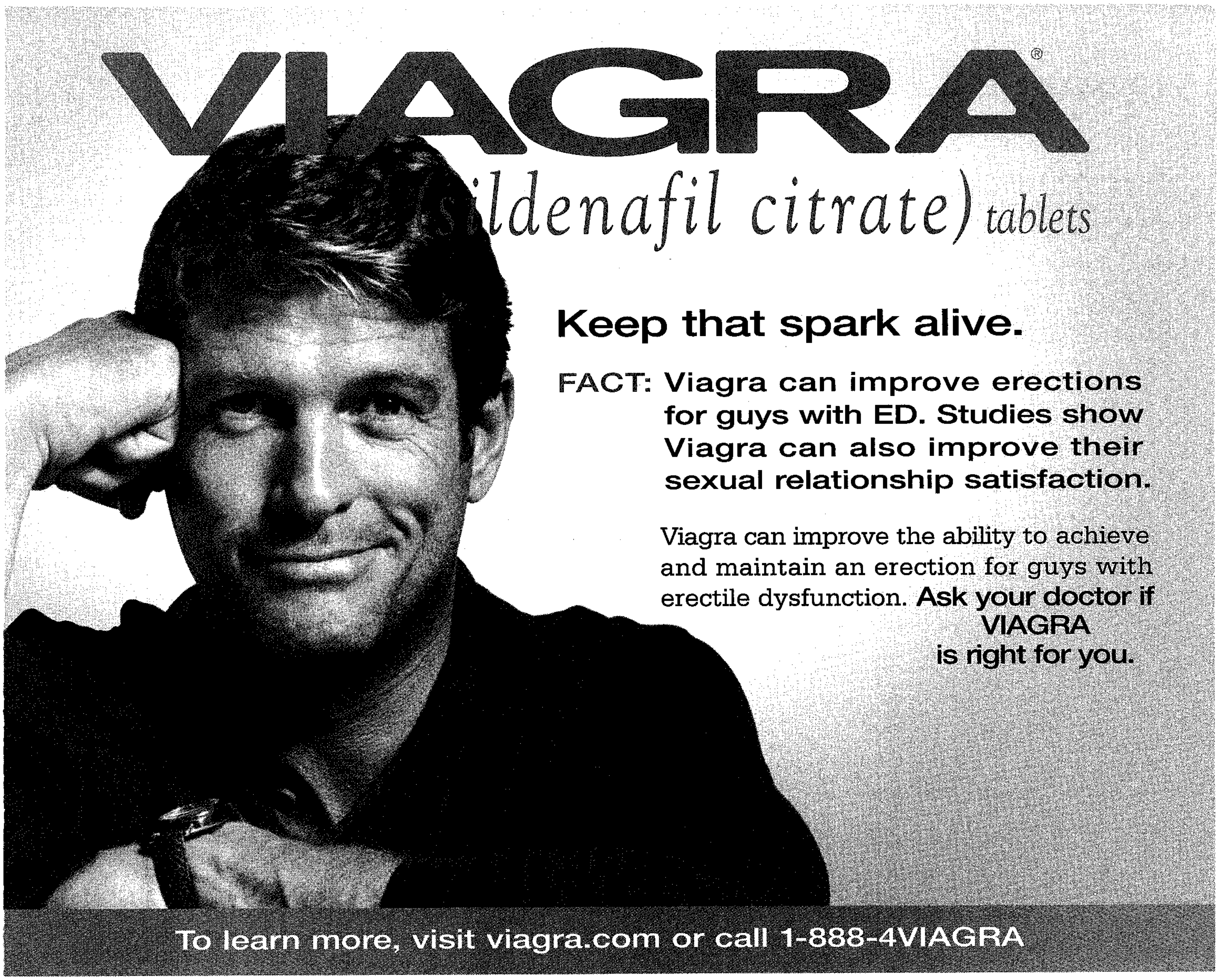
THE BLOWIN OF BAILE GALL
Ato Essandoh stars in a new drama by Ronan Noone, about workers on a construction site in western Ireland who bristle when a contractor hires an African refugee (the "blowin" of the title) instead of a local. Directed by David Sullivan. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 212-868-4444.)

THE BREADWINNER
The refreshingly non-avant-garde Keen Company revives Somerset Maugham's comedy about a middle-class patriarch who decides to skip out on his tedious family. Directed by Carl Forsman. (Connelly, 220 E. 4th St. 212-868-4444.)

THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE
A cast of six works with Ralph Lee's ingenious puppets and masks in this streamlined adaptation of Brecht's play by Lee's Mettawee River Theatre. Performances take place in the outdoor garden of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Sept. 16-18 at 7:30. (Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 212-929-4777.)

COMMEDIA DELL SMARTASS
The women's theatre group New Georges presents a new comedy by Sonya Sobieski, about a

JASHAR AWAN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Viagra can improve the ability to achieve and maintain an erection for guys with erectile dysfunction. Ask your doctor if VIAGRA is right for you.
To learn more, visit viagra.com or call 1-888-4VIAGRA

VIAGRA is prescribed to treat erectile dysfunction. We know that no medicine is for everyone. If you use nitrate drugs, often used for chest pain (known as angina), don't take VIAGRA. Taking these drugs together could cause your blood pressure to drop to an unsafe level.

The most common side effects of VIAGRA are headache, facial flushing, and upset stomach. Less common are bluish or blurred vision, or being sensitive to light. These may occur for a brief time. Remember to protect yourself and your partner from sexually transmitted diseases.

Talk with your doctor first. Make sure you are healthy enough to have sex. If you have chest pain, nausea, or other discomforts during sex, seek medical help right away. Although erections lasting for more than four hours may occur rarely with all ED treatments in this drug class, it is important to seek immediate medical attention. Erections lasting longer than six hours can result in long-term loss of potency.

VIAGRA is covered under most Managed Care Plans.*

Important Information: Viagra is one of several ED treatments that you and your doctor can consider.

Please see our patient summary of information for VIAGRA (25 mg, 50 mg, 100 mg) tablets on the following page.
*Percent of members by formulary status for HMOs, PPOs and POS for Viagra, Levitra, and Cialis. *Formulary Compass*™ MediMedia USA, Inc. February 2005.

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PATIENT SUMMARY OF INFORMATION ABOUT VIAGRA®

(sildenafil citrate) tablets

This summary contains important information about VIAGRA®. It is not meant to take the place of your doctor's instructions. Read this information carefully before you start taking VIAGRA. Ask your doctor or pharmacist if you do not understand any of this information or if you want to know more about VIAGRA.

This medicine can help many men when it is used as prescribed by their doctors. However, VIAGRA is not for everyone. It is intended for use only by men who have a condition called erectile dysfunction. **VIAGRA must never be used by men who are taking medicines that contain nitrates of any kind, at any time. This includes nitroglycerin. If you take VIAGRA with any nitrate medicine your blood pressure could suddenly drop to an unsafe or life threatening level.**

• What Is VIAGRA?

VIAGRA is a pill used to treat erectile dysfunction (impotence) in men. It can help many men who have erectile dysfunction get and keep an erection when they become sexually excited (stimulated).

You will not get an erection just by taking this medicine. VIAGRA helps a man with erectile dysfunction get an erection only when he is sexually excited.

• How Sex Affects the Body

When a man is sexually excited, the penis rapidly fills with more blood than usual. The penis then expands and hardens. This is called an erection. After the man is done having sex, this extra blood flows out of the penis back into the body. The erection goes away. If an erection lasts for a long time (more than 6 hours), it can permanently damage your penis. You should call a doctor immediately if you ever have a prolonged erection that lasts more than 4 hours.

Some conditions and medicines interfere with this natural erection process. The penis cannot fill with enough blood. The man cannot have an erection. This is called erectile dysfunction if it becomes a frequent problem.

During sex, your heart works harder. Therefore sexual activity may not be advisable for people who have heart problems. Before you start any treatment for erectile dysfunction, ask your doctor if your heart is healthy enough to handle the extra strain of having sex. If you have chest pains, dizziness or nausea during sex, stop having sex and immediately tell your doctor you have had this problem.

• How VIAGRA Works

VIAGRA enables many men with erectile dysfunction to respond to sexual stimulation. When a man is sexually excited, VIAGRA helps the penis fill with enough blood to cause an erection. After sex is over, the erection goes away.

• VIAGRA Is Not for Everyone

As noted above (*How Sex Affects the Body*), ask your doctor if your heart is healthy enough for sexual activity.

If you take any medicines that contain nitrates – either regularly or as needed – you should never take VIAGRA. If you take VIAGRA with any nitrate medicine or recreational drug containing nitrates, your blood pressure could suddenly drop to an unsafe level. You could get dizzy, faint, or even have a heart attack or stroke. Nitrates are found in many prescription medicines that are used to treat angina (chest pain due to heart disease) such as:

- nitroglycerin (sprays, ointments, skin patches or pastes, and tablets that are swallowed or dissolved in the mouth)
- isosorbide mononitrate and isosorbide dinitrate (tablets that are swallowed, chewed, or dissolved in the mouth)

Nitrates are also found in recreational drugs such as amyl nitrate or nitrite ("poppers"). If you are not sure if any of your medicines contain nitrates, or if you do not understand what nitrates are, ask your doctor or pharmacist.

VIAGRA is only for patients with erectile dysfunction. VIAGRA is not for newborns, children, or women. Do not let anyone else take your VIAGRA. VIAGRA must be used only under a doctor's supervision.

• What VIAGRA Does Not Do

- VIAGRA does not cure erectile dysfunction. It is a treatment for erectile dysfunction.
- VIAGRA does not protect you or your partner from getting sexually transmitted diseases, including HIV — the virus that causes AIDS.
- VIAGRA is not a hormone or an aphrodisiac.

• What To Tell Your Doctor Before You Begin VIAGRA

Only your doctor can decide if VIAGRA is right for you. VIAGRA can cause mild, temporary lowering of your blood pressure. You will need to have a thorough medical exam to diagnose your erectile dysfunction and to find out if you can safely take VIAGRA alone or with your other medicines. Your doctor should determine if your heart is healthy enough to handle the extra strain of having sex.

Be sure to tell your doctor if you:

- have ever had any heart problems (e.g., angina, chest pain, heart failure, irregular heart beats, heart attack or narrowing of the aortic valve)
- have ever had a stroke
- have low or high blood pressure
- have ever had severe vision loss
- have a rare inherited eye disease called retinitis pigmentosa
- have ever had any kidney problems
- have ever had any liver problems
- have ever had any blood problems, including sickle cell anemia or leukemia
- are allergic to sildenafil or any of the other ingredients of VIAGRA tablets
- have a deformed penis, Peyronie's disease, or ever had an erection that lasted more than 4 hours
- have stomach ulcers or any types of bleeding problems
- are taking any other medicines

• VIAGRA and Other Medicines

Some medicines can change the way VIAGRA works. Tell your doctor about **any medicines** you are taking. Do not start or stop taking any medicines before checking with your doctor or pharmacist. This includes prescription and nonprescription medicines or remedies:

- Remember, VIAGRA should never be used with medicines that contain nitrates (see *VIAGRA Is Not for Everyone*).
- If you are taking alpha-blocker therapy for the treatment of high blood pressure or prostate problems, you should not take a dose of greater than 25 mg of VIAGRA at the same time (within 4 hours) as you take your dose of alpha-blocker.
- If you are taking a protease inhibitor, your dose may be adjusted (please see *Finding the Right Dose for You*).
- VIAGRA should not be used with any other medical treatments that cause erections. These treatments include pills, medicines that are injected or inserted into the penis, implants or vacuum pumps.

• Finding the Right Dose for You

VIAGRA comes in different doses (25 mg, 50 mg and 100 mg). If you do not get the results you expect, talk with your doctor. You and your doctor can determine the dose that works best for you.

- Do not take more VIAGRA than your doctor prescribes.
- If you think you need a larger dose of VIAGRA, check with your doctor.
- VIAGRA should not be taken more than once a day.

If you are older than age 65, or have serious liver or kidney problems, your doctor may start you at the lowest dose (25 mg) of VIAGRA. If you are taking protease inhibitors, such as for the treatment of HIV, your doctor may recommend a 25 mg dose and may limit you to a maximum single dose of 25 mg of VIAGRA in a 48 hour period. If you are taking alpha-blocker therapy, you should not take a dose of greater than 25 mg of VIAGRA at the same time (within 4 hours) as your dose of alpha-blocker.

• How To Take VIAGRA

Take VIAGRA about one hour before you plan to have sex. Beginning in about 30 minutes and for up to 4 hours, VIAGRA can help you get an erection if you are sexually excited. If you take VIAGRA after a high-fat meal (such as a cheeseburger and french fries), the medicine may take a little longer to start working. VIAGRA can help you get an erection when you are sexually excited. You will not get an erection just by taking the pill.

• Possible Side Effects

Like all medicines, VIAGRA can cause some side effects. These effects are usually mild to moderate and usually don't last longer than a few hours. Some of these side effects are more likely to occur with higher doses. The most common side effects of VIAGRA are headache, flushing of the face, and upset stomach. Less common side effects that may occur are temporary changes in color vision (such as trouble telling the difference between blue and green objects or having a blue color tinge to them), eyes being more sensitive to light, or blurred vision.

In rare instances, men taking PDE5 inhibitors (oral erectile dysfunction medicines, including VIAGRA) reported a sudden decrease or loss of vision in one or both eyes. It is not possible to determine whether these events are related directly to these medicines, to other factors such as high blood pressure or diabetes, or to a combination of these. If you experience sudden decrease or loss of vision, stop taking PDE5 inhibitors, including VIAGRA, and call a doctor right away.

In rare instances, men have reported an erection that lasts many hours. You should call a doctor immediately if you ever have an erection that lasts more than 4 hours. If not treated right away, permanent damage to your penis could occur (see *How Sex Affects the Body*).

Heart attack, stroke, irregular heart beats, and death have been reported rarely in men taking VIAGRA. Most, but not all, of these men had heart problems before taking this medicine. It is not possible to determine whether these events were directly related to VIAGRA.

VIAGRA may cause other side effects besides those listed on this sheet. If you want more information or develop any side effects or symptoms you are concerned about, call your doctor.

• Accidental Overdose

In case of accidental overdose, call your doctor right away.

• Storing VIAGRA

Keep VIAGRA out of the reach of children. Keep VIAGRA in its original container. Store at 25°C (77°F); excursions permitted to 15-30°C (59-86°F) [see USP Controlled Room Temperature].

• For More Information on VIAGRA

VIAGRA is a prescription medicine used to treat erectile dysfunction. Only your doctor can decide if it is right for you. This sheet is only a summary. If you have any questions or want more information about VIAGRA, talk with your doctor or pharmacist, visit www.viagra.com, or call 1-888-4VIAGRA.

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high-achieving Girl Scout, a fencer who reads Machiavelli, and other eccentrics. Directed by Jean Randich. (Ohio, 66 Wooster St. 212-868-4444.)

LENNON

This show, or rather, revue, focusses, in standard musical-bio fashion, on Liverpool's "working-class hero" as he makes his way from the cradle to the grave, from his "Twist and Shout" days with the Beatles to his career as a solo artist, producing such ballads of white-male sensitivity as "Give Peace a Chance," "Woman," and "Beautiful Boy." Conceived and directed by Don Scardino, who also wrote the book, "Lennon" presents nine performers in the title role, meant to highlight the protagonist's multiple personae. But the conceit fails, mainly because Scardino seems less interested in the subtleties of interpreting a life story than in putting on a very, very big show with a very, very loud sound system. (8/29/05) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.)

NEW YORK MUSICAL THEATRE FESTIVAL

The sophomore season of the hardy young showcase presents eighteen new musicals, including "The Ballad of Bonnie & Clyde," by Michael Aman, Oscar E. Moore, and Dana P. Rowe; "The Big Time," a terrorist farce by the witty Douglas Carter Beane; and "Nerds://A Musical Software Satire," a look at the rise of Bill Gates and Steve Jobs, created by Jordan Allen-Dutton, Erik Weiner, and Hal Goldberg. (For festival schedule and venue information, visit www.nymf.org. Through Oct. 2.)

ONE-MAN STAR WARS TRILOGY

In this inspired act of madness, the Canadian actor Charles Ross recaps "Star Wars," "The Empire Strikes Back," and "The Return of the Jedi" in a single hour, portraying not only Luke Skywalker, Obi-Wan Kenobi, Darth Vader, Princess Leia, and Han Solo but R2-D2 (Ross's droid whistle-speech imitation is uncanny), AT-AT walkers, the trash-compactor snake, and even the floating words in the films' opening credits. Directed by TJ Dawe. (Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.)

SIDES: THE FEAR IS REAL

In a series of wickedly funny skits, Mr. Miyagi's Theatre Company—Sekiya Billman, Jane Cho, Paul H. Juhn, Peter Kim, Rodney To, and Hoon Lee—mercilessly caricature Asian-American actors caught up in the posturing, backstabbing, and nail-biting of the audition process. Briskly directed by Anne Kauffman. (45 Bleecker St. 212-307-4100.)

Also Playing

ALL SHOOK UP: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 212-307-4100. **ALTAR BOYZ:** Dodger Stages, 340 W. 50th St. 212-239-6200. **AVENUE Q:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. **CHICAGO:** Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 212-239-6200. **CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG:** Hilton, 213 W. 42nd St. 212-307-4100. **DEDICATION OR THE STUFF OF DREAMS:** 59E59, at 59 E. 59th St. 212-279-4200. (Through Oct. 2.) 212-239-6200. **DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. **DOUBT:** Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 212-239-6200. **DRUMSTRUCK:** Dodger Stages, 340 W. 50th St. 212-239-6200. **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Minskoff, 200 W. 45th St. 212-307-4100. **FOOLS IN LOVE:** Manhattan Ensemble Theatre, 55 Mercer St. 212-239-6200. **HAIRSPRAY:** Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 212-307-4100. **JOY:** Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 212-239-6200. **THE LIGHT IN THE PIAZZA:** Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 212-239-6200. **MAMMA MIA!:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 212-563-5544. **MONTY PYTHON'S SPAMALOT:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200. **MOVIN' OUT:** Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 212-307-4100. **ONCE AROUND THE SUN:** Zipper, 336 W. 37th St. 212-239-6200. **ORSON'S SHADOW:** Barrow Street Theatre, 27 Barrow St. 212-239-6200. **PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME!:** Irish Repertory, 132 W. 22nd St. 212-727-2737. (Through Sept. 25.) **THE PILLOWMAN:** Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. **SWEET CHARITY:** Al Hirschfeld, 302 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200. **THOM PAIN (BASED ON NOTHING):** DR2, 103 E. 15th St. 212-239-6200. **WICKED:** Gershwin, 222 W. 51st St. 212-307-4100.

NIGHT LIFE

ROCK AND POP

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

B. B. KING BLUES CLUB & GRILL
237 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144)—Sept. 16: The Australian soft-rockers **Air Supply.** Sept. 17: The CMJ Music Marathon (see below) brings in **Roger Clyne and the Peacemakers,** an alt-country juggernaut out of Arizona. Sept. 18: The **Tubes** gained renown for merging the surreal wit and adventurous musical style of Frank Zappa with the audacity of New Wave. The band emerged from San Francisco in the mid-seventies, with shocking stage shows and relentless irreverence, and they had hits in the early eighties with "Talk to You Later" and "She's a Beauty."

BOWERY BALLROOM
6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111)—Sept. 15: The Canadian neo-power pop ensemble the **New Pornographers.** Later that night: **Dungen** (see Maxwell's). Sept. 17: **Wolf Parade,** an indie-rock band from Montreal, has been touted as the next big thing from Canada, which in certain circles is quite a big deal (in the past year or so, their home city has become a hotbed of musical action). The band's début album, "Apologies to the Queen Mary," comes out later this month.

CANAL ROOM
285 West Broadway (212-941-8100)—Sept. 17: The **Proclaimers,** the irrefutably geeky Scottish duo of Charlie and Craig Reid, who had a hit in 1993 with "I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles)," return with songs from their sixth studio record, the newly released "Restless Soul."

CENTRAL PARK SUMMERSTAGE
Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. (212-360-2777)—Sept. 15: The **Arcade Fire,** one of the biggest acts of the CMJ Festival (see below), are still riding the crest of critical acclaim created by their album "Funeral" last year. The Canadian group specializes in indie rock laced with jazz and classical elements and is fuelled not by a teen-angst pose but by genuine loss: the début album is a paean to band members' loved ones who died before and during its recording.

CMJ MUSIC MARATHON
Now in its twenty-fifth year, this festival of meeting, greeting, and grabbing at the next big thing brings together a thousand bands from every conceivable genre. Most of the listings mentioned here covering Sept. 14-17 are a part of the gathering. (For a complete schedule, visit www.cmj.com/marathon. See also Above and Beyond.)

THE FRYING PAN
Pier 63, the Hudson River at 23rd St.—**Nickodemus,** one of the linchpins of the series "Turntables on the Hudson," recently recorded "Endangered Species," a début album of poly-continental dance music. A slew of the city's top musicians, including members of Groove Collective, Si Se, Antibalas, and Radio Mundial, gave him a hand, and they join him at this semi-restored lightship turned party space for a one-off celebratory performance on Sept. 16. (For more information, call 212-560-5593 or visit www.turntablesonthehudson.com.)

HIRO BALLROOM
The Maritime Hotel, 371 W. 16th St. (212-727-0212)—Sept. 15: **Amadou & Mariam** are blind vocalists who have long translated the blues of their native Mali for Western ears. The two recently fell in with the radical Parisian musician and producer Manu Chao, who turned their latest album, "Dimanche à Bamako," into an urbane, polyphonic joy. **Laura Veirs** is a singer-songwriter from Seattle with the look of an earnest librarian and the imagination of a gifted author. **Glenn Kotche,** the drummer for Wilco, rounds out the bill.

THE HOOK
18 Commerce St., Red Hook, Brooklyn (718-797-3007)—Sept. 16: **Drums & Tuba,** an inventive, hard-touring trio (there's also a guitar) known for cranking out elaborate prog-rock instrumentals, have a devotion to the groove that could only come from New Orleans, their home town. The group's new album, "Battles Olé," throws a little Radiohead-like eccentricity into the mix and marks a key departure: for the first time in their decadelong history the drummer, Tony Nozero, howls, snarls, and sings.

JOE'S PUB
425 Lafayette St. (212-539-8777)—Sept. 14: **Kaki King** traffics in energetic folk rock that's marked by her unique voice and unconventional acoustic-guitar playing. Sept. 15: A night

TABLES FOR TWO

BURGER JOINT

118 W. 57th St. (212-708-7414)—The burger freak faces a dilemma if he finds himself in the lobby of Le Parker Meridien hotel at lunchtime on a weekday. He knows that, hidden behind the floor-to-ceiling curtain, down a short and narrow hallway, is a sanctuary of well-apportioned grease that will satisfy whatever burger daydreams have been nagging him since breakfast. But the line leading into it, spilling into the lobby, indicates a half-hour wait, which is an awfully long time to hold out for something that lasts less than two minutes.

To wait or not? Burger people tend to be impatient, and there's a diner down the street. They are also adaptable: once they've experienced the simple bliss of a Joint burger, they will learn to rearrange their days around it. Lunch can certainly be taken at eleven or three.

The Burger Joint has occupied its little nook in the lobby for three years now, and is not much of a secret, but it can still feel like one. The space consists of a few tables and booths with graffiti carved into them, faux-wood panelling, movie posters, and a counter, behind which four or five harried souls sling burgers, fries, and nothing else—except soda, beer, milkshakes (after 1:30), and big cakey brownies, which you fetch for yourself and come to regret. The service is rudimentary, even rude, as is often the case when things are popular and cheap. The fries, which are only O.K., come in a brown paper bag, grease soaking through—an instance of how the place's crudeness can seem pretentious. The burgers are wrapped in paper and served their way, not yours; you may ask for customized fixings, but you'll just as likely get the works—lettuce, tomatoes, onions, pickles, mustard, ketchup, mayo. They are not huge. But they are right. A Texan, tasting one for the first time, declared, "It's like a pool-house burger!," which apparently are words of high praise. (Open daily for lunch and dinner. Burgers $5.50-$6.)

—*Nick Paumgarten*

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of neo-traditional Celtic tunes courtesy of Scotland's **Old Blind Dogs** and Ireland's **Teada.**

MAXWELL'S
1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-653-1703)—Sept. 14: **Dungen,** the brainchild of a precocious multi-instrumentalist named Gustav Ejstes, is a Swedish outfit specializing in eclectic psychedelic rock. Sept. 19-20: The **dBs** emerged from the same gene pool as the jangle popsters R.E.M., who toured with them in 1984 and 1987. The band's rich blend of slightly trippy, distinctly American power pop made them college-radio stalwarts, although they never went as far as Michael Stipe and company. The dBs broke up by the end of the eighties, but the original lineup is back together and out on a swift four-date tour, two of which are here.

The trio Drums & Tuba brings its progressive brand of rock and roll to the Hook.

PAUL HOPPE

THE NEW YORK JEWISH MUSIC & HERITAGE FESTIVAL
This celebration opens with a night of covers featuring the likes of the **Klezmatics** taking on Randy Newman and **Marc Ribot** sifting through Billy Joel's catalogue (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., Sept. 13). Other first-week highlights include an appearance by the jazz icon **Dave Brubeck,** who will present the world première of a new piece, "The Commandments" (Rose Hall, Broadway at 60th St., Sept. 14), and the first annual Jewish Music Awards, in which the late Joey Ramone will be honored with a *Heeb* magazine Lifetime Achievement Award (The Museum of Jewish Heritage, 36 Battery Pl., Sept. 19). (For a complete listing of festival events, visit www.oyhoo.com. Through Sept. 25.)

"PARK SLOPE OLD-TIME & BLUEGRASS JAMBOREE"
Now in its eighth year, this party brings the sounds of Kentucky to a manicured corner of Brooklyn for a series of workshops, jam sessions, and concerts. The headliners include **James Reams** (a Kentucky native and two-plus-decade resident of the city and the force behind the event). (Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture, 53 Prospect Park W., at 2nd St. For more information, call 718-965-8490. Sept. 16-17.)

WORLD MUSIC INSTITUTE
Sept. 16: A night of vocal music from northern India with **Rajan** and **Sajan Misra.** (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. For more information, call 212-545-7536. See also Classical Music.)

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

BIRDLAND
315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080)—Sept. 14-17: The pioneering cooperative band **Quest** has been absent from the scene for about a decade, but its imposing members are still in the picture. The saxophonist Dave Liebman, the pianist Richie Beirach, the bassist Ron McClure, and the drummer Billy Hart maneuver from charging swing to free jazz with ease.

CARLYLE HOTEL
Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wrap-around murals, and, from Sept. 13 to Oct. 29, the Broadway veteran **Elaine Stritch,** who lives upstairs at the grand old hotel.

DIZZY'S COCA-COLA
Broadway at 60th St. (212-258-9595)—The Women in Jazz Festival continues with the pop singer turned swinger **Rita Coolidge** on Sept. 14-15. The erstwhile big-band leader **Toshiko Akiyoshi** is here with a trio and with guests Sept. 16-17. Three nights of vocalists follow, with **Tessa Souter** and **Cynthia Scott** (Sept. 18) and **Claudia Acuña** (Sept. 20-21).

IRIDIUM
1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121)—Sept. 14-18: The **Jean-Michel Pilc** trio returns to the scene of the crime to celebrate the release of its new CD, "Live at Iridium, New York." The trio features the young French expatriate on piano. As splashy as they come, Pilc turns each keyboard excursion into a joyride of fractured rhythms and wayward harmonies. Thankfully, he has a bass-and-drum team who anticipate his every unexpected move. Mondays belong to the electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul.** The **Mingus Big Band** takes over on Tuesdays.

JAZZ GALLERY
290 Hudson St., near Spring St. (212-242-1063)—Sept. 16-17: The **Adam Rogers Group.** Rogers is a versatile guitarist who has played with everyone from Norah Jones and Walter Becker to Chris Potter and David Krakauer's Klezmer Madness! band. He distinguishes himself by matching his prodigious chops to an active imagination, no small feat for a contemporary fretman.

JAZZ STANDARD
116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232)—The outstanding multi-reed virtuoso **Marty Erlich** trades up to a sextet that includes the trumpeter **James Zollar** and the trombonist **Ray Anderson** (on Sept. 15) and the tuba and baritone saxophonist **Howard Johnson** (on Sept. 16-17). The group will air music from "News on the Rail," Ehrlich's new album. **Dark Woods Five,** Ehrlich's evocative chamber-jazz ensemble, steps in on Sept. 18.

JOE'S PUB
425 Lafayette St. (212-539-8777)—Sept. 14: The **Vijay Iyer** quartet meshes the leader's curling piano playing with the breathless saxophone lines of **Rudresh Mahanthappa.** The quartet has a book of crafty, rhythmically charged originals and a recognizable group identity that draws on avant intensity without surrendering the pleasures of rigorous form.

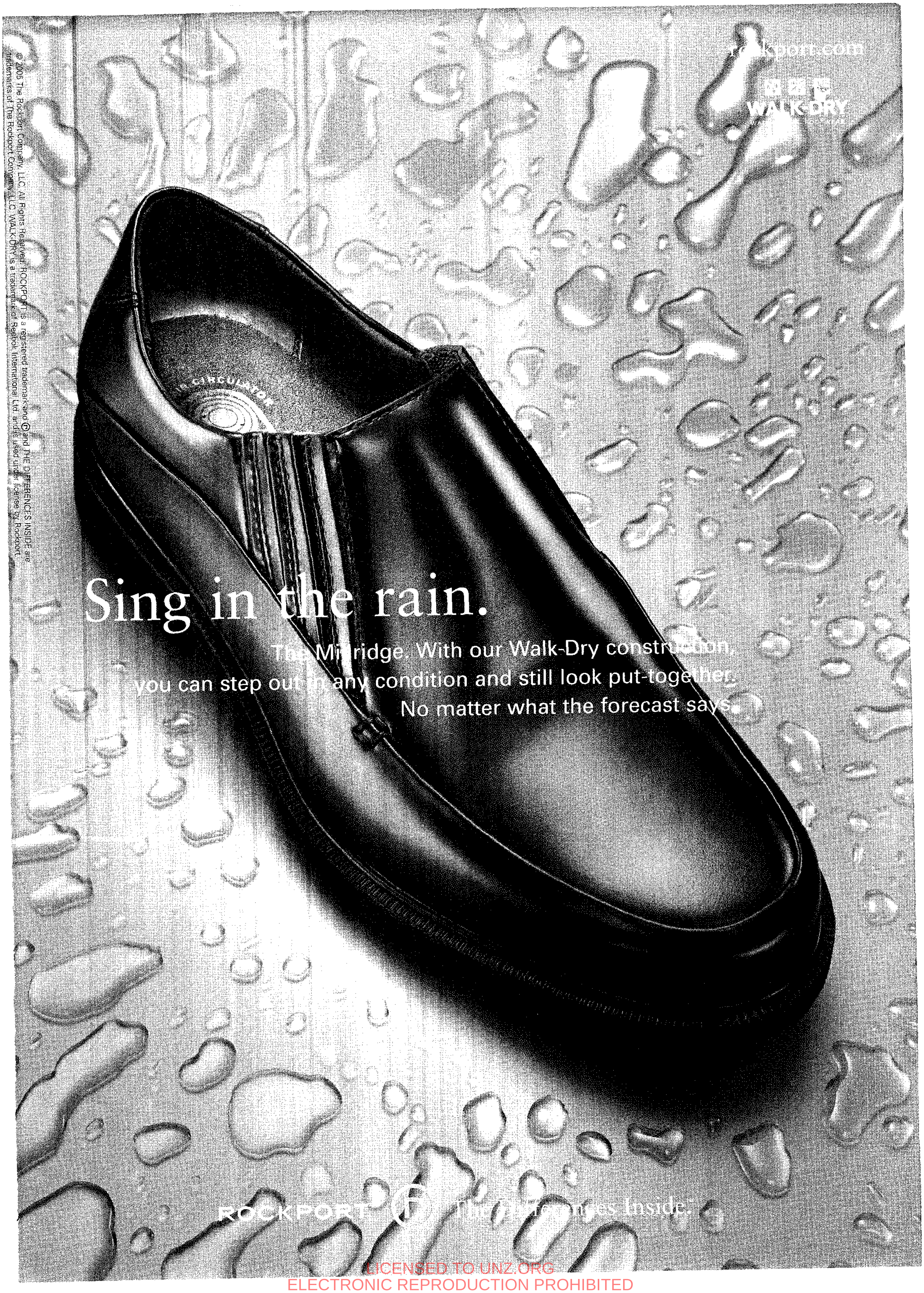
THE STONE
Avenue C at 2nd St. (No phone)—Everyone loves a back-from-the-dead show-biz tale, and **Henry Grimes** has a fine one. This inventive and daring bassist, an accomplished mainstreamer who dove deep into the waters of the sixties avant-garde, dropped out of sight in the late sixties at the height of his powers. He returned a few years ago, after being silent for more than three decades. On Sept. 17 he engages the commanding bassist **William Parker,** a key player in his resurgence (he once provided Grimes with a new bass) for a night of intriguing duets. (For more information, visit www.thestonenyc.com.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (212-255-4037)—Through Sept. 18: With the drummer **Paul Motian,** the saxophonist **Joe Lovano,** and the guitarist **Bill Frisell** on board, who needs a bass player? This magisterial trio can be both poetic and raucous in the course of a set, unafraid to indulge in tonal and rhythmic contusions or coolly bask in lyrical waters. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (212-535-7710)—The centerpiece of **"The Art of Medicine in Ancient Egypt"** is a fifteen-foot papyrus (ca. 1650-1550 B.C.), on loan from the New York Academy of Medicine, explaining the diagnosis and treatment of wounds to the head, neck, and shoulders by means both scientific and magical. Ointment jars, statues of healing gods, implements, and mummies are also on view. Through Jan. 15. ♦ **"Matisse: The Fabric of Dreams, His Art and His Textiles,"** a revelatory, achingly beautiful show, pairs items from the artist's personal fabric collection with paintings and graphic works in which they played crucial roles. Through Sept. 25. ♦ Two recent installations are on view in **"Tony Oursler at the Met: 'Studio' and 'Climaxed.'"** The first contemplates influences on the artist through an assemblage of pieces by the likes of Jacqueline Humphries, Rem Koolhaas, and Kaare Rafoss. The second, more traditional Oursler work is a giant, lumpy potato head with flames and a blinky face projected on it, its mouth voicing demented and hilarious threats, boasts, and sorrows. Through Sept. 18. ♦ **"John Townsend: Newport Cabinetmaker"** presents a few dozen pieces by a prominent Colonial American furniture-maker alongside work by his contemporaries. Townsend was the star of a clan of Quaker furniture-makers who broke up plain patterns with undulating fronts, handsome inlays, and shell carvings, resulting in one of the first distinctive American schools of design. The furniture styles evolved with the republic: the curved cabriole legs of the Colonial era gave way to straight legs relieved by stop-fluted decoration in the years after Newport was occupied by the British (1777-79), which then evolved into the geometrically strict Federal styles of the seventeen-eighties. Upended leaf tables and bureaus reveal exacting craftsmanship, and receipts and account books provide historical context. Through Sept. 25. ♦ **"Sol LeWitt on the Roof: Splotches, Whirls, and Twirls."** A warm-weather installation in the roof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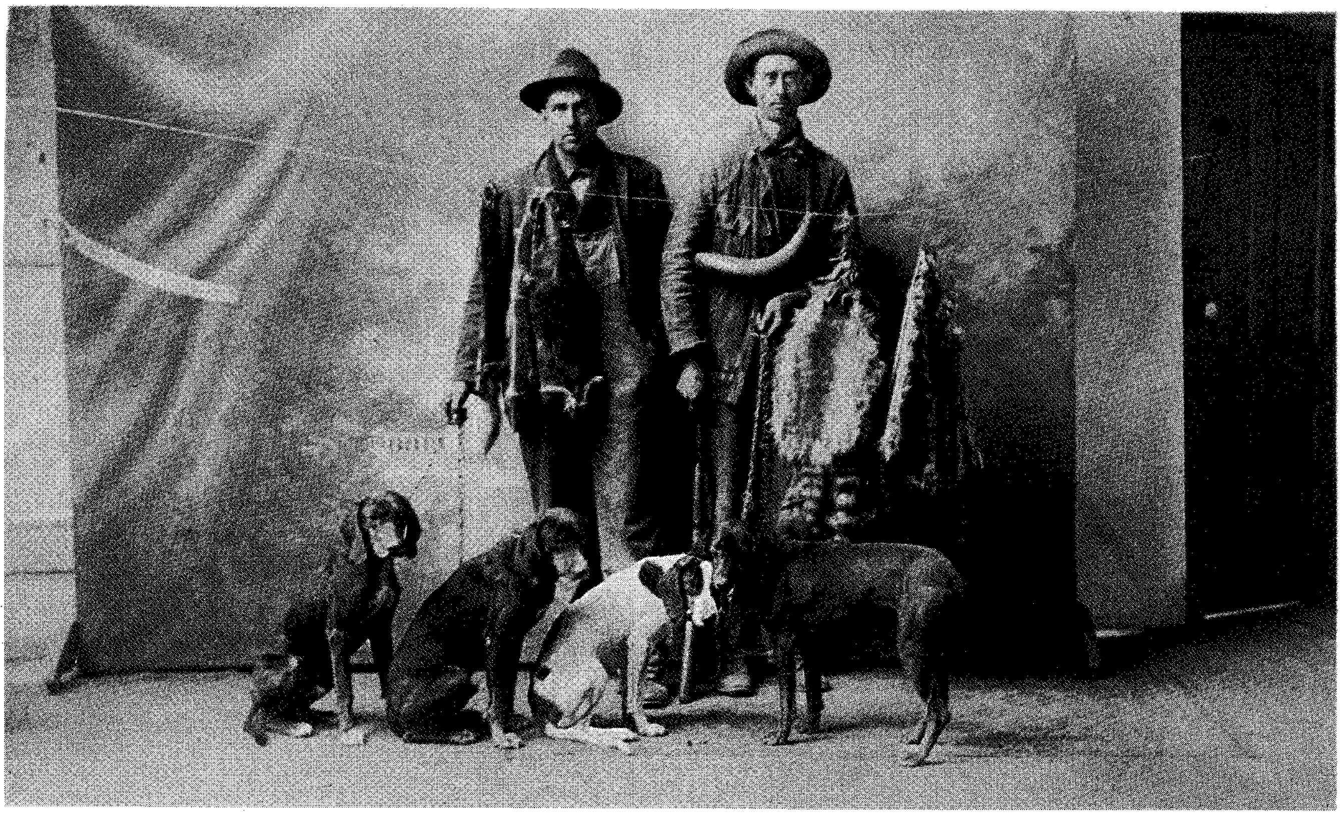

An untitled portrait by Disfarmer, on view at Houk. Another show of Disfarmer's vintage prints is at Kasher.

garden, featuring five spiky stalagmite sculptures and a wall drawing. Through Oct. 30. ♦ The Costume Institute presents **"Rara Avis: Selections from the Iris Barrel Apfel Collection."** Through Jan. 22. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9400)—Each of MOMA's six curatorial departments shows off recent purchases in **"New Work/New Acquisitions."** Among the twenty-four paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, photographs, films, videos, and architecture and design projects presented, it's video that wins Best in Show. Paul Chan's hypnotic double-sided projection suggests a Henry Darger tale crossed with a video game and transplanted to Iraq, Gillian Wearing's monumental triptych of a series of drunks falling down alternates between dispassion and compassion, and Mika Rottenberg's "Mary's Cherries" is a bizarre meditation on make-work office politics. The photo department has also scored a coup, with Walid Raad and the Atlas Group's vast archival project documenting car bombs in Beirut. Other attractions include works by Takashi Murakami, Neo Rauch, Shahzia Sikander, and Marcel Dzama. Through Sept. 26. (Open Wednesdays through Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Friday evenings until 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (212-423-3500)—The sprawling exhibition **"Russia!"** includes most everything you might think could fit under that rubric: gilt religious icons dating from the Middle Ages, Renaissance-era Western European paintings from imperial collections, romanticized portraits of peasant life, socialist-realist propaganda, early modernist masterworks from the collections of industrialists and oligarchs, videos made just this year. Many of the items have not left Russia in centuries, or even ever; pieces like Malevich's "Black Square" (which usually lives at the Hermitage), Vasily Perov's portrait of Dostoyevsky (the only one painted in the writer's lifetime), and a fifteenth-century icon made by Andrei Rublev will be entirely new to most American eyes. Opens Sept. 16. (Open Saturdays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5:45, and Fridays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (212-570-3676)—**"Robert Smithson,"** a retrospective of drawings, constructions, and collages, includes filmed, photographed, and sketched documentation of the iconic "Spiral Jetty." Through Oct. 23. ♦ In 1970, Smithson outlined his plan for a **"Floating Island to Travel Around Manhattan Island."** The project was unfinished at the time of the artist's death, but now, in conjunction with the Whitney's retrospective, Minetta Brook has revived the project. A tugboat will pull a barge covered in soil, rocks, and flora around Manhattan from 8 in the morning to 8 at night, Sept. 17-25. ♦ Work by eight artists, including Carroll Dunham, Julie Mehretu, and Steve DiBenedetto, is on display in **"Remote Viewing: Invented Worlds in Recent Painting and Drawing."** Through Oct. 9. ♦ The eclectic gathering of works from the permanent collection in **"Landscape"** ranges from Jasper Johns's white maps to Ed Ruscha's rows of L.A. streets and Roni Horn's eerie comparison of the body and the earth, "Becoming a Landscape" (1999-2001). Through Sept. 18. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6, and Fridays, 1 to 9.)

AMERICAN FOLK ART MUSEUM
45 W. 53rd St. (212-265-1040)—An international quintet of self-taught artists have work on view in **"Obsessive Drawing."** Opens Sept. 14. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30, and until 7:30 on Fridays.)

ASIA SOCIETY
Park Ave. at 70th St. (212-288-6400)—Recent work by Dinh Q. Lê will be on view in **"Vietnam: Destination for the New Millennium."** In addition to the woven photocollages for which he is perhaps best known, there'll be sculptures, installations, and a series of small, postcardlike works. Opens Sept. 13. ♦ A bodhisattva is a Buddhist enlightened one who vows not to enjoy the fruits of his or her nirvana until all suffering creatures—which means all living beings, past, present, and future—have likewise attained realization. Despite the daunting prospect, the faces of the bodhisattvas Avalokiteshvara, Maitreya, and Manjusri are invariably lit by a subtle smile. **"Images of the Divine: South and Southeast Asian Sculpture from the Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd Collection"** gathers a small but lovely assortment of stone and cast-metal statuary from all over the continent, many, like the bodhisattvas, embodying enlightened perspectives. Perhaps the most beautiful is a small silver White Tara from Tibet, with jewelled eyes in the palms of her hands. Through Jan. 8, 2006. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Friday evenings until 9.)

CHELSEA ART MUSEUM
556 W. 22nd St. (212-255-0719)—Eighty diminutive etchings from an original 1799 print run of Goya's **"Los Caprichos"** are interspersed with a show of related contemporary work, **"Here Comes the Bogey-Man."** Through Sept. 24. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

DAHESH MUSEUM OF ART
580 Madison Ave., at 57th St. (212-759-0606)—On the museum's tenth anniversary, **"The Dahesh Collection: Celebrating a Decade of Discovery"** honors the academic tradition that ruled supreme before modernism. Through Sept. 22. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

DIA: BEACON
3 Beekman St., Beacon, N.Y. (845-440-0100)—**"Dia's Andy: Through the Lens of Patronage."** Through April 10, 2006. For directions, see www.diabeacon.org. (Open Thursdays through Mondays, 11 to 6.)

GROLIER CLUB
47 E. 60th St. (212-838-6690)—Starting Sept. 14: The jealously guarded archives of Sylvia Plath and Ted Hughes will be on display in **"No Other Appetite: Sylvia Plath, Ted Hughes, and the Blood Jet of Poetry,"** which showcases private letters, manuscripts, photographs, and other ephemera. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEUE GALERIE
1048 Fifth Ave., at 86th St. (212-628-6200)—**"War/Hell: Master Prints by Otto Dix and Max Beckmann."** Through Sept. 26. (Open Fridays, 11 to 9, and Saturdays through Mondays, 11 to 6.)

P.S. 1 CONTEMPORARY ART CENTER
22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084)—**"Greater New York 2005"** features work by more than a hundred and sixty artists from around the city who have emerged in the past five years. Through Sept. 26. (Open Thursdays through Mondays, noon to 6.)

QUEENS MUSEUM OF ART
Flushing Meadows–Corona Park (718-592-9700)—**"Odd Lots: Revisiting Gordon Matta-Clark's 'Fake Estates.'"** Matta-Clark's 1973-74 project "Fake

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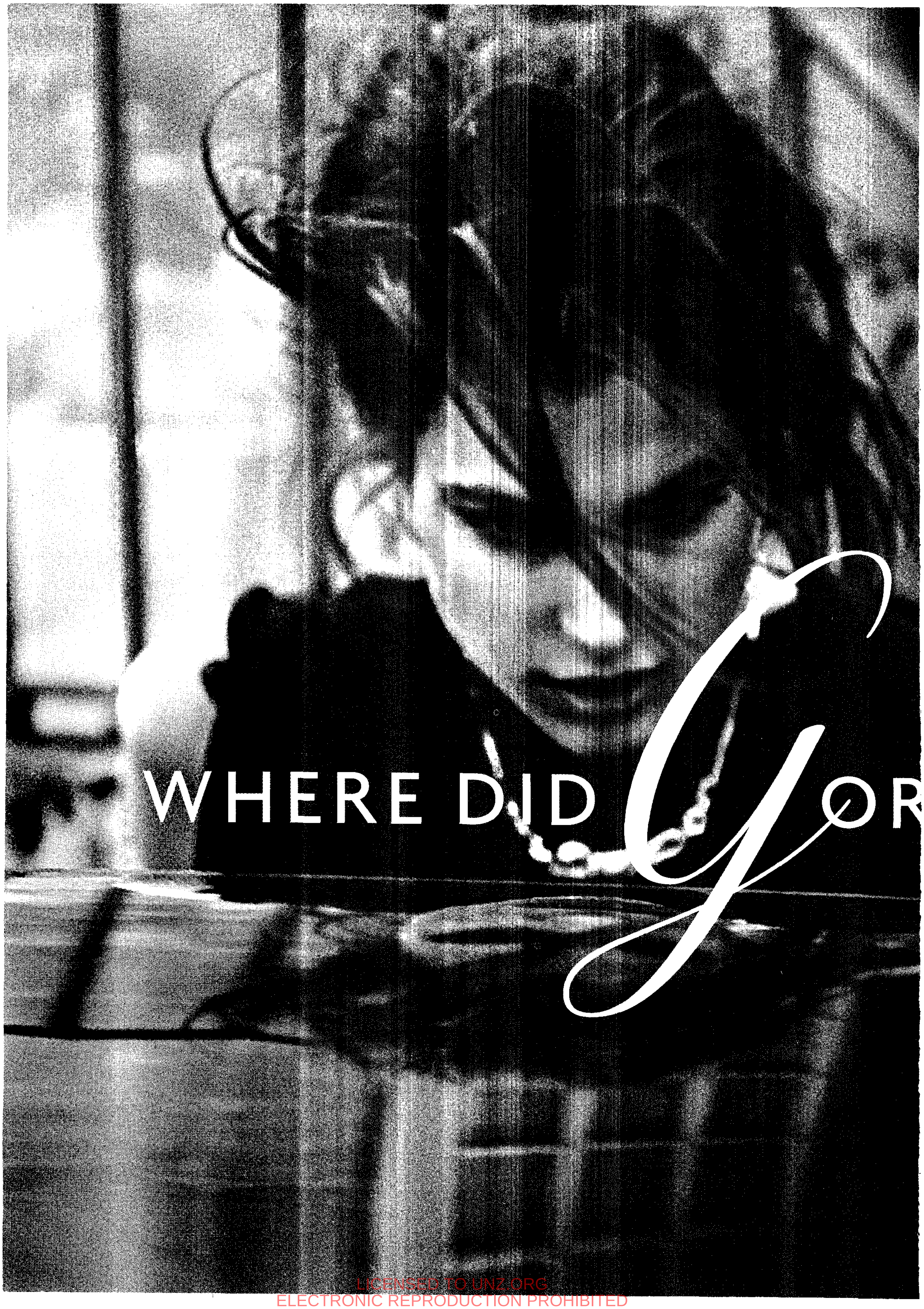

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Estates"—concerning unusably tiny parcels of New York City real estate—inspires a two-part exhibition: Matta-Clark's own collages at the Queens Museum of Art and, at the White Columns gallery, contemporary artists' projects responding to the "Fake Estates" idea. Through Jan. 22, 2006. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES-UPTOWN

Galleries are usually open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6; please call the gallery for exact hours.

FREDERICK SOMMER
Little-known outside the photo world, Sommer (1905-99) is revered within it as a visionary and innovator. Under the influence of Max Ernst (whose double-exposed portrait is here), he made collages, drawings, cut-paper constructions, and rather disturbing Surrealist assemblages, nearly all of which he photographed. But his flat, dense, horizonless shots of the Arizona desert—as abstract as Dubuffets—and studies of the desiccated animals he found there carry the real weight of this retrospective. And don't miss four gorgeously grotesque arrangements of chicken parts that suggest a collision of Dali and Penn. Through Oct. 1. (Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 212-759-7999.)

NEIL WELLIVER
A memorial exhibition for the artist, who died this year, centered on a group of large landscapes from the late nineteen-seventies and early nineteen-eighties depicting the Maine woods. Through Oct. 22. (Alexandre, 41 E. 57th St. 212-755-2828.)

"BEYOND GEOGRAPHY: FORTY YEARS OF VISUAL ARTS AT THE AMERICAS SOCIETY"
A self-referential exhibit that highlights important moments in contemporary Latin-American art. The Colombian painter Fernando Botero, represented by a staid still-life called "Oranges," was given his first solo show in New York here. Wilfredo Lam's abstract-Surrealist "Ceux de la Porte Battante" (1945) was sold in an Americas Society auction that led to the creation of Sotheby's and Christie's Latin-American departments. The show reaches back to include a gold Incan mask from the ninth century A.D. and forward to artists like Felix Gonzalez-Torres and Juan Downey, whose 1973 work involving a map of Chile and a live boa constrictor (inspired by a Neruda poem that likened a copper-mining company to a predatory snake) tempers its didactic tone with a frisson of danger. Through Oct. 8. (Americas Society, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 212-249-8950.)

"INTRODUCTIONS"
A coming-out party for three artists who've recently joined the gallery's stable. Tim Davis is known for photographic series like "My Life in Politics" (exhibited in its entirety at the Bohen Foundation in 2004). Davis's pictures were taken, like those in Robert Frank's series "The Americans," on cross-country road trips, but his photos are considerably more oblique than Frank's. His "Nixon Monument" is a closeup of an oil stain in the parking lot outside the Presidential library, photographed after he was denied camera access to the building. Emi Avora's monochrome paintings of unidentified baroque and rococo interiors—theatres, ballrooms, balconies—offer a whimsical, painterly counterpoint. And Barry Ratoff's eclectic oeuvre includes everything from inch-square photographs to abstractly patterned ink drawings made with the butt of a pen. Through Sept. 30. (Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave. 212-445-0444.)

Short List

DISFARMER: Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. 212-750-7070. Through Oct. 15. **ERLE LORAN:** Smithsonian Archives of American Art Research Center, 1285 Sixth Ave. 212-399-5015. Through Oct. 7. **ROGER PHILLIPS:** JG Contemporary, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. 212-535-5767. Through Sept. 16. **JAMES TURRELL:** Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th

St. 212-421-3292. Through Sept. 24. **"MEN OF MEXICO":** Throckmorton, 145 E. 57th St. 212-223-1059. Through Sept. 17. **"REPEAT PERFORMANCE":** Anthony Grant, 37 W. 57th St. 212-755-0434. Through Sept. 17.

GALLERIES-CHELSEA

MARCEL DZAMA
Ink and watercolor drawings of forest animals and quasi-fascist humans are gathered for a show titled "The Course of Human History Personified." Ironic fairy-tale violence ensues. Through Oct. 8. (Zwirner, 525 W. 19th St. 212-727-2070.)

ROBERT GIARD
In the course of a portrait project that became his life's work, Giard (1940-2002) learned how to make more than five hundred gay and lesbian writers both comfortable and touchingly vulnerable in front of his camera. He brought a similar sensitivity to his photos of the male nude, which, though hardly prim, are more homey than homoerotic. Because many of Giard's subjects pose in their own residences, the work has a seductive intimacy that undermines the photographer's sometimes stodgy stylistic conservatism. He was no George Platt Lynes, but he knew how to keep hot and cool in perfect balance. Through Oct. 15. (Cooney, 511 W. 25th St. 212-255-8158.)

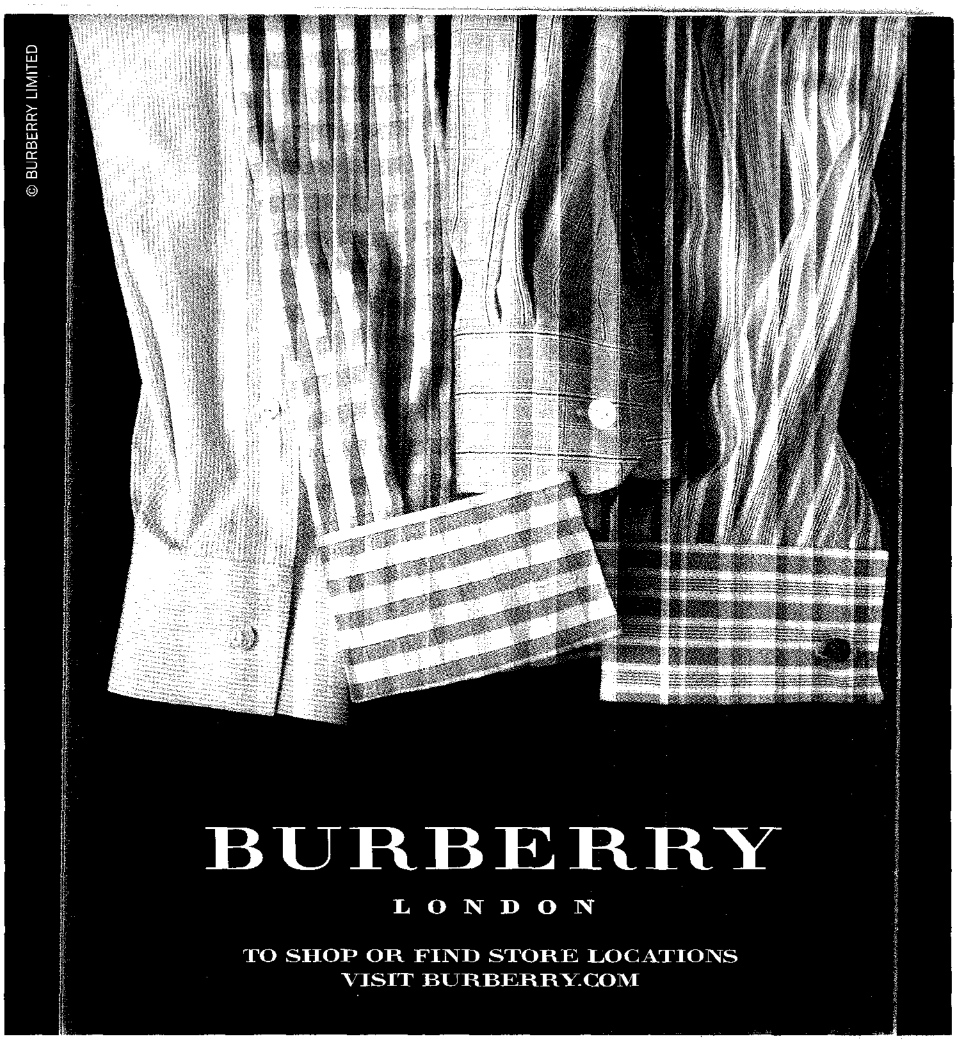
YOSHITOMO NARA
Scrounging materials from local junkyards, the artist known for his paintings of wicked-looking wide-eyed waifs plans to build a tree house around the gallery's main column. Climb up and look in the windows to see his sculptures, paintings, and drawings. Through Oct. 8. (Boesky, 535 W. 22nd St. 212-680-9889.)

KATIA SANTIBAÑEZ / WARREN NEIDICH
Santibañez's cleanly linear but compulsively dense abstractions filter architectural and natural shapes through a meditative attention, while Neidich's videos and photographs focus on live people peeping through masklike holes cut in faces in magazines and newspapers. Through Oct. 8. (Steinberg, 526 W. 26th St. 212-924-5770.)

"MEDITATIVE"
Anonymous Tantra paintings from India, used to facilitate meditation, are displayed in a row on one wall. Elsewhere, Western artists reverse the process, using meditation as inspiration for art. Mette Madsen's objects of reflection, drawn and painted, are soothingly organic: coral, shells, spiderwebs, sea creatures. Jeri Felix's pastels recall the dreamy horizontal registers of Rothko. Chris Martin's "Staring Into the Sun" paintings, dedicated to the abstract painter Paul Feeley, marry the psychedelic with the spiritual. David Moreno's "Quietly Oscillating" features Slinkies strung from floor to ceiling and activated by inaudible sound frequencies. Tom Friedman's creased patterns on paper answer the imagined koan: what does a painting made without paint look like? Through Sept. 17. (Feature Inc., 530 W. 25th St. 212-675-7772.)

"NAZAR"
The seventeen photographers gathered here bring both eyewitness news and revelatory art from Egypt, Lebanon, Algeria, Morocco, and other parts of the Arab world. Although some are more sophisticated—or perhaps just more literate in the language of the international art world—than others, all of them are passionately engaged in their subjects. But the cleverest work here—including Hicham Benohoud's playful classroom interventions, Tarek Al-Ghoussein's bitterly satirical self-portraits, and Anas Al-Shaikh's and Lalla Essaydi's charged combinations of graphics and portraiture—is hard pressed to compete with Ahmed Jadallah's tough, front-line reportage from Palestine, especially a video whose chaotic violence permeates the space. Through Nov. 3. (Aperture Foundation, 547 W. 27th St. 212-505-5555.)

"ODD LOTS: REVISITING GORDON MATTA-CLARK'S 'FAKE ESTATES'"
Contemporary artists respond to Matta-Clark's 1973-74 "Fake Estates" project. This is half of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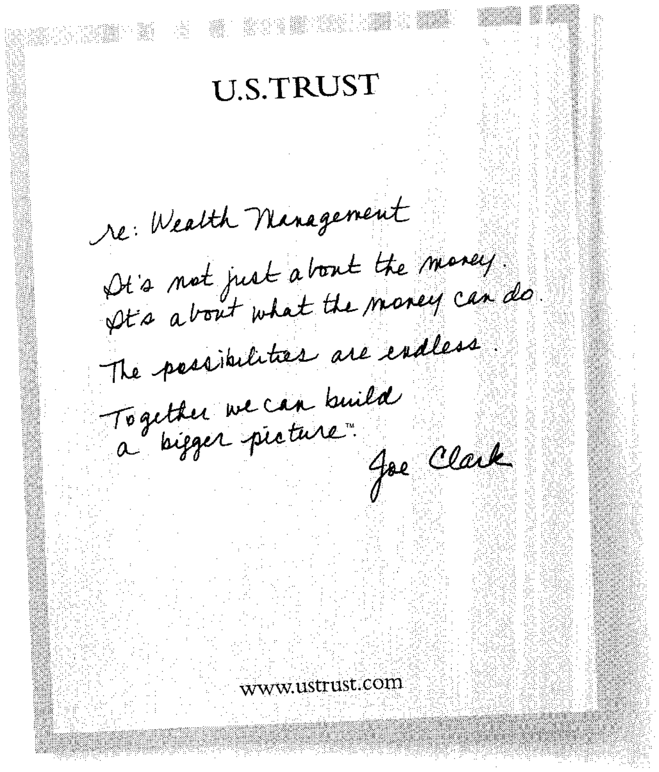
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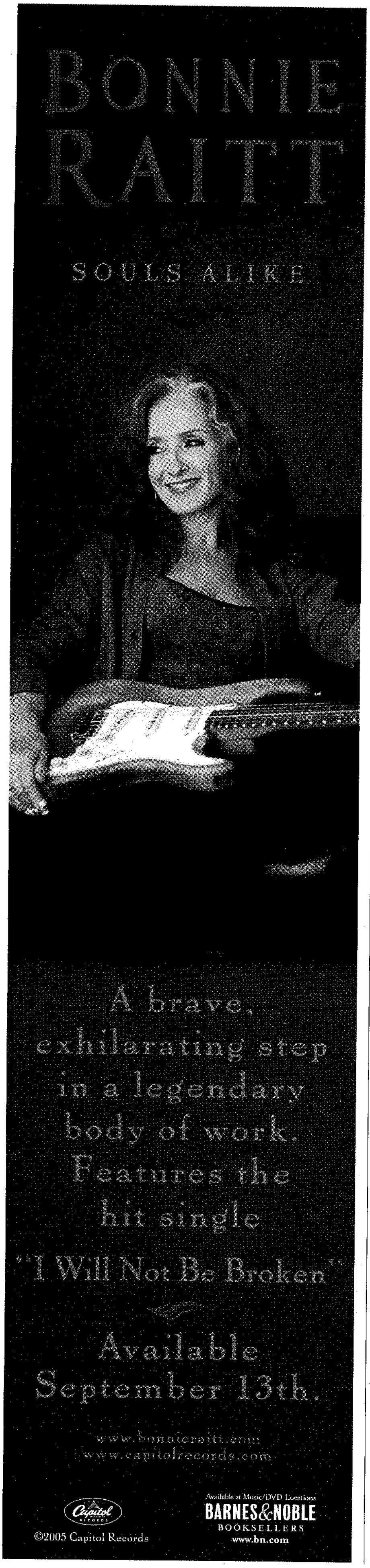
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a two-part exhibit; the other part is a show of Matta-Clark's own collages at the Queens Museum of Art. Through Oct. 15. (White Columns, 320 W. 13th St. 212-924-4212.)

Short List

TOM BURCKHARDT: Golden, 539 W. 23rd St. 212-727-8304. Through Oct. 15. **PETER CAMPUS / ANTHONY MC CALL:** Tonkonow, 535 W. 22nd St. 212-255-8450. Through Oct. 1. **ADAM CVIJANOVIC:** Bellwether, 134 Tenth Ave., at 18th St. 212-929-5959. Through Oct. 15. **DISFARMER:** Kasher, 521 W. 23rd St. 212-966-3978. Through Oct. 29. **SOL LE WITT:** Cooper, 521 W. 21st St. 212-255-1105. Through Oct. 15. **JUSTIN LOWE:** Printed Matter, 535 W. 22nd St. 212-925-0325. Through Sept. 24. **TAM OCHIAI:** Team, 527 W. 26th St. 212-279-9219. Through Sept. 24. **BILL OWENS:** Cohan, 533 W. 26th St. 212-714-9500. Through Sept. 24. **SULING WANG / STEFANO ARIENTI:** Lehmann Maupin, 540 W. 26th St. 212-255-2923. Through Oct. 22.

DANCE

"EVENING STARS"
Four contrasting programs are presented at the annual free concert on the lawn at Battery Park. On Sept. 14, in "Crooners and Swooners," Doug Elkins Dance Company, Ballet Hispanico, Lar Lubovitch Dance Company, and Kansas City Ballet interpret smooth ballads by Burt Bacharach, Tito Puente, Pink Martini, Richard Rodgers, and standards sung by Frank Sinatra. On Sept. 15, "Vinyl Favorites" moves forward in time, as Ailey II, Nicholasleichterdance, the Parsons Dance Company, Cherylyn Lavagnino, Trisha Brown Dance Company, and Ronald K. Brown/Evidence choreograph music by Max Roach, Stevie Wonder, George Harrison, Queen, and the Grateful Dead. On Sept. 16, Merce Cunningham Dance Company presents the evening-length work "Batteryparkevent," and the festival closes on Sept. 17 with "Urban Remix," which features Momix, Rennie Harris Puremovement, the Electric Boogaloos, and Bill Shannon—a.k.a. Crutch Master—who busts his moves with his powerful arms, supporting himself on crutches. (Sept. 14-17 at 7:30. For information, call 212-219-9401, ext. 304.)

DANCENOW/NYC: "THE FESTIVAL"
The annual dance jamboree continues in venues uptown and downtown, from the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, where the series "Sacred@Synod House" plays on Sept. 13 at 7:30; to the Public Theatre, with the "Dancemopolitan" series (see below); to the Highbridge Park Playcenter, on 173rd St. and Amsterdam Ave., where "Danza@Washington Heights" features performances by more than a dozen choreographers, including Brian Brooks Moving Company and Daniel Gwirtzman Dance Company. For complete festival schedule and venue information, visit www.dancenownyc.org, or call 718-850-2488. Through Sept. 17.)

"DANCEMOPOLITAN"
This dance-cabaret series at Joe's Pub, now in its third year, offers dance enthusiasts an inviting and civilized enticement to sample the work of lesser-known contemporary choreographers: cocktails. Three distinct programs fill the tiny stage with a typically eclectic lineup, including Nicole Berger, Sara Juli, Happy Hour, and the Roosters. Hosted by Doug Elkins. For a full list of performers, see www.dancenownyc.org. (425 Lafayette St. 212-239-6200. Sept. 15-17 at 9:30.)

BLACK GRACE
The vigorous, all-male group from New Zealand, whose dances are flavored with Maori and Pacific Island influences, comes to the New Victory for a three-week run that kicks off the theatre's tenth-anniversary season. (209 W. 42nd St. 212-239-6200. Sept. 16 at 7, Sept. 17 at 2 and 7, and Sept. 18 at noon and 5. Through Oct. 9.)

"AGORA"
The innovative site-specific choreographer Noémie Lafrance ("Descent," "Noir") presents a new

DVD NOTES
ROMANCE REVISITED

In a summer where the romantic comedy has been reënergized thanks to "Wedding Crashers" and "The 40-Year-Old Virgin," a pair of recent, underappreciated examples of the genre, newly reissued on DVD, deserve another look.

The setup of **"Win a Date with Tad Hamilton!"** (DreamWorks Home Entertainment) seems to come straight from the nineteen-thirties: a small-town girl, Rosalee Futch (Kate Bosworth), gets a chance to meet her Hollywood idol (Josh Duhamel) when she wins a charity contest concocted to clean up his bad-boy image. When something develops between them, the local boy who secretly loves her, Pete Monash (Topher Grace), must fight for her heart. Like the classics of its genre, "Tad Hamilton" runs on hints and allusions, which can elude detection the first time around. Under the tightly plotted narrative is an intimate drama played out in dialogue-rich confrontations, with the characters' anachronistic innocence linked to a shrewd, subtle undercurrent of Christian faith. Grace is especially convincing as an intellectual who has worked out a system for maintaining his mind and his dignity, only to see it collapse when his romantic dreams are threatened. The result is a surprising triumph of (unexpected) substance over (conventional) style.

In **"Down with Love"** (Fox Home Entertainment, newly packaged with the pallid comedy-drama "Le Divorce"), the style is the substance. This pastiche of Rock Hudson–Doris Day comedies, set in a candy-colored version of 1962 New York, surpasses the originals in cinematic flamboyance. Barbara Novak (Renée Zellweger), a Maine librarian in town promoting her scandalous new book—a self-help manual that urges women to shun love in favor of casual sex and workplace equality—becomes the subject of an undercover investigation by the ace reporter Catcher Block (Ewan McGregor), "ladies' man, man's man, man about town." McGregor is a pocket-size, comic Sean Connery, but David Hyde Pierce, as his boss, steals the film. Pierce's remarkable imitation of Tony Randall (who imitates himself in a small role) brings to life the suffocating neurotic pathos that Randall was denied in his films of the sixties. The director, Peyton Reed, infuses every scene with sparkling verbal and visual invention, and the dénouement is a vertiginous duet for director and actress, a three-minute tour de force of astounding simplicity.

—*Richard Brody*

work, set in the vast, empty, aqua-floored McCarren Park Pool, located between Greenpoint and Williamsburg, Brooklyn, in which dancers explore the foundations of urban society. (Lorimer St. between Driggs and Bayard Aves. For tickets and information, visit www.sensproduction.org. Sept. 13-18 and Sept. 20 at 8. Through Oct. 1.)

"FLIGHT OF MIND"
For her multiyear "Bird Brain" project, begun in 2000, the choreographer Jennifer Monson tracks migratory patterns; but it was her fascination with the birds' urban habitats that produced the new work "Flight of Mind." In the evening's first hour, the audience "migrates" through a building transformed by reeds, plants, and dancing humans. Later, in a radically reconfigured theatre, Monson and company perform a fitful dance characterized by speedy turns and calculatedly languid shoulder rolls. The composer David Kean mixes an original soundscape from such amplified live components as footfalls, echoes, sliding props, and humming electronics. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 212-924-0077. Sept. 19-24 at 7:30; preshow at 6:30.)

"TOUGH, THE TOUGH"
Danspace Project presents a repeat production of David Neumann's popular collaborative work from this spring, created with the filmmaker Hal Hartley and the playwright Will Eno. (St. Mark's In-the-Bowery, Second Ave. at 10th St. 212-674-8194. Sept. 15-18 at 8:30.)

MOLISSA FENLEY AND DANCERS
Three works play during the company's season at the Joyce SoHo: "Desert Sea," set to music by Lou Harrison, "Patterns and Expectations," a work in progress set to a score for percussion and cello by Fred Frith, and "Lava Field" (2004), inspired by the geography of Hawaii, with music by John Bischoff. (155 Mercer St. 212-334-7479. Sept. 15-18 at 8.)

BEVERLY BLOSSOM
The seventy-nine-year-old choreographer presents an evening of self-portraiture titled "The Incomplete Lament of an Old Dancer." (Baruch Performing Arts Center, Lexington Ave. between 22nd and 23rd Sts. 646-312-4085. Sept. 15-17 at 8.)

KEIKO FUJII DANCE COMPANY
The ten-member group from Osaka comes to the Kaye Playhouse with "The Mirror," a moody piece about a woman on a doomed journey to self-expression. (68th St. between Park and Lexington Aves. 212-772-4448. Sept. 17 at 8.)

"BREAKING GROUND"
In this unusual free dance event, well-known local choreographers will learn for the first time on Sept. 12 the name and history of a culturally significant New York City location (the old Lorillard tobacco warehouse on the Brooklyn waterfront, in Dumbo) and then spend the next five days creating new works inspired by the place, to be presented on Sept. 17 in a roofless section of the old building. Participating dancemakers include the conceptual artist Ann Carlson, the duo Eiko & Koma, Larry Keigwin, Tere O'Connor, and Jawole Willa Jo Zollar, of Urban Bush Women. (Empire-Fulton Ferry State Park, corner of New Dock and Water Sts. For more information, visit www.dancinginthestreets.org or call 212-625-3505. Sept. 17 at 2 and 4.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA
Sept. 19 at 7: The nation's preëminent opera company begins its season in high style with a gala performance of Act I of **"Le Nozze di Figaro,"** Act II of **"Tosca,"** and Act III of **"Samson et Dalila."** The singers include Isabel Bayrakdarian, Angela Gheorghiu, Susan Graham, Denyce Graves, Plácido Domingo, and Bryn Terfel; James Levine conducts. ♦ Sept. 20 at 8: Renée Fleming may be absent from the gala's roster, but she will be the uncontested star of Massenet's **"Manon,"** an opera beloved for its decadent, ancien-régime ambience

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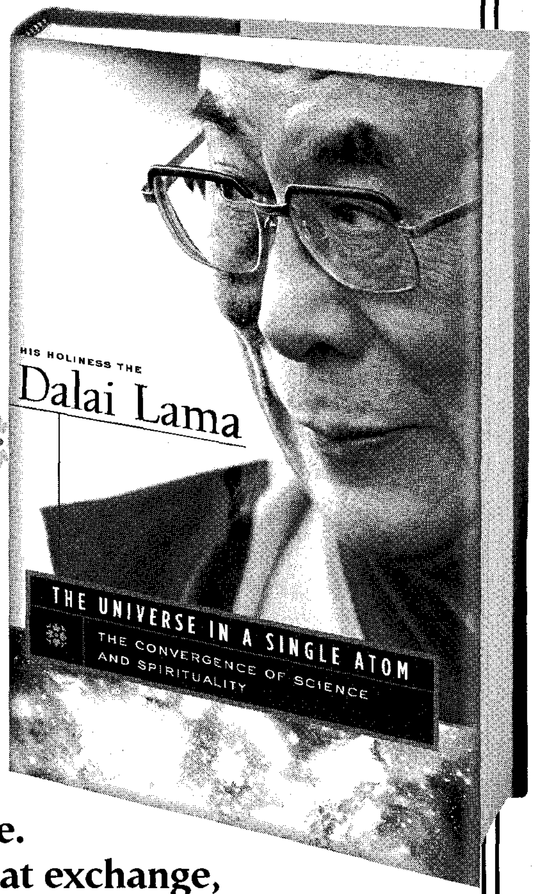
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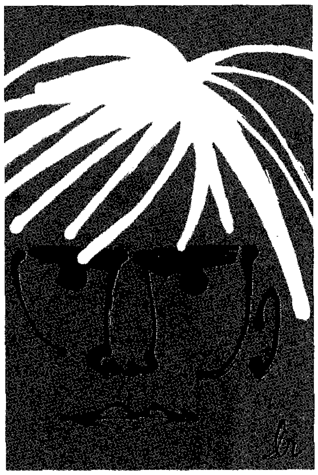
LAURIE ROSENWALD

Andy Warhol's creative legacy is so immense, and so sublime in its fusions of high artistry and mass culture, that the fact of his being dead these last eighteen years has yet to dim his contemporaneity. If you doubt it, go argue with "Dia's Andy: Through the Lens of Patronage," an all-encompassing exhibition in the great cool spaces of Dia:Beacon. On view are paintings (including some "Disasters" and "Shadows" and many portraits); films (eighty "Screen Tests" on video); sixty "Brillo Boxes"; wallpapers (forty-two rolls of "Cow," in yellow and blue, and three hundred rolls with a rudimentary sketch of the Washington Monument); and, in glass cases, the delicious contents of four "Time Capsules"—cardboard boxes (from a total of six hundred and twelve) into which Warhol tossed the whatnot of his crowded life. The "patronage" angle is a justified brag, celebrating Dia's long involvement with Warholiana and furtherance of Warholism, in a spirit true to the Master's: the apotheosis of the obvious.

—Peter Schjeldahl

and a bevy of favorite arias. The formidable Marcelo Álvarez is Des Grieux; Jesús López-Cobos. (Metropolitan Opera House. 212-362-6000.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA

Sept. 14 and Sept. 20 at 7:30, Sept. 16 at 8, and Sept. 18 at 1:30: City Opera's 2004 season began with a radiant and rewarding run of Strauss's "Daphne," and now the company offers us another Strauss gem—**"Capriccio,"** the composer's last opera, an erudite but appealing discourse on the relationship of words and music. Pamela Armstrong, as the Countess, leads a cast that also includes Lisa Saffer, Ryan MacPherson, George Mosley, Mel Ulrich, and Eric Halfvarson; George Manahan conducts. ♦ Sept. 15 at 7:30 and Sept. 17 at 1:30: Gilbert and Sullivan's **"Patience,"** a hit in Tazewell Thompson's new production at Glimmerglass Opera in 2004, comes downstate with a cast that includes Tonna Miller, Myrna Paris, Michael Ball (as Reginald Bunthorne, a sendup of Oscar Wilde), Timothy Nolen, and Kevin Burdette; Gary Thor Wedow. ♦ Sept. 17 at 8: Mark Lamos's pastel-blue production of **"Madama Butterfly"** returns with Jee Hyun Lim (in the title role), Kathryn Friest, Brandon Jovanovich (as Pinkerton), and Jake Gardner; Ari Pelto. (New York State Theatre. 212-721-6500.)

AMATO OPERA

Eight different casts—an admixture of aspiring young professionals and hearty amateurs—rotate through a production of **"Tosca,"** performed under the direction of Anthony Amato, the chamber company's patriarch, at its intimate theatre in the East Village. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. Sept. 17 at 7:30 and Sept. 18 at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

TON KOOPMAN BAROQUE WORKSHOP

Koopman, the doyen of Amsterdam's burgeoning Baroque scene, brings his decades of experience in the field to the latest workshop offered by the Weill Music Institute at Carnegie Hall, which will focus on the Bach Cantatas. In the final, public concert, Koopman leads the student singers and instrumentalists in the Cantatas Nos. 6, 146, and 198 (the "Trauer Ode"). (Zankel Hall. 212-247-7800. Sept. 19 at 7:30.)

RECITALS

"MTC AT THE MERC"

Meet the Composer and the Mercantile Library are collaborating on a new contemporary-music series that will spotlight works with literary themes. Their first bill is an evening with three downtown hipsters, the composers Eve Beglarian and Corey Dargel (offering lead vocals on each other's compositions) and the flamboyantly virtuosic flutist Margaret Lancaster. (Mercantile Library, 17 E. 47th St. 212-755-6710. Sept. 14 at 6:30.)

DAVID STAROBIN / DAVID LEISNER

Two of New York's leading guitarists offer solo recitals this week at the Manhattan School of Music's Greenfield Hall. Sept. 14 at 8: Starobin, a renowned new-music advocate, enjoys a backward glance at classic works by Mauro Giuliani and Fernando Sor. ♦ Sept. 18 at 5: Leisner, about to take off for a Southwest tour, performs Bach, Joplin (the "Maple Leaf Rag"), and his own music, along with two rare works by the nineteenth-century composers Wenzeslaus Matiegka and Johann Kaspar Mertz. (Broadway at 122nd St. No tickets required.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER

Manhattan's front-rank chamber players come back from their summer travels to show everyone else who's boss. The starry personnel—including the pianists Emanuel Ax and Charles Wadsworth and the violinist Cho-Liang Lin, along with the cellist David Finckel and the pianist Wu Han, the Society's artistic directors—offer music by Bartók (the Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion), Dvořák, and Smetana (the Piano Trio in G Minor). (Alice Tully Hall. 212-875-5788. Sept. 15 at 7:30.)

BARGEMUSIC

Olga Bloom lets the Knights—a little orchestra of some of New York's best strings-about-town, led by the superb violinist Colin Jacobsen—take over the floating chamber-music series for the weekend. They offer a single program, combining Divertimenti by Mozart and Bartók with "Ney-Nava," a work by Hossein Alizadeh that will feature the Iranian *ney* player Siamak Jahangiri. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-2083. Sept. 15-17 at 7:30 and Sept. 18 at 4.)

"INTERPRETATIONS" SERIES

The World Music Institute's essential offering of new and unusual music begins its season with a concert in its typical double-bill format. One half belongs to Robert Dick, the trailblazing experimental flutist, backed up by the pianist Ursel Schlicht; the other to the Japanese improviser and mixed-media artist Yasunao Tone. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 212-501-3330. Sept. 15 at 8.)

AUSTRIAN CULTURAL FORUM: "MOSTLY MODERN"

The Forum, which proudly promotes Viennese music old and new, continues a wide-ranging festival of modern and contemporary works with three programs by Die Reihe, one of the foundation ensembles of postwar European modernism. Sept. 15: Music by Webern, Jelinek, Wellesz, and Cage. ♦ Sept. 16: Two Cage pieces (including "4'33""), along with works by Ofenbauer and Feldman ("Pieces for Clarinet and String Quartet"). ♦ Sept. 19: Music by Cage, Staud, Schwertsik, and Earle Brown. (11 E. 52nd St. All concerts are at 8. For free tickets, which are required, call 212-319-5300.)

OUT OF TOWN

SOUTH MOUNTAIN CONCERTS

The high-class Berkshire autumn series (which is largely sold out on subscription) continues with a concert by the Vermeer String Quartet, an underappreciated American ensemble that lends a warm and emotive sound to both classic and modern works, performing music by Mozart, Hindemith, and Dvořák (the Quartet in A-Flat Major, Op. 105). (Route 7, Pittsfield, Mass. Sept. 18 at 3. Remaining tickets at the door. For more information, see www.southmountainconcerts.org.)

MOVIES
OPENING

CHAIN

A drama directed by Jem Cohen interweaves the stories of a Japanese businesswoman researching the international theme-park industry and a young drifter living and working on the fringes of a shopping mall. Opening Sept. 14. (IFC Center.)

EVERYTHING IS ILLUMINATED

Liev Schreiber directed this adaptation of Jonathan Safran Foer's novel, about a young Jewish American (Elijah Wood) searching for the woman who saved his grandfather during the Second World War. Opening Sept. 16. (In wide release.)

FINDING ELÉAZAR, PORTRAIT OF A TENOR AND A ROLE

In a documentary by Paula Heil Fisher, the opera tenor Neil Shicoff prepares for the role of Eléazar in "La Juive." Opening Sept. 16. (Quad Cinema.)

THE FUTURE OF FOOD

The ramifications of genetically modified food are investigated in a documentary by Deborah Koons Garcia. Opening Sept. 14. (Film Forum.)

HARD GOODBYES: MY FATHER

In a drama written and directed by Penny Panayotopoulou, a boy in Athens in 1969 must deal with the loss of his beloved father. In Greek. Opening Sept. 16. (Village East Cinemas.)

JUST LIKE HEAVEN

Mark Waters ("Mean Girls") directed this romantic comedy, about a man (Mark Ruffalo) who

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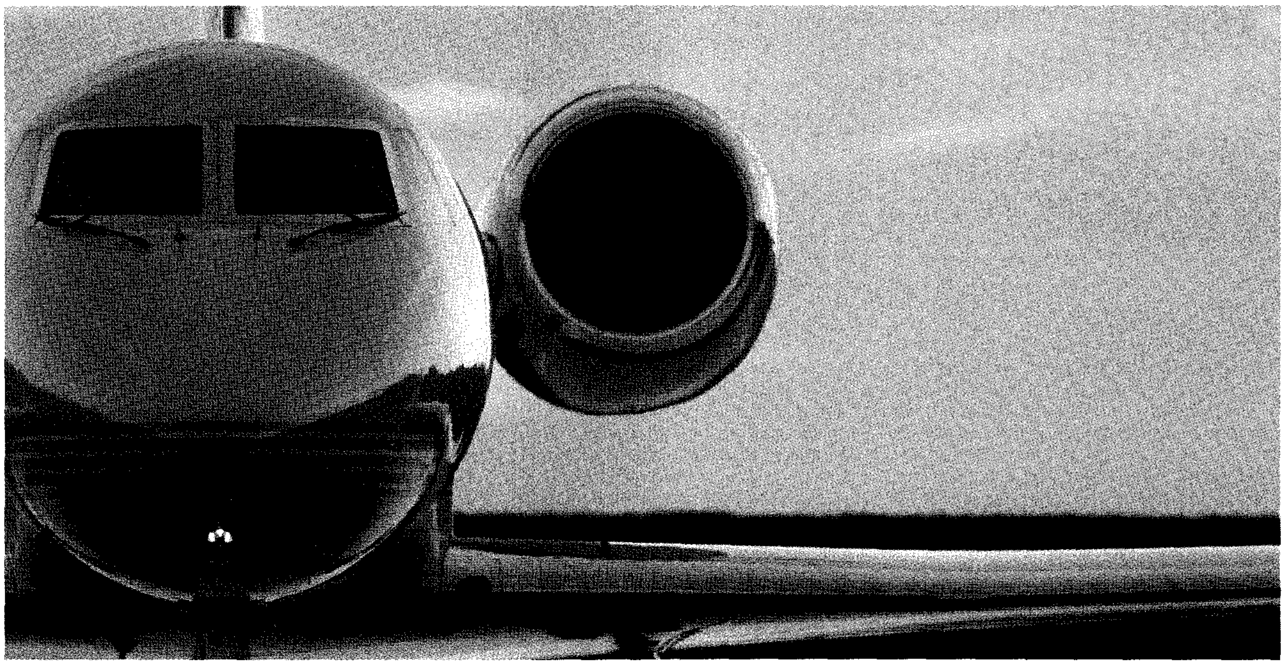

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falls in love with the spirit of the woman (Reese Witherspoon) who previously occupied his apartment. Opening Sept. 16. (In wide release.)

LORD OF WAR
Written and directed by Andrew Niccol ("Gattaca"), Nicolas Cage stars as a Ukrainian immigrant who becomes a global arms dealer. With Ethan Hawke, Jared Leto, and Bridget Moynahan. Opening Sept. 16. (In wide release.)

ONE BRIGHT SHINING MOMENT
A documentary directed by Stephen Vittoria, about George McGovern's grassroots Presidential campaign of 1972. Opening Sept. 16. (Quad Cinema.)

PROOF
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening Sept. 16. (In wide release.)

SEPARATE LIES
A drama directed by Julian Fellowes, about a happily married man (Tom Wilkinson) who becomes involved in the murder of a man his wife (Emily Watson) accidentally killed while having an affair. Opening Sept. 16. (In wide release.)

THE THING ABOUT MY FOLKS
Raymond De Felitta directed this comedy written by Paul Reiser, about the relationship between a man (Reiser) and his father (Peter Falk). With Olympia Dukakis and Elizabeth Perkins. Opening Sept. 16. (In wide release.)

THUMBSUCKER
A seventeen-year-old boy tries Ritalin, pot, and sex as substitutes for his thumbsucking habit, in a comedic drama based on the novel by Walter Kirn. With Lou Pucci, Tilda Swinton, Vincent D'Onofrio, Keanu Reeves, and Vince Vaughn. Opening Sept. 16. (In wide release.)

TIM BURTON'S CORPSE BRIDE
A stop-motion animated film directed by Tim Burton and Mike Johnson and set in nineteenth-century Europe, in which a young man unwittingly marries a corpse. Voices by Johnny Depp, Helena Bonham Carter, and Emily Watson. Opening Sept. 16. (In wide release.)

THE WEEPING MEADOW
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening Sept. 14. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

NOW PLAYING

BROKEN FLOWERS
Jim Jarmusch linking up with Bill Murray is a case of Mr. Cool meeting Mr. Cool, and the resulting silences are deafening. Murray plays Don Johnston, who is allegedly an aging Don Juan. But Murray is so quiet and self-contained that he seems to want nothing. When he sets out on the road to visit the women he was dating twenty years ago, one of whom may have conceived a son with him, the movie turns into a kind of elegant alienated travelogue. Some of the actresses Murray encounters do extremely well in their brief appearances, especially Sharon Stone, as a hard-luck blonde who doesn't demand too much from life, and Jessica Lange, as an iron-willed fraud who "talks to animals." Jarmusch is good at the evanescent emotions of lost love and unfulfilled lives, but the movie is all gesture and unspoken longing. It's all of a piece, and well observed, but it's an art object without the energy or courage to be a work of art.—*David Denby* (Reviewed in our issue of 8/8 & 15/05.) (In wide release.)

THE BROTHERS GRIMM
Terry Gilliam had a good idea—to re-create the origins of the fairy-tale-spinning Brothers Grimm—but, as it turns out, the movie is yet another noisy, hyperbolic, digital farce, with people jumping in and out of the frame and turning into corpses and then coming back to life, trees endlessly moving around the woods, and much general tumult, and the movie quickly becomes tedious. As the more intellectual and scholarly Jacob Grimm, Heath Ledger is often charming, but Matt Damon, as Wilhelm Grimm, wearing Napoleonic-era locks that make his features look as bulbous as those of a carved puppet (if that was the point, it doesn't work to the actor's advantage), never finds anything to play. Gilliam, of course, has a wild visual imagination and an exuberant sense of character, but the comedy is so frenetic it quickly cancels itself out. With Lena Headey as a fearless maiden, Peter Stormare and Jonathan Pryce trying hard to be grotesque, and lots of crones, misshapen villagers holding pitchforks, and the like. —*D.D.* (In wide release.)

"Everything Is Illuminated," directed by Liev Schreiber.

ERIK T. JOHNSON

THE CONSTANT GARDENER
A frenzied adaptation of a John le Carré novel, if that is not a contradiction in terms. Ralph Fiennes plays a refined but bumbling British diplomat who arrives in Kenya with his belligerent new wife (Rachel Weisz). Impatient with niceties, she goes after the pharmaceutical giants, who are testing a new drug and covering up the results. When she dies, apparently in an accident, her loving and uncomprehending husband is forced to retrace her steps and rekindle some of her fire. The movie is a curious, roiling mix of genres that stirs marital romance into a heated indictment of a vast, conspiratorial crime. Thriller junkies will find it tempting but fragmentary; how is one supposed to take a car chase that ends with both drivers getting out for a chat? The director is Fernando Meirelles, who has imported the busy style of his last picture, "City of God," and given it an extra jolt; the images of Africa, forever in hot pursuit of one another, leave you not so much exhilarated as exhausted, long before the story is done. With Danny Huston and a mischievous Bill Nighy.—*Anthony Lane* (9/5/05) (In wide release.)

THE EXORCISM OF EMILY ROSE
A windy fake. A priest (Tom Wilkinson) has been charged with criminal negligence for allowing a girl to die while he performed an exorcism on her. The frame of the movie consists of an austerely photographed court trial and a high-minded debate between, on one side, science and medicine and, on the other side, faith and a belief in demons. It's a Bush-era debate—guess which side wins? We see flashbacks, in trashy horror-film style (clanking and whooshing soundtrack, creaking doors, dishes mysteriously falling off tables), to the anguish of a college girl (Jennifer Carpenter), who gets assaulted and torn apart by demons. In effect, for much of the film we are watching the torture of a young woman. Laura Linney and Campbell Scott huff and puff as opposing lawyers. Tom Stern did the sepulchral cinematography. Directed by Scott Derrickson, who wrote the ridiculous screenplay with Paul Harris Boardman.—*D.D.* (In wide release.)

THE 40-YEAR-OLD VIRGIN
The wildest, most scabrous jokes in this lewd hit comedy spring from a recognizable male dilemma. Andy Stitzer (Steve Carell), whose Dickensian moniker suggests "stiff," "zipper," and "stitched," got a bad start as a teen-ager and is now so afraid of women he won't go near them. Andy's fellow-workers at a San Fernando Valley electronics store, played by Seth Rogen, Romany Malco, and Paul Rudd, are full of stupid schemes to help him, but they're even more screwed up in their relations with women than he is, and delusional as well. Much of the comedy is as coarse and obvious as a burlesque show and almost as foulmouthed as "The Aristocrats," but, within the broad license that the writer-director Judd Apatow allows himself, he works with considerable delicacy and a surprising sense of detail. Elizabeth Banks and Leslie Mann have good bits as predatory women who terrify the hero; Jane Lynch, as Andy's boss, breaks into a tender Guatemalan love song; and Catherine Keener, as a real woman (that is, loving, and also trouble), ends the infantile jokes and turns the movie into a romance. Carell collaborated on the script with Apatow.—*D.D.* (9/12/05) (In wide release.)

GRIZZLY MAN
The indefatigable Werner Herzog has made a brilliant documentary about an American saint and fool—Timothy Treadwell, a failed actor and California surfer who fell in love with the grizzly bears in Alaska and who spent a dozen summers with the bears, usually alone and always unarmed. All was well until October, 2003, when Treadwell and his girlfriend, Amie Huguenard, were attacked and devoured by a hungry long-nosed grizzly. When the hundred hours of video footage that Treadwell shot in the last five years of his excursions fell into Herzog's hands, the German filmmaker interviewed Treadwell's friends and ex-girlfriends, naturalists, and park-service officers and wove the footage into a startling meditation on nature and innocence. Herzog is properly respectful of Treadwell, but he interprets the American as an impatient misfit who relieved his misanthropy with neurotic protestations of love in the wilderness. Treadwell doesn't seem to understand that death is at the center of any ecological balance, but Herzog, it turns out, sees nothing but death in nature. Neither man, it seems, is willing to admit that a bear is a bear is a bear.—*D.D.* (8/8 & 15/05) (In wide release.)

I AM CUBA
Soviet Communism may be dead and its ideas historically discredited, but the international dream it engendered of the exploited rising up against exploiters gets a head-trip recharge in this Soviet-Cuban coproduction from 1964, a mixture of socialist realism and baroque bravura that plays like agitprop on acid. Mikhail Kalatozov directed a script co-written by Yevgeny Yevtushenko, the U.S.S.R.'s poet icon of the postwar era, and Enrique Pineda Barnet, a Cuban novelist. With silky stealth, the camera peers in on the decadent mores of Batista's Havana; it mourns a student rebel covered in a shroud of his own pamphlets; it revels in the fervor of peasants roused to join Castro's insur-

gency. The film's four stories feature the expected cast of characters: Yanks victimizing or harassing Cuban women, the United Fruit Company seizing peasant land, college activists and farmers rousing themselves to cast off social and economic tyranny. But the filmmakers' ardor electrifies the clichés. In this voluptuary left-wing view of pre-Castro Cuba, Kalatozov and company both inspire Party ranks and provide aesthetic compensation for their suffering. The real star is the cinematographer, Sergei Urusevsky. In Russian, Spanish, and English.—*Michael Sragow* (Film Forum; Sept. 16-20.)

JUNEBUG

Meet the in-laws, North Carolina style. Phil Morrison's remarkably assured directorial début, about a cosmopolitan art dealer (Embeth Davidtz) who travels with her new husband (Alessandro Nivola) to his family home, is snarkily funny and unexpectedly moving. Set over a long weekend, the story (by Angus MacLachlan) focusses on the interaction between Davidtz's somewhat floundering character and the members of her husband's complex family. There's an unhurried attention to detail that Morrison brings to the story which allows the crisp dialogue and deep characterizations room to breathe. The various narrative strands—the domineering mother (Celia Weston) who favors one son over another, the chatterbox sister-in-law (a luminous Amy Adams) who hungers for connection—come together to form a contemplative picture of a surprisingly fragile Southern family.—*Bruce Diones* (In wide release.)

KEANE

Lodge Kerrigan's independent drama tracks, in relentless closeup, the attempts of a distraught man (Damian Lewis) to survive on the mean streets of New York and New Jersey and to form fresh bonds with a hard-bitten mother (Amy Ryan) he meets in a cheap motel. The red-haired Brit Damian Lewis (from the TV series "Band of Brothers") brings a sexual aggressiveness to the role that absolves the movie of mawkishness. What we see is harrowing and squalid but also exhilarating and tender.—*D.D.* (Sunshine Cinema.)

MARCH OF THE PENGUINS

This hugely successful French documentary, directed by Luc Jacquet, yields itself so readily to anthropomorphic readings that it's hard to say where bird ends and man begins. As the emperor penguins shuffle across the terrain to their mating ground with bowed shoulders, they look, from the rear, like shtetl Jews heading off to shul. Flopping to their bellies for greater speed, they could be kids taking a wave on a surfboard. After they mate, the parents take care of the children with a selfless devotion that would not seem out of place in lacrosse-mom precincts like Glen Cove or Montclair. Yet here's the miracle: the extreme coldness and clarity of the air, and the translucent blues and searing whites of the landscape, lend the ritual, however mundane, familial, and instinct-driven, an aspect of eternal splendor. One of the most touching and eye-ravishing documentaries ever made.—*D.D.* (9/12/05) (In wide release.)

PRETTY PERSUASION

Thin, nasty, and not always as funny as you want it to be, this satire of American values takes off from the mean-girls high-school genre and scores some points. The heroine, Kimberly Joyce (Evan Rachel Wood), a fifteen-year-old vamp with superfluous or missing parents (James Woods has some funny bits as her anti-Semitic dad), has streaks of perception and decency, but mainly she's a ruthless mover who wants celebrity and power. Wood, pert in a school uniform and pale with a bit of rose in her cheeks, does flip cynicism with such precise, easy rhythms and such obvious pleasure in naughtiness that she's impossible to dislike. The director, Marcos Siega, frames her performance within calm, formally composed images—no rapid movement, no weird angles or rushed cutting. "Pretty Persuasion" is often as still as a painting—one of its most profane scenes is lit and framed like an Old Master. The rest of the cast is negligible.—*D.D.* (8/29/05) (Sunshine Cinema.)

RED EYE

Rachel McAdams plays a young hotel manager, and Cillian Murphy plays a handsome snake who ensnares her in a terrorist plot. Wes Craven directed this nearly perfect little thriller (the running time is eighty-five minutes) with a scrupulous attention to small physical details and not a wasted shot or an excessive emotion. Once it gets going, it's mesmerizing. Screenplay by Carl Ellsworth.—*D.D.* (9/12/05) (In wide release.)

SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER

This François Truffaut film from 1960 is based on David Goodis's "Down There," a trim, well-written American crime novel. The movie busts out all over—and that's what's wonderful about it. Comedy, pathos, and tragedy are all scrambled up. Charlie, the sad-faced little piano player (Charles Aznavour), is the thinnest-skinned of modern heroes: each time he has cared about someone he has suffered, and now he just wants to be "out of it." This is a comedy about melancholia—perhaps the only comedy about melancholia. Truffaut is freely inventive here—a young director willing to try almost anything—and Charlie's encounters with the world are filled with good and bad jokes, bits from old Sacha Guitry films, clowns and thugs, tough kids, songs and fantasy and snow scenes, and homage to the American Grade B gangster pictures of the forties and fifties. The film is nihilistic in attitude, yet by its wit and good spirits it's totally involved in life and fun. Nothing is clear-cut; the ironies crisscross and bounce. In French.—*Pauline Kael* (IFC Center, Sept. 16-18.)

TRANSPORTER 2

The action director Louis Leterrier unleashes ninety-two stuntmen in eighty-eight minutes in his latest film, a frenetic sequel to the 2002 hit. Jason Statham returns as the icy hazardous-mission chauffeur who, this time, must rescue the son of a wealthy client. The screenplay is laughable, but the stunts are fabulous and Statham brings a sexy gravity to the absurd situations. With newcomer Kate Nauta as a lingerie-clad assassin whose Uzis do all the talking.—*B.D.* (In wide release.)

2046

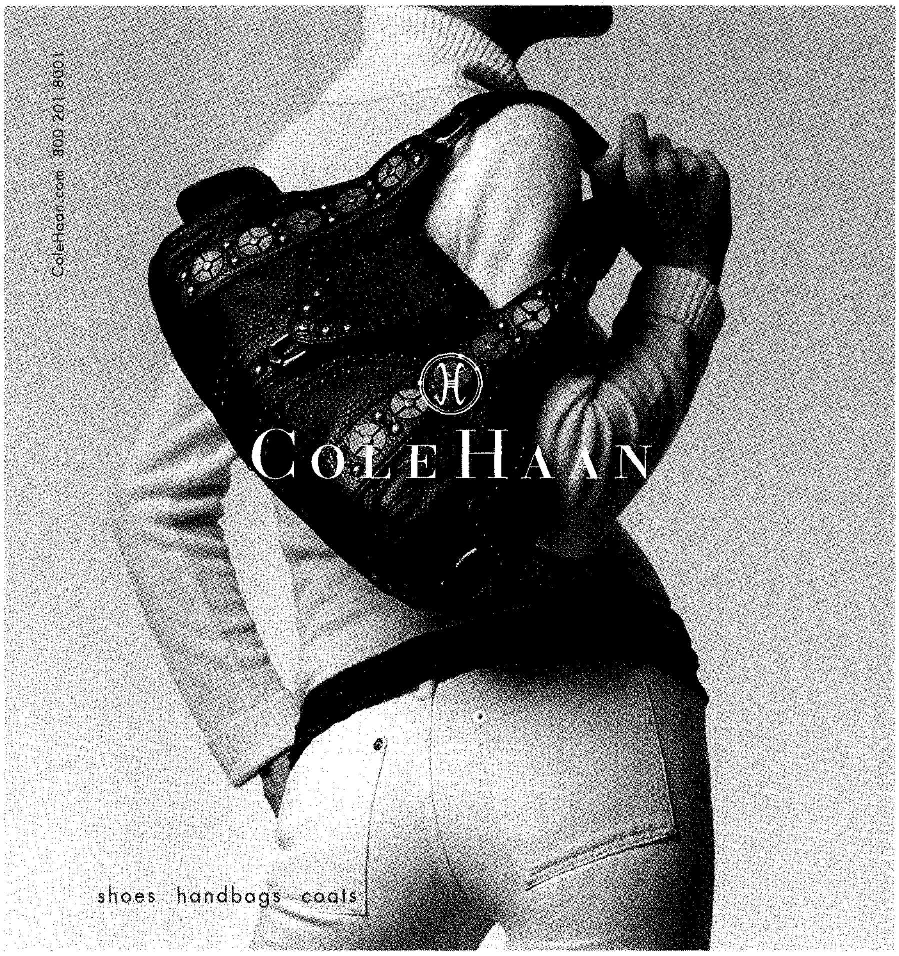
The latest and grandest work from Wong Kar-wai has the form of a sequel to "In the Mood for Love" but is also an amplification of its rhapsodic themes. Tony Leung plays Chow, a writer who moves into a small Hong Kong hotel, befriends the daughter of the owner (Faye Wong), and gradually works his way through a number of equally beautiful women, including a neighboring call girl (Zhang Ziyi) and a gambler with a black glove (Gong Li). "Her past was like the glove she always wore—a mystery," the narrator confides, and therein lies both the enchantment and the niggle of the film. Everything here is made mysterious under compulsion; the gorgeousness of the photography, like the ceaseless throb of the score, throws a veil over each detail, until not just the characters but the settings, too, begin to merge into one another. There are surges into science fiction (courtesy of a story that Chow is writing), but they seem no less anesthetized than the smoky world of his girlfriends. What they see in the guy is anybody's guess. In Cantonese, Japanese, and Mandarin.—*A.L.* (8/22/05) (In wide release.)

AN UNFINISHED LIFE

Lasse Hallström's gently directed new drama is well intentioned and watchable, but there's a warmed-over feeling about it that makes one's interest droop. It may be only a quirk of scheduling (this Miramax release has been on the shelf for a while), but the relationship between a gruff, elderly Robert Redford (a Wyoming ranch owner) and a rueful Morgan Freeman comes awfully close to the relationship between a gruff, elderly Clint Eastwood and a rueful Freeman in "Million Dollar Baby." Jennifer Lopez, giving a decent performance, turns up as Redford's daughter-in-law, whom he detests because he thinks she's responsible for the death of his son. There's also a big bear, and the theme is that you have to forgive both bears and yourself before you can forgive other people.—*D.D.* (In wide release.)

WEDDING CRASHERS

Jeremy (Vince Vaughn) and John (Owen Wilson), a pair of divorce mediators, spend their summer weekends rolling up to the weddings of people



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they don't know and becoming the life and soul of the party. The director, David Dobkin, and the writers, Steve Faber and Bob Fisher, kick off with a hectic montage of good will, and the first twenty minutes are rabid with simple pleasure. Then Jeremy and John hit a swish society affair, in which the Treasury Secretary, William Cleary (Christopher Walken), is marrying off one of his daughters, leaving two more (Rachel McAdams and Isla Fisher) to be ogled by our heroes, whereupon the fizz—and the generosity—starts to leak away. Thank heaven for the leading men—especially Vaughn, a hopped-up Gary Cooper who shoots his mouth off with such scattershot brio that he flubs the occasional word, or picks an overheated one ("Erroneous! Erroneous!"), or forgets to pause for breath. This is a dumb-ass picture about dumb-ass men. Still, sometimes ten per cent of your brain is just enough.—*A.L.* (7/25/05) (In wide release.)

Also Playing

BALZAC AND THE LITTLE CHINESE SEAMSTRESS: Paris. **MAD HOT BALLROOM:** In wide release. **THE MAN:** In wide release. **MURDERBALL:** Sunshine Cinema. **MUSIC FROM THE INSIDE OUT:** Cinema Village. **WILLIAM EGGLESTON IN THE REAL WORLD:** Film Forum.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES
32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (212-505-5181)—"New Filmmakers." Sept. 14 at 8:15: "Invitation to a Suicide" (2005, Loren Marsh). ♦ "A Tribute to Curtis Harrington." Sept. 14 at 7: "Usher" (2002). ♦ Sept. 14 at 9: "What's the Matter with Helen?" (1971). ♦ "Goethe-Institut Presents." Sept. 15 at 7:30: "Years of Hunger" (1980, Jutta Brückner; in German). ♦ A Leslie Thornton retrospective. Sept. 15 at 8: "The Archive," a program of short films (1983-2004). ♦ Sept. 16 at 8: "Early Works and Collaborations," a program of short films (1975-94). ♦ Sept. 17 at 6: "A Quest," a program of short films (1988-98). ♦ Sept. 18 at 6: "Peggy and Fred in Hell: End in New World" (2005). ♦ Special screenings. Sept. 16 at 7 and Sept. 17 at 9: "Numéro Deux" (1975, Jean-Luc Godard; in French). ♦ Sept. 16 at 9 and Sept. 18 at 7: "Keep Up Your Right" (1987, Godard; in French). ♦ Sept. 17 at 5:15 and Sept. 18 at 9: "The Hypothesis of a Stolen Painting" (1979, Raul Ruiz; in French). ♦ Sept. 17 at 7 and Sept. 18 at 4:45: "Le Lit de la Vierge" (1969, Philippe Garrel; in French). ♦ "Logos Film Lectures." Sept. 17 at 1: "Hearts and Minds" (1974, Peter Davis), followed by a talk by Frances Fox Piven.

BAM ROSE CINEMAS
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100)—"Cinemachat with Elliott Stein." Sept. 14 at 6:50 and 9:30: "The Beguiled" (1971, Don Siegel). ♦ Through Oct. 6: "Double Dutch." Sept. 15 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "Alias Kurban Saïd" (2004, Jos de Putter; in Azeri and English). ♦ Sept. 20 at 7: "It's Been a Lovely Day" (1993; in Dutch). ♦ Through Sept. 25: "Notorious Duo: Hitchcock and Cary Grant." Sept. 16-17 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "Notorious" (1946, Alfred Hitchcock). ♦ Sept. 18 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "Suspicion" (1941, Hitchcock). ♦ Through Sept. 26: "Party Girls and Outlaws: Nicholas Ray." Sept. 19 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:15: "Party Girl" (1958).

FILM FORUM
W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (212-727-8110)—"Summer Samurai." All films are in Japanese. Sept. 14 at 1, 3:10, 5:20, 7:30, and 9:40: "Samurai Saga" (1959, Hiroshi Inagaki). ♦ Sept. 15 at 1, 5:30, and 10: "Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo" (1970, Kihachi Okamoto). ♦ Sept. 15 at 3:10 and 7:40: "Goyokin" (1969, Hideo Gosha). ♦ In revival. Sept. 16-17 and Sept. 19-20 at 1: "I Am Cuba: The Siberian Mammoth" (2004, Vicente Ferraz;

in Portuguese). ♦ Sept. 16-20 at 2:45, 5:20, and 8: "I Am Cuba" (†).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL
55 E. 59th St. (212-355-6160)—"Cinéma Tuesdays." Sept. 20 at 12:30, 4:30, and 8: "Love on the Run" (1979, François Truffaut; in French) and "Antoine and Colette" (1962, Truffaut; in French).

IFC CENTER
323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (212-924-7771)—"Weekend Classics." Sept. 16-18 at noon: "Shoot the Piano Player" (†). ♦ "Waverly Midnights." Sept. 16-17: "DiG!" (2004, Ondi Timoner).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480)—"Early Autumn: Masterworks of Japanese Cinema from the National Film Center, Tokyo." All films are in Japanese. Sept. 14 at 6 and Sept. 17 at 2: "Early Autumn" (1961, Yasujiro Ozu). ♦ Sept. 14 at 8:30 and Sept. 17 at 4:30: "Boy" (1969, Nagisa Oshima). ♦ Sept. 15 at 6 and Sept. 18 at 2:30: "Mr. Thank You" (1936, Hiroshi Shimizu). ♦ Sept. 15 at 8 and Sept. 18 at 5: "Humanity and Paper Balloons" (1937, Sadao Yamanaka). ♦ Sept. 16 at 6: "Judo Saga" (1943, Akira Kurosawa). ♦ Sept. 16 at 8: "Wild Geese," a.k.a. "The Mistress" (1953, Shiro Toyoda). ♦ Sept. 17 at 6:30: "Ballad of Narayama" (1958, Keisuke Kinoshita). ♦ Sept. 17 at 8:30: "The Rikisha Man" (1943, Hiroshi Inagaki). ♦ Special première. Sept. 14 at 8:15: "The Life and Times of Frida Kahlo" (2005, Amy Stechler). ♦ "Louis Feuillade: A Sampling of a Master." Sept. 15 at 6:15: "Judex (The Hand of Vengeance)," episodes 1-5 (1917; silent). ♦ Sept. 16 at 6:15: "Judex (The Hand of Vengeance)," episodes 6-11 (1917; silent). ♦ Sept. 17 at 1:30: "Judex (The Hand of Vengeance)," episodes 1-11 (1917; silent). ♦ "Greta Garbo Centenary." Sept. 18 at 1:30 and Sept. 19 at 7: "The Saga of Gosta Berling" (1924, Mauritz Stiller; silent). ♦ Sept. 18-19 at 5: "Joyless Street" (1925, Georg Wilhelm Pabst; silent). ♦ Through Sept. 30: "Alexander Mackendrick: Auteur and Academic." Sept. 19 at 6: "A High Wind in Jamaica" (1965). ♦ Sept. 19 at 8:15: "Don't Make Waves" (1967).

MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE
35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Repertory nights. Sept. 16-17 at 7:30 and Sept. 18 at 6:30: "Vertigo" (1958, Alfred Hitchcock). ♦ Through Nov. 13: "Some Like It Wilder: The Complete Billy Wilder." Sept. 17-18 at 2: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955). ♦ Sept. 17 at 4: "Kiss Me, Stupid" (1964). ♦ Sept. 18 at 4: "The Lost Weekend" (1945).

SUNSHINE CINEMA
143 E. Houston St. (212-330-8182)—Midnight movies. Sept. 16-17: "GoodFellas" (1990, Martin Scorsese).

THALIA THEATRE
Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (212-864-5400)—"Current Cinema." Sept. 18 at 5 and Sept. 20 at 9: "Me and You and Everyone We Know" (2005, Miranda July). ♦ "Thalia Film Classics." Sept. 18 at 7 and Sept. 20 at 6: "Ikiru" (1952, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

WALTER READE THEATRE
Lincoln Center (212-875-5600)—Through Sept. 21: "Latinbeat 2005: Recent Films from Latin America." All films are in Spanish, except where noted. Sept. 14 at 5 and Sept. 19 at 9:30: "Step Forward" (2004, Elia K. Schneider). ♦ Sept. 14 at 7: "Buena Vida Delivery" (2004, Leonardo Di Cesare). ♦ Sept. 15 at 8:30 and Sept. 17 at 3:30: "Bombon, the Dog" (2004, Carlos Sorin). ♦ Sept. 16 at 7:15 and Sept. 18 at 1:30 and 6:15: "Sisters" (2005, Julia Solomonoff). ♦ Sept. 16 at 9:30 and Sept. 19 at 5: "Odd People Out" (2004, Manuel Zayas). ♦ Sept. 17 at 5:30 and Sept. 18 at 4: "Buenos Aires" (2004, Pablo José Meza). ♦ Sept. 17 at 8 and Sept. 19 at 7:15: "Black Bull" (2005, Pedro González-Rubio and Carlos Armella). ♦ Sept. 18 at 8:45: "What Is It Worth?" (2005, Sergio Bianchi; in Portuguese). ♦ "Latinbeat: Spotlight on Federico Luppi." Sept. 14 at 9 and Sept. 16 at 5: "Easy Money" (1982, Fernando Ayala and Juan José Jusid). ♦ Sept. 17 at 1 and Sept. 20 at 9: "Common Ground" (2002, Adolfo Aristarain).

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READINGS AND TALKS

"AN EVENING WITH THE PARIS REVIEW"
Philip Gourevitch, the new editor of the venerable literary journal (and a writer for this magazine), celebrates the magazine's redesign and the publication of the anthology "The Paris Review Book of People with Problems." Gourevitch will interview the writer Salman Rushdie and the multimedia artist and filmmaker Miranda July, both of whom will also read from their work. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 212-868-4444. Sept. 17 at 7.)

CLAUDE LANZMANN
The director of "Shoah" offers a series of three talks with Stuart Liebman, a professor of film history at the City University of New York. The epic Holocaust documentary will be screened, in two parts, on the first and the last programs, and Lanzmann's 1972 survey of Israeli life, "Pourquoi Israel," will be shown on the one in between. (Museum of Jewish Heritage, 36 Battery Pl. 646-437-4202. Sept. 18 at 1, Sept. 21 at 6, and Sept. 25 at 1.)

"THEATRE OF IDEAS"
This new reading-and-discussion series at Columbia University's Miller Theatre starts with a fiftieth-anniversary tribute to "Lolita." Alfred Appel, Jr., the editor of "The Annotated Lolita," Azar Nafisi, the author of "Reading Lolita in Tehran," and Stacy Schiff, a biographer of Nabokov's wife, Véra, do the honors. (Broadway at 116th St. 212-854-7799. Sept. 19 at 8.)

"DUELING ANTHOLOGISTS"
The 92nd Street Y inaugurates its fall season with the poet Billy Collins and the writer Garrison Keillor, who will each, in a spirit of gentle competition straight from Lake Wobegon, read their favorite poems. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 212-415-5500. Sept. 19 at 8.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

MAYOR'S CUP
This annual schooner race, now in its thirty-sixth year (who knew?), features some thirty classic yachts in competition from the Battery to the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge and back. The South Street Seaport's historic schooners the Pioneer, which dates from 1885, and the Lettie G. Howard, from 1893, will be in the running. A spectator boat will be provided. (For more information, call 212-748-8786. Sept. 17 at noon.)

"THE KITCHEN HIGH LINE BLOCK PARTY"
The most celebrated defunct railroad line in the country—the elevated former freight line snaking through the West Side that's slated to become a park—gets fêted outside the performance-art space the Kitchen. The Wingdale Community Singers (a group that includes the novelist Rick Moody), the Gypsy dance band Romashka, and the Lesbian & Gay Big Apple Corps Marching Band will provide the entertainment. Tours of the elevated line, however, won't happen for a few years. (W. 19th St. between Tenth and Eleventh Aves. For more information, call 212-255-5793. Sept. 17 at noon.)

KEXP CMJ BROADCAST
The eclectic Seattle-based radio station normally reaches New Yorkers via the Internet (local residents represent the second-largest audience block, bested only by folks in Washington State), but with the CMJ Music Marathon in town (see Night Life) KEXP's d.j.s are setting up shop in Manhattan. They'll have some twenty bands performing live during the week, including Cloud Cult, Eiffel Tower, Adam Franklin, Wide Right, Rogue Wave, Feist, and Langhorne Slim. If these names mean anything to you, register with their Web site and head over to the Museum of Television and Radio. If not, but you're still curious, just check out the live broadcast online. (25 W. 52nd St. For more information, visit www.kexp.org. Sept. 12-16.)

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES
Bored at the racetrack, the woman in Jean-Pierre Cassigneul's "Femme aux Courses" gazes at the stands with luxuriant ennui; the painting is a featured lot in **Christie's** sale of Impressionist and modern art on Sept. 14. Other notable items include a chess set by Man Ray and "Les Trois Graces," a sculpture of three watery orbs by Arp. On Sept. 15, the house shifts to American art works, with drawings by Milton Avery and Norman Rockwell and a painting by Raymond Jonson, who in 1919 went into the New Hampshire woods and found a psychedelic tableau; his "Dragonfly Fantasy" could have been an album cover for Yes. (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 212-636-2000.) ♦ A **Sotheby's** sale of American art, on Sept. 16, offers its own dream pieces: John J. Enneking portrays a primordial forest in "Twilight-Autumnal Landscape," and in Carroll Cloar's painting "Girl and the Red Hibiscus," a shy child hides behind a surreal flower patch. A sale of Indian and Southeast Asian art follows on Sept. 20. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 212-606-7000.) ♦ **Swann** joins the fall fray with two auctions of prints and drawings (including a cache of exceptional works by Romare Bearden) on Sept. 15. (104 E. 25th St. 212-254-4710.)

JOHN RITTER

ON THE HORIZON

THE THEATRE
CAVEMAN DAYS
Sept. 21-Oct. 9

In his novella "Pastoralia," George Saunders invented a modern couple whose day job involved playing Neanderthals in a theme park. The work now becomes a play at P.S. 122, adapted and directed by Yehuda Duenyas. (212-352-3101.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
MASTER CLASS
Sept. 28-Oct. 2

Colin Davis's concerts with the London Symphony Orchestra have become a welcome annual event: they offer an uncanny combination of interpretive clarity and impassioned performance that no American ensemble can quite match. The conductor's three programs are focussed on works by Verdi (the Requiem), Sibelius, and Walton and Vaughan Williams. (212-721-6500.)

MOVIES
THAI MAN
Oct. 13-16

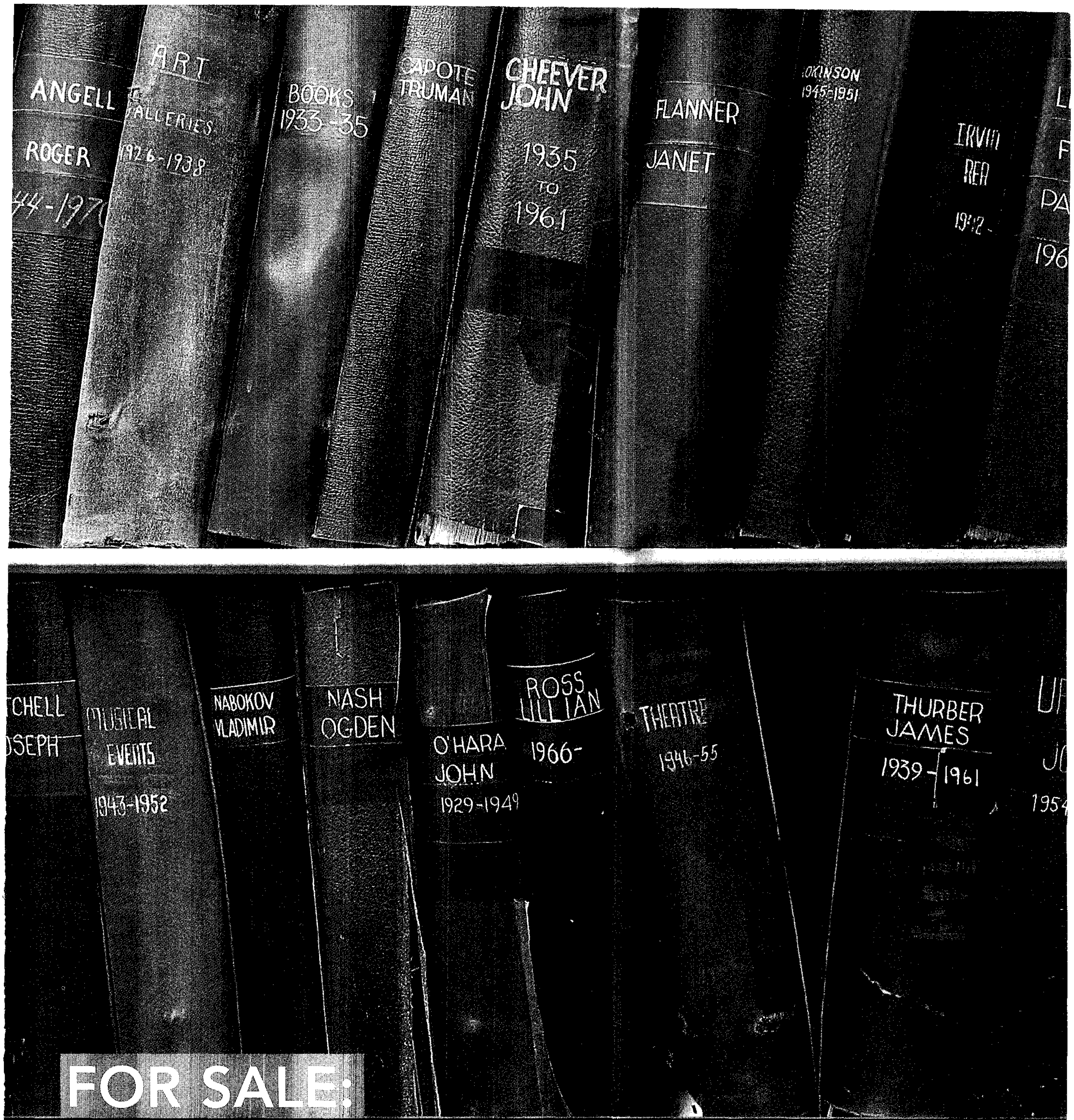
BAM will screen all four films by the acclaimed Thai director Apichatpong Weerasethakul, including the drama-documentary hybrid "Mysterious Object at Noon" (2000) and the recent romantic folklore fantasy "Tropical Malady." (718-636-4100.)

ART
ROMANTIC INTRIGUE
Oct. 21-Feb. 20

The Neue Galerie's retrospective "Egon Schiele" honors the career of that patron saint of gloomy art students, with an extensive array (some hundred and fifty paintings and drawings) of gnarled, handsome portraits and dark landscapes, all stamped with the Austrian artist's particular brand of sad eros. (212-628-6200.)

NIGHT LIFE
IN HIS EYES
Oct. 23-26

The masterful Senegalese vocalist Youssou N'Dour will curate a four-day festival of African music at Carnegie Hall, in which the septuagenarian griot singer Yandé Codou Sène makes her U.S. début. N'Dour himself will perform as well, both with his famed Super Etoile band and with Fathy Salama's Cairo Orchestra—the latter show will give American audiences their first opportunity to hear live renditions of the songs from "Egypt," the stunning 2004 album devoted to N'Dour's Sufi faith. (212-247-7800.)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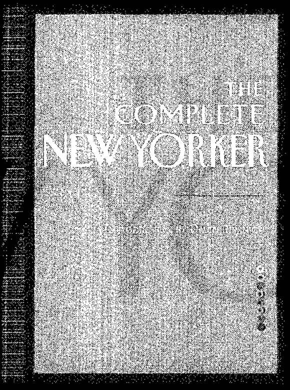
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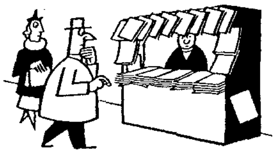
THE NEW YORKER

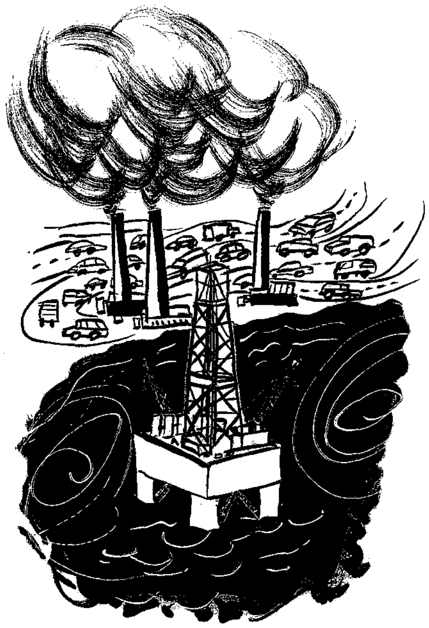
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT
STORM WARNINGS



The National Association of Insurance Commissioners, founded in 1871 and headquartered in Kansas City, Missouri, bills itself as the "oldest association of state officials" in the country. Every three months, its members, who include the chief insurance regulators of all fifty states plus the District of Columbia, hold a four-day meeting to discuss issues of common concern. The association's fall, 2005, meeting was scheduled for this past weekend, and, in addition to seminars on such perennial favorites as "Property Casualty Reinsurance" and "Receivership and Insolvency," the event's planners had organized a session on a new topic: global warming. Given recent events in Louisiana and Mississippi, a session on weather-related disasters would surely have been well attended. Unfortunately for the association, the meeting was booked into the Sheraton in downtown New Orleans.

Katrina was so destructive—whole towns and cities devastated, and their traditions swept away—that anyone who would presume to comment on it has a heavy burden. A disaster of this magnitude seems to demand not dispassionate analysis but simple human empathy. To use it as an occasion to point out the folly of U.S. energy policy, as, for example, the German environmental minister, Jürgen Trittin, did, is to invite the charge of insensitivity, or even worse. "The American president shuts his eyes to the economic and human damage that the failure to protect the climate inflicts on his country and the world economy through natural catastrophes like Katrina," Trittin wrote in the *Frankfurter Rundschau.* An editor for the London *Times* online accused Trittin of "intellectual looting," while the Web version of *Der Spiegel* announced "another low point for transatlantic relations—and set off by a German minister. How pathetic." But, callous as it may seem to say so, America's consumption of fossil fuels and catastrophes like Katrina are indeed connected.



Though hurricanes are, in their details, extremely complicated, basically they all draw their energy from the same source: the warm surface waters of the ocean. This is why they form only in the tropics, and during the season when sea surface temperatures are highest. It follows that if sea surface temperatures increase—as they have been doing—then the amount of energy available to hurricanes will grow. In general, climate scientists predict that climbing CO_2 levels will lead to an increase in the intensity of hurricanes, though not in hurricane frequency. (This increase will be superimposed on any natural cycles of hurricane activity.) Meanwhile, as sea levels rise—water expands as it warms—storm surges, like the one that breached the levees in New Orleans, will inevitably become more dangerous. In a paper published in *Nature* just a few weeks before Katrina struck, a researcher at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology reported that wind-speed measurements made by planes flying through tropical storms showed that the "potential destructiveness" of such storms had "increased markedly" since the nineteen-seventies, right in line with rising sea surface temperatures.

The fact that climbing CO_2 levels are expected to produce more storms like Katrina doesn't mean that Katrina itself was caused by global warming. No single storm, no matter how extreme, can be accounted for in this way; weather events

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

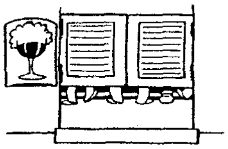
are a function both of factors that can be identified, like the amount of solar radiation reaching the earth and the greenhouse-gas concentrations in the atmosphere, and of factors that are stochastic, or purely random. In response to the many confused claims that were being made about the hurricane, a group of prominent climatologists posted an essay on the Web site RealClimate that asked, "Could New Orleans be the first major U.S. city ravaged by human-caused climate change?" The correct answer, they pointed out, is that this is the wrong question. The science of global warming has nothing to say about any particular hurricane (or drought or heat wave or flood), only about the larger statistical pattern.

For obvious reasons, this larger pattern is also of deep interest to the insurance industry. In June, the Association of British Insurers issued a report forecasting that, owing to climate change, losses from hurricanes in the U.S., typhoons in Japan, and windstorms in Europe were likely to increase by more than sixty per cent in the coming decades. (The report calculated that insured losses from extreme storms—those expected to occur only once every hundred to two hundred and fifty years—could rise to as much as a hundred and fifty billion dollars.) The figures did not take into account the expected increase in the number and wealth of people living in storm-prone areas; correcting for such increases, the losses are likely to be several hundred per cent higher. A report issued last week, which was supposed to have been presented at the National Association of Insurance Commissioners' meeting in New Orleans, noted that, even before Katrina, catastrophic weather-related losses in the U.S. had been rising "significantly faster than premiums, population, or economic growth."

Since President Bush announced that the country was withdrawing from the Kyoto Protocol, in March, 2001, the Administration has offered a variety of excuses for why the U.S., which produces nearly a quarter of the world's greenhouse-gas emissions, can't be expected to cut back. On the one hand, Administration officials have insisted that the science of global warming is inconclusive; on the other, they've cited this same science to argue that the steps demanded by Kyoto are not rigorously enough thought out. As the rest of the world has adopted Kyoto—earlier this year, the treaty became binding on the hundred and forty nations that had ratified it—these arguments have become increasingly indefensible, and the President has fallen back on what one suspects was his real objection all along: complying with the agreement would be expensive. "The Kyoto treaty didn't suit our needs," Bush blurted out during a British-television interview a couple of months ago. As Katrina indicates, this argument, too, is empty. It's not acting to curb greenhouse-gas emissions that's likely to prove too costly; it's doing nothing.

—*Elizabeth Kolbert*

THE REGULARS
KAJUN'S



Joann Guidos, of New Orleans's Faubourg Marigny neighborhood, is a big woman with a piercing stare, the bark of a football coach, and a way of hugging people as though she intended to keep them physically anchored to the earth. She held her family of neighborhood drinkers together all through Hurricane Katrina and its aftermath, keeping her murky, stifling bar, Kajun's Pub, open so that the lonely and the broke would not endure the ordeal alone. All last week, a can of Pabst still cost a dollar at Kajun's, even after the power and water went off and keeping the beer cold meant scrounging for gasoline to feed a noisy generator out back. "These people got no place else to go," she said, in the meaty New Orleans accent that is more "Sopranos" than "Gone with the Wind." "I'm not leavin' 'em."

At noon a week ago Sunday, eight New Orleans police officers bearing riot guns walked into the bar, ordered the music turned off and the customers out, and told Joann that she had to close. "They said, 'If you don't leave, you'll be shot,' " she said. "Never in this country."

The regulars at Kajun's are among those willing to believe the worst about the New Orleans Police Department. "Tuesday night, I'm in the Quarter with fifty bucks to buy gas—I'm not looting," said Kenny Dobbs, naked to the waist, slick with sweat, and squinting through the smoke of his cigarette. "They pull me over at gunpoint, siphon half my gas, take the fifty bucks and a fifth of Crown. N.O.P.D." His girlfriend, who wore a Confederate-flag head scarf and Mardi Gras beads, held out a hand to be kissed. "Renée de Ponthieux," she said. "When Daddy dies, I'll be the Comtesse de Ponthieux." She threw back her head and laughed. A brown dog lying on the pool table sat up and howled. Joann, meanwhile, planted herself on a barstool by the front door with a plastic tumbler of Southern Comfort in one hand and a semi-automatic shotgun in the other. On the floor whirred a gigantic unshielded fan that seemed designed to cool an airplane hangar. The best seat in the house was close enough to the fan to keep cool but not so close that one risked falling in and being chopped to bits.

"I never seen her cry—she's really upset," said Chris Jungles, Joann's boyfriend, a tall man who wears a long braid. Jungles grew up in rural Minnesota; in 1987 his three-year-old daughter was killed by a truck and his marriage fell apart. He cooked methamphetamine for a while and indulged in "mucho" pointless violence as a biker, then served two and a half years in San Quentin. "I've been clean ever since," he said, and cast a loving eye at Joann. "She keeps me straight. She's holding everybody together." He tossed his braid and downed a yellow Jell-O shot of vodka and tequila. "Sweet Home Alabama" played on the stereo for the third time in half an hour, almost loud enough to drown out the generator and the roar of helicopters.

Up walked Mitch, a bearded man of fifty-eight whose belly showed through a tear in his T-shirt. "You know who did the voice of Yogi Bear?" he asked. "Art Carney."

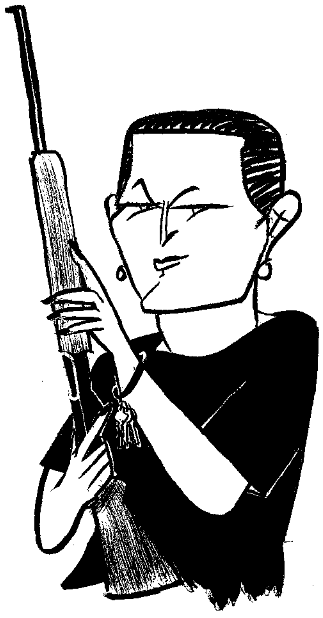
Joann started shouting through the door at somebody, or nobody, in the street. "It's my God-given right according to the U.S. Constitution to bear arms and protect my private property!" she bellowed, while another regular, Larry Stann, an elegantly mannered, if raggedly dressed, black man of sixty-three, whispered in her ear, "Of course, honey, but put the gun right inside the door here."

"I don't know where I'd go," Mitch said. "I never thought about it." Asked if he has friends or family, he thought a moment, then twirled a finger to take in the room. "Just here." He shrugged. "If they shoot me, they shoot me."

"Clint Eastwood's father?" Mitch said. "Stan Laurel."

Finally, Chris's black dog, Louis, bit Renée on the leg, and everybody decided to call it a night. Chris topped up the generator with gas, spilling it on the hot metal. Then he urinated on some paint cans in the alley and locked the door.

The drinking started again the next morning at eight and went on for three more days. The shadow of mandatory evacuation weighed heavily on the regulars at Kajun's, because most of them didn't know a thing about the world outside New Orleans. Finally, on Wednesday, the law came back, this time with bunches of plastic wrist ties protruding from their vests. "You go out today on your own, or tomorrow we take you out," one exhausted officer said. By this time, the fight had gone out of Joann and her extended family. Chris built a plywood box on the top of Joann's dark-blue van. Kenny loaded his 1979 Cadillac with Renée's bead collection and enough whiskey to get them to Carriere, Mississippi. The regulars who had been manning the bar since the storm began—ten people in all—were packing. "We stick together," Joann said, gathering them to her like a den mother. "And we'll all be back, right? Right?"

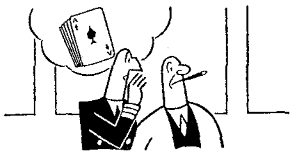


Joann Guidos

Wednesday night, Chris sat at the bar, inconsolable. "I flagged down the Humane Society and gave them Louis," he said. "I signed the papers to put him to sleep. I love that dog. He was like my child, but I had to do it." He drained his beer and a sad smile crept across his face. "He was one mean motherfucker," he said proudly. "Give me a hug."

—Dan Baum

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL
HIGH STAKES



Among the blown-off rooftops, upended pine trees, and other detritus that Katrina scattered along the Gulf Coast were a good number of twisted and bashed-in slot machines. The storm had hurled them ashore as it ripped casino barges from their moorings in Biloxi, Gulfport, and Bay St. Louis.

Carol Browner was the head of the Environmental Protection Agency during the Clinton Administration, when many casinos in Mississippi were constructed. Last week, speaking from her office at the Washington consulting firm where she now works, she recalled the difficulties that her department experienced years ago when they tried to persuade legislators, including Mississippi Senator Trent Lott, that building on wetlands was environmentally risky. Developers, and the politicians who supported them, argued that gambling would attract commerce to the state.

The proposed casinos, Browner said, "were supposed to be in the water because the state didn't want them on the solid land." (To accommodate the moral qualms of conservative locals, the legislature relegated gambling to "navigable waters.") She went on, "But they were huge, and they were right up against the shore. If you put structures this big into an estuary, you're disrupting the aquatic life and changing the habitat and eradicating the wetlands, which has a huge effect on drainage. The wetlands act like a sponge in a storm. They're an incredibly smart and helpful part of nature. But they have to be kept moist, like a sponge on your kitchen counter. If they're dried out, and developed, they don't work. The shoreline's a very important buffer in a storm."

Browner said that Lott was not alone among politicians in his disregard for the environment. "For fifty years," she pointed out, "there's been significant inattention to the environmental consequences of developing the wetlands." But Lott was particularly single-minded in his support of casino development. "I had barely taken office," Browner said, "when I discovered there was a 'hold' on a department nominee." (Placing a hold, which is a common maneuver in the Senate, can keep a nominee's name from moving forward to a vote.) "I didn't have a clue who put the hold on the nominee. Then Trent Lott called me up and said that he had done it. He told me, 'I figured I'd have a problem with the E.P.A. I don't have one yet. But this is a warning to you.' Then he lifted the hold. But the message was clear.

"A few years later, in 1997, Clinton nominated someone else to a job in the E.P.A. that needed Senate confirmation," she recalled. Browner learned that a hold had been placed on this person, too. "It was a person who was perfectly qualified," she said. "So the hold seemed odd.

"We called around to see what was the matter," she went on. "And I found out that Lott had put a hold on this person. I then spoke with him about it, and he said, 'It's not about the nominee.' He said, 'It's because I want you to fire another employee, because he's standing in the way of wetlands permits needed for casinos.'

"He wanted me to fire this guy who was handling the wetlands permits down in our regional office in Atlanta," she said. "I couldn't have done it if I'd wanted to. I told him I wasn't going to. It's the job of the E.P.A. to enforce Section 404 of the Clean Water Act, which covers all wetlands permits, and this guy was doing his job." Browner said that she did not tell the employee in Atlanta, because she didn't want him to feel pressured. "Lott thought the guy was working with the Army Corps of Engineers to hold up the casino permits, and he was determined to get rid of him."

Browner said that Lott kept the hold

on the nominee for several months. "We couldn't get the confirmation through," she said. "Then finally, one day, I heard that the Atlanta wetlands-permit officer was no longer in the job." (A person close to the agency says that the Atlanta officer, whose name was Mike Wylie, was transferred to another job within the E.P.A., where he still works.)

"I called Lott," Browner said, "and I told him that I didn't fire the guy but that he was gone. That very night, the E.P.A. nominee was confirmed." (Both Lott and Wylie declined to comment.)

For years Lott has had a house on the Gulf, in Pascagoula, a hundred-and-fifty-four-year-old cottage built on stilts. It was obliterated by Hurricane Katrina. When President Bush toured the blighted coastline with Lott, he said, "Out of the rubbles of Trent Lott's house—he's lost his entire house—there's going to be a fantastic house. And I'm looking forward to sitting on the porch."

—*Jane Mayer*

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
TRANSFER STUDENT

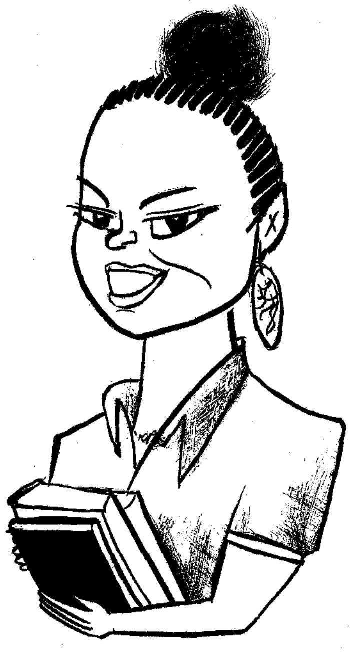
The process of enrolling in public school in New York City can be onerous enough to deter anyone but a future hall monitor. Yet, whether by decree of law or out of a will to learn, thousands of students showed up last week at the city's fourteen registration centers. One of these newcomers was Jahia Montana-Forbes, who had been living in Bedford-Stuyvesant for exactly four days. Jahia was looking for a place to finish twelfth grade, which she had begun on August 18th, at Marion Abramson Senior High School, in New Orleans.

When Jahia and her mother, Gina Montana, arrived, early Wednesday morning, at the former Family Court Building in downtown Brooklyn, they came equipped with none of the required documents: proof of identification (birth certificate, passport, or baptismal certificate), proof of address (utility bill, deed to a house, medical or insurance card, for example), proof of past diligence (immunization record, latest report card)—proof of existence, really. "All we have is our State of Louisiana I.D. cards," Montana said. "I don't have any transcripts," Jahia said. She was wearing jeans, a hot-pink piqué polo shirt, and dangly earrings embossed with maps of the Gulf States. "They don't know if I'm lying."

Paperwork or not, Jahia and her mother knew who they were. "I am a citizen and resident of New Orleans," Montana said. She is forty-four, and has a broad, avid face dotted with moles. "My great-grandmother was originally from Pointe a la Hache. Her mama was a LaFrance. It's a very old family. On my daddy's side are the Montanas—we are Mardi Gras Indians. Our tribe was called the Yellow Pocahontas Mardi Gras Indians. I mask as the Big Queen. That's our family tradition." (Earlier this summer, when Montana's cousin Allison "Tootie" Montana, the Big Chief of the troupe, died—he had a heart attack at City Hall while testifying about police brutality against African-American Mardi Gras krewes—a *Times-Picayune* editorial noted, "Montana was to the Mardi Gras Indians what Louis Armstrong was to jazz.")

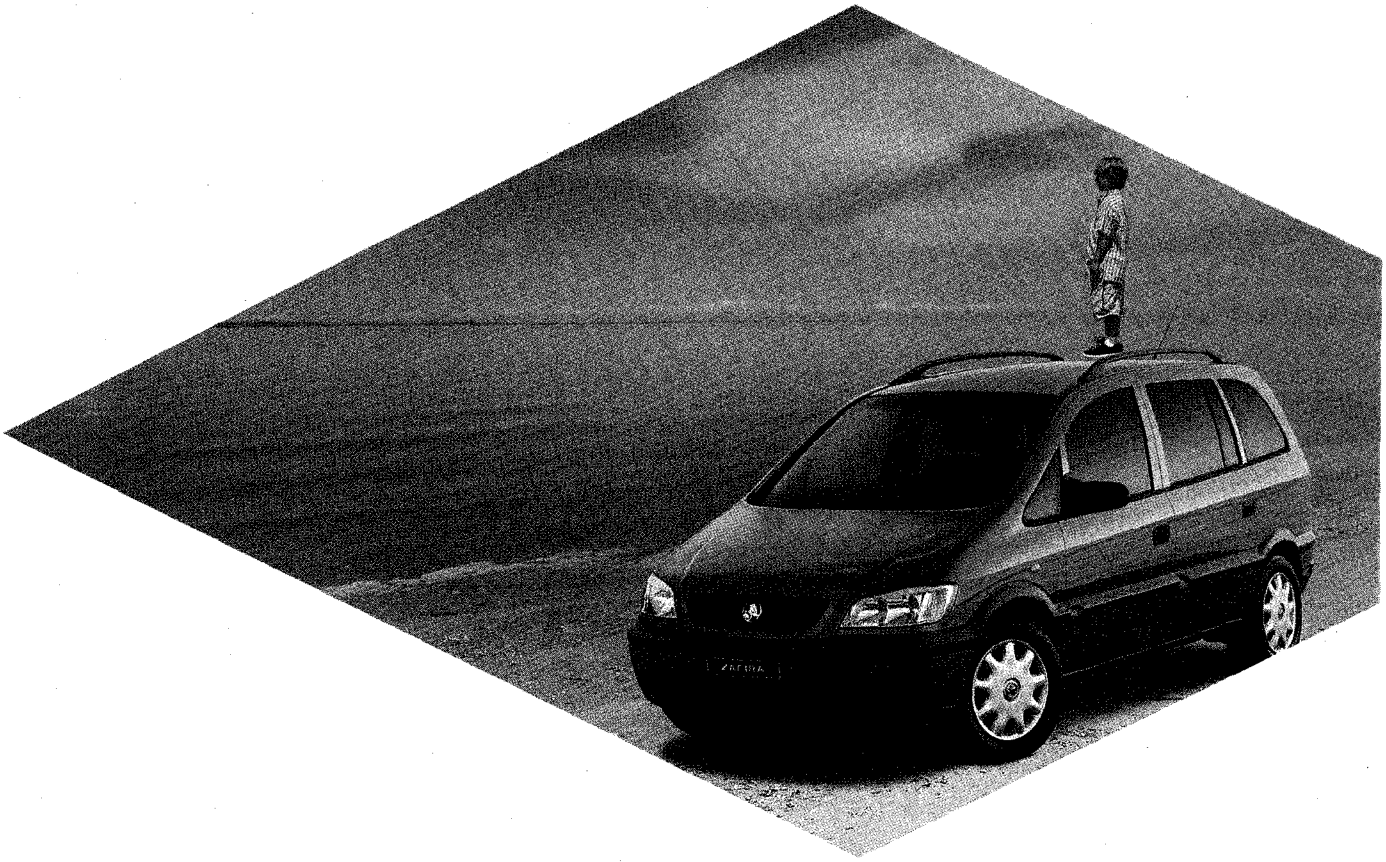
As part of the city's cultural aristocracy, the Montanas also count among them accomplished duck carvers, quiltmakers, and cooks; the last thing Montana did before Katrina hit was to make a Sunday dinner of jasmine rice, steamed broccoli, and shrimp creole, using a recipe that goes back generations. Jahia, who attended a pre-professional arts academy in New Orleans, wants to be an actress. "I was just starting to get a little pep, trying to get into college, making sure I had the right kind of portfolio, stuff like that," she said.

When the levees gave way and Jahia and her mother were forced to leave their rented house, in Mid-City, they decided that they would do whatever it took to get to New York, where Montana attended Columbia for two years, in the eighties, and where her sister works at a W Hotel. After trudging through high water in their neighborhood, they took temporary shelter at Delgado Community College. Eventually, some fishermen from Lafayette ferried them to Canal Boulevard in a little johnboat. "We could see the tops of banana trees," Jahia said. They—along with Miss Pauline, a ninety-year-old woman they picked up along the way—rode bigger boats and assorted buses until they finally made it to Thibodaux, where a friend took them in for several days. "When I woke up the next morning, my intuition just kicked in," Montana said. "I called American Airlines. The first man I talked to got permission from a supervisor, and they sold us two one-way tickets to Newark, New Jersey, for the same cost as a Greyhound ticket."



Jahia Montana-Forbes

Piecemeal as the Montanas' passage was, their reception has been—in a heartening instance of governmental coördination—well prepared for. On September 2nd, Joel Klein, the New York City Department of Education chancellor, e-mailed a special memorandum, "Hurricane Katrina and Student Enrollment," to all his principals. "Students have a right to attend school no matter how long they have lived at their current location," he wrote. Montana said, "When I got here, I was going through the phone book, looking under S—Student Placement, Student Referrals, Student Support. So I got on the phone with a woman, and she took my number." That evening, another woman called Montana and talked her through the sign-up process. The next morning, at the center, while New York students and par-



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ents slumped on court benches, waiting for their numbers to be called, the Montanas were escorted through an expedited registration. Jahia found out that, despite the last-minute enrollment, she had been admitted to a specialized school. "I'm going to attend Sarah McKinney," she said.

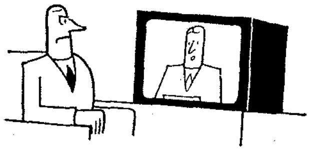
"*Susan*," her mother corrected her, referring to her new school, the Dr. Susan McKinney Secondary School of the Arts, in Fort Greene. "Get used to it!"

"I don't want to say I'm glad to be here, because I would rather be at my school, in my city," Jahia said. "But I'm trying to be an actress, and I'm in New York City!" She burst into giggles. "All my friends got sent to Arkansas, Texas, Georgia, California. I'm telling people, 'I'm in Brooklyn.' And they're, like, 'You're in Brooklyn? You're lucky!' "

After registration, the Montanas were going directly to Susan McKinney. Montana knew that they had to take a B-54 bus, but she wasn't sure how to find one. "I just saw beaucoup buses that said 'Brooklyn via Tillary,' " Jahia said. Soon she and her mother would get on one, and spend the afternoon preparing for Jahia's second first day of school.

—*Lauren Collins*

THE BENCH RITES



The week after Labor Day was grim for almost everyone in official Washington. Hurricane Katrina turned swiftly from epic tragedy to political farce—just another partisan quarrel, Social Security reform in hip waders. President Bush and his critics traded talking points, to the advantage of neither, and even this most self-important city seemed to recognize the smallness of its discourse. What would normally have been a momentous event, the death of Chief Justice William H. Rehnquist, was eclipsed by the debate about the Gulf; the only thing that seemed to cut through the blather in the capital, and just barely, was the nomination of John Roberts as Rehnquist's replacement.

It's a rare, if not unprecedented, thing to see Supreme Court Justices assembled on the famous marble steps of their building. (In reality, tourists use the steps; the Justices drive into an underground entrance at the back, and many lawyers use a side door on Maryland Avenue.) But in Tuesday's brilliant sunshine six of the eight surviving Justices lined up at the top of the stairs to greet the casket of the Chief Justice, who had died the previous Saturday night. Still, it wasn't the coffin or the Justices that drew the attention of the television cameras but, rather, the second pallbearer on the left, Roberts.

In less than two months, Roberts has gone from obscure jurist to putative savior of the increasingly embattled Bush Presidency. So confident was the President that his choice of Roberts as Chief Justice would be well received that he announced his decision at 8 A.M. on Labor Day, instead of waiting for a more customary time to break news. The President's confidence appeared to be justified, because a nimbus of deference surrounded Roberts all week, even when it came to pallbearing duties. "John was the only one who had done it before," a former Rehnquist law clerk said. "He said it was harder than it looked."

Indeed, several of the other former law clerks appeared weary, almost panicked, as they struggled up the forty-four marble steps to the Great Hall. (Kerri Martin Bartlett, a 1983 clerk and a former federal prosecutor in New York, held her corner of the pine casket with both hands and looked as though she might topple under the strain.) Roberts's unlined countenance didn't crack, though if he had glanced toward his future colleagues he might have sensed the possibility of difficulties ahead. Two Justices were missing. One of them, Anthony M. Kennedy, had an understandable excuse, for he was at that moment flying back from China. But the question that preoccupied court-watchers involved the other absence: Where was David Souter? And why hadn't he issued a statement about the Chief, like all of his colleagues? The answers weren't entirely clear. Souter's home in Weare, New Hampshire, doesn't have e-mail, fax, or an answering machine, and he didn't make it back to Washington until the following day. But his absence served as a reminder that Roberts's talents had better include the skillful handling of eccentrics.

The funeral, the following day, at St. Matthew's Cathedral, suggested other potential trials for Roberts. Nineteen years earlier, President Reagan had named Rehnquist Chief Justice for much the same reason that Bush has chosen Roberts—to lead a conservative counter-revolution on the Court. But the silences in Wednesday's ceremony showed how little Rehnquist had accomplished toward that end. Every funeral of even the grandest personage includes fond memories of the private man, and Rehnquist's was no exception. From his son, his daughter, and his granddaughter there were stories of his passion for singing, his love of low-stakes gambling, and his thoroughgoing good nature. But that, oddly, was basically all that even his principal eulogists, Justice Sandra Day O'Connor and President Bush, could offer, either.

Of their twenty-four years together on the Supreme Court, O'Connor observed that "he was always fair." President Bush praised Rehnquist's "clear convictions" but said nothing about what they were. The truth was that Rehnquist wound up losing on the issues that meant the most to him. He largely failed in speeding the pace of executions, ending affirmative action, and returning significant power to the states. Rehnquist was, of course, the last remaining member of the Court that decided Roe v. Wade, in 1973; he dissented in that case and never succeeded in overturning the landmark that will define his era on the Court.

Roberts chose to sit with his fellow-clerks rather than with his fellow-judges. Everyone who spoke to him in the church seemed to lean away from him, trying to avoid the appearance of fawning. It was a week when Roberts, unlike everyone else in town, could be excused for thinking that the lights would always be turning green in front of him. But O'Connor's dry eulogy served as a reminder that it wouldn't stay that way forever. "We love you, Chief," she concluded. "Now, as the Chief would say, 'Counsel, the red light is on. Your time is up.'"

—*Jeffrey Toobin*

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LETTER FROM NEW ORLEANS

LEAVING DESIRE

The Ninth Ward after the hurricane.

BY JON LEE ANDERSON

When I first saw Lionel Petrie, he was standing on the second-story porch of his house, at the junction of Desire Street and North Bunny Friend, in the Ninth Ward of New Orleans. The house was built of wood, with white siding and peach trim. Petrie, an African-American with salt-and-pepper hair and a mustache, appeared to be in his sixties. A large Akita was standing next to him, ears perked vigilantly. The two of them looked out from across the fenced-in expanse of the front yard. Petrie was clearly an organized man: a painter's ladder was dangling from the railing of the porch, and a clutch of orange life vests hung within reach of a fibreglass canoe that was tethered to the house. The canoe bobbed on the surface of the stinking black water that filled the street and had engulfed most of the first floor of the house. The spiked parapet of a wrought-iron fence poked up about eight inches above the waterline, etching out a formal square that separated the house from the street.

"I don't know if I want to go back to New Orleans," Lionel Petrie said. "The first thing I picture now is the water."

CARSON PARKER

Petrie's house was different from those of his neighbors, most of which were small brick row houses, or run-down clapboard houses that had deep porches flush with the street. His was set far back in the lot, and had a self-possessed air about it. Near the fence, in what must have been the driveway, the hoods of two submerged cars and a truck could be seen.

I was seated in the back of a four-person Yamaha WaveRunner that was piloted by Shawn Alladio, an energetic woman in her forties, with long blond hair, from Whittier, California. Eight days had passed since Hurricane Katrina made landfall, and Alladio was out on a search for trapped survivors and for what rescuers were calling "holdouts"—residents who didn't want to leave their homes—in one of the poorest and worst-hit parts of the city, the Ninth Ward, in eastern New Orleans.

Alladio maneuvered the WaveRunner so that we were alongside Petrie's fence, and, after calling out a greeting to him, she asked him if he wanted to leave; he waved politely in response, but shook his head. She told him that the floodwater was toxic and that he would soon become sick. He said something in reply, but we couldn't hear him because of the rumble of the WaveRunner's idling engine. Alladio turned the ignition key off.

Petrie explained that his wife and son

and daughter had left the city by car, heading for Baton Rouge, the day before Katrina hit. He didn't know where his family was now, and, if he left, they wouldn't know where he was. He said that he intended to wait for them to come back, and for the waters to go down.

Alladio told him that the authorities were not allowing people to return to this part of New Orleans, and that it might be a month before the waters receded. He listened carefully, nodded, and replied that he had stocks of food and some water; that he'd be all right—he'd wait. He patted his dog's head. "Thank you, but I'll be fine," he said. Alladio tried again. "I can promise you that you will *not* see your family if you stay here," she told him; it was much likelier that he would pass out and die from the fumes from the water.

He asked whether she would promise that he would be able to join his family.

Alladio paused, and said to me quietly, "I can't promise him that. If I turn him over to the authorities, like the other evacuees, he could end up anywhere in the country."

Turning back to Petrie, she asked, "If I drive you to Baton Rouge myself, will you come with me?"

"You would take me yourself?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "I promise. Today, when I am done with my work, I will take you there."

Petrie took a step back on his porch. He raised his head thoughtfully and asked, "Can I take my dog with me?"

"Oh, God," Alladio said under her breath. "I hate this." Then she said to him, "I am so sorry, Mr. Petrie, but, no, they won't allow us to take out animals. You will have to leave him here."

Petrie gripped the railing of the porch and leaned over again, in a kind of slow, sustained forward lurch, his head down. Then he nodded and said, "O.K."

Alladio told Petrie to prepare a small bag with his essential belongings, to say goodbye to his dog and, if he wanted, put out some food and water for him. She would be back in an hour to pick him up; in the meantime, she needed to see if there were more people who needed evacuating. He said, "O.K.," and waved, and went back inside the house. The dog followed him.

Alladio had arrived in New Orleans on Saturday, September 3rd, with a team of California rescue workers and a small flotilla of donated WaveRunners. She and her team were loosely attached to a task force sent by the State of California, but were mostly on their own. We had met at a staging area underneath an elevated section of Interstate 10. As I arrived, evacuees were being brought out of the water to a slightly raised stretch of land where railroad tracks ran under the highway. A boat came up and deposited an elderly black couple. Rescuers carried the woman, who was wearing a denim skirt, a T-shirt, and gold earrings, and sat her down on a fallen telephone pole. She rocked back and forth, with one hand raised, and murmured, "I just want to tell you—thank you, Jesus." Her husband walked over unsteadily to join her. They had stayed at home until just before the hurricane, and then gone to their church. As the water rose, they took refuge in the choir loft. They stayed there for eight days, drinking the water the storm washed in. "We were down to our last two crackers," she said. Another man was brought over, shaking, and speaking incoherently. The only words I could make out were "I'm still alive."

After putting on chest waders to protect ourselves from the fetid floodwaters—which Alladio warned me were "really gnarly"—we set off by boat from Interstate 10. Alladio wore a yellow marine safety helmet, camouflage pants tied at the ankles with drawstrings, and a tight black athletic shirt emblazoned with the logo "Liquid Militia." I asked if that was her organization's name, and she said, "No—it's my clothing line." She and a partner had recently begun selling "aquatic sportswear," but her main business was training people in the use of WaveRunners. ("This is not a Jet Ski," she had informed me, a little schoolmarmishly. "That's a common mistake people make; this is a sport-utility vessel.") She had named her company K38, after a spot on the Pacific Coast of Baja California—"Kilometer 38," she said—where her father had surfed in the

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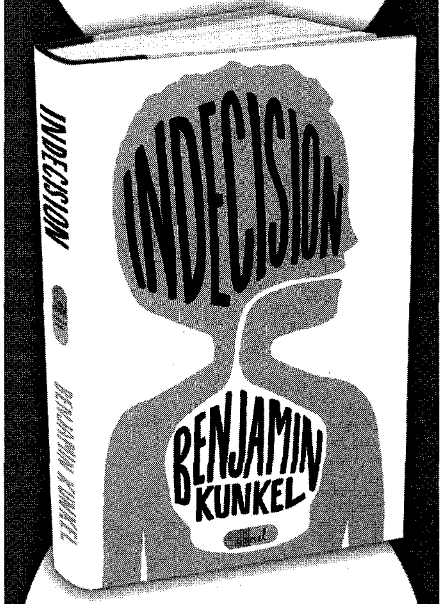

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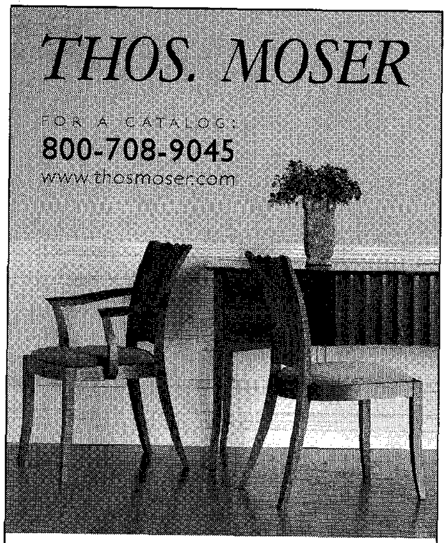
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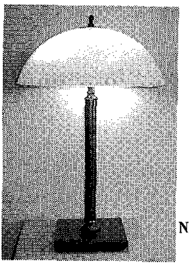
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nineteen-fifties. Alladio had trained lifeguards, firemen, and "big wave" surfers in water safety and rescue, she said, but since 9/11 she had found herself doing more with the military, working with specialized U.S. Navy units involved in counterterrorism.

We passed cargo yards, electrical pylons, and houses with tar-paper roofs that had water halfway up the windows, and other houses that were completely submerged. When we came to the intersection of Louisa Street and Higgins Boulevard, the street signs were at eye level and the traffic lights were barely above the surface of the water. We passed a house with a shattered plate-glass window. Peering down into the living room, I saw a sofa floating near a framed photo of Muhammad Ali standing triumphantly over Sonny Liston. At a community swimming pool, a lifeguard seat poked just above the waters. We passed a rowboat carrying two white men and being towed by a black man with dreadlocks, up to his neck in water. Later, we saw them again; all three were in the boat now, and were paddling with broken street signs.

It was a clear, hot day, and the floodwater smelled strongly of oil and raw sewage, and stung the eyes. There were other smells, from islands of rotting garbage, and, intermittently, as elsewhere in the city, the smell of death. Helicopters had been clattering overhead all morning, some of them dumping buckets of water on house fires that had broken out everywhere. Scudding columns of brown and gray smoke shot up from half a dozen points around the city. The towers of downtown New Orleans were visible in the distance.

Until the nineteenth century, the Ninth Ward was a swamp, and, even after it became home to a black and immigrant white community, and was drained (in that order), it was periodically devastated by flooding. During Hurricane Betsy, in 1965, it was hit harder than most of the city, and was underwater for days. The neglect of the Ninth Ward by the city government was notorious; well into the twentieth century, it lacked adequate sewers and clean water. The Norman Rockwell image that the Ninth Ward inspired was that of the first grader Ruby Bridges, a tiny black girl in a white dress, who was led to school by federal marshals past jeering white crowds—a chapter in a violent desegregation struggle that divided the city in the nineteen-sixties. In the next decades, many of the white residents of the Ninth Ward left; by the time Katrina hit, almost all the students in the school that Ruby Bridges integrated were black.

At 2037 Desire, a block past Petrie's home, three people stood on the second-floor porch of a large wooden house: a bulky young woman in a white blouse, with dyed orange hair, and tattoos on one arm; a young man with copper skin in a lilac polo shirt, smoking a cigarette; and an old man who was barechested except for a pair of red suspenders. The ground floor was flooded and a sign above it said, "Winner Supermarket—ATM Inside." Alladio hailed them and repeated the argument that she had made to Petrie. The young man said that his name was Theron Green, and that he and his father, Alfred Green, the old man, and his fiancée—Trinell Sanson, the tattooed woman—were fine, and were planning to stay. They also had a friend inside the house, they said. Theron Green spoke in a thick local accent, and his eyes were alert and suspicious. He was clearly anxious for us to leave. "We feel comfortable, safe in our own house here," he said. "Anyway, I don't want no looter motherfuckers coming here." Alladio told him that there would soon be forced evacuations, but Green was adamant. "I'll wait till they force me out, then," he said. Trinell Sanson said, "We're fine. If it gets too bad, we'll catch the helicopter." As we moved off, Green called out to Alladio, telling her that there were some people up the street who wanted to be rescued.

We found them a block farther along Desire. Alladio was able to bring the boat right up to the porch: the front steps had disappeared into the water. A young man named Tyrone Williams said he had thought he could stick it out. Two other men emerged from the house and leaned on the porch railing, followed by a mentally disabled woman wearing a purple T-shirt and clutching a plastic bag. Williams explained that the woman was Detre, the sister of one of the other men, Cordell West. The third man said that his name was John Singletary, and that he was eighty-seven years old. "Born in 1918," he announced. "I been through a long time, but I never saw something like this." He had come to Williams's house after his own house, on the next block, was swamped. "I got a good Cutlass there, runs good, and my sister lives in Amite"—just seventy miles away. Alladio asked why he hadn't left before the storm. Singletary shrugged and laughed. "Old crazy fool," he said. "Should've went but I didn't."

While we waited for Williams and the others to get ready, a large high-wheeled dump truck with a dozen or so Louisiana State Police officers in it—all white men, carrying guns and wearing surgical gloves—came sloshing slowly down Desire. They maneuvered the truck toward the house until the water got too deep. One by one, the evacuees were transferred from the porch to the WaveRunner and then to the bed of the dump truck. An agent took Detre's plastic bag and tossed it into the truck's bay. One of the officers threw me a can of fluorescent-orange spray paint. He told me to spray a large X on the façade of the house and the date "09/06" in the top cleft of the X, "LSP," for Louisiana State Police, at the left, and, at the bottom, "4-live"—four people recovered alive. When I was done, the truck headed slowly toward the evacuation point under Interstate 10, and Alladio and I returned for Lionel Petrie.

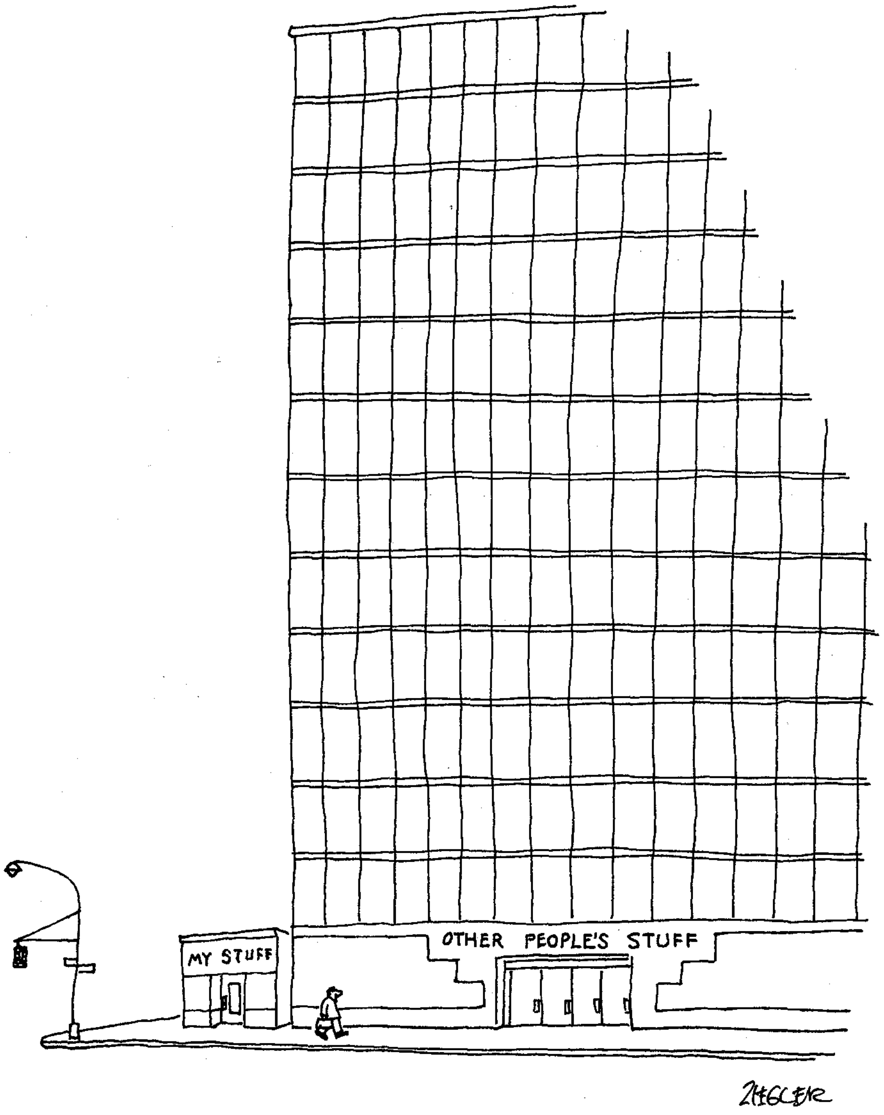
Alladio warned me not to get spattered by the floodwater. "The people who have been in this are going to get sick," she said. The Environmental Protection Agency had teams out taking water samples to check for toxins, and the rumor—apparently unfounded—was that entire districts were so contaminated that they would have to be razed, along with hundreds of thousands of vehicles. The people who lived there might not realize it, she said, "but once they leave they are never going to see their homes again." Occasionally, she circled messes of floating debris, looking for bodies. "You may not even recognize them at first," she said. "They'll usually be round." If a body got caught on something underwater, there might be bubbles rising from the gases in the corpse. We eased past a flooded pickup with a strand of yellow police "CAUTION" tape looped around it; the windows were fogged, so we couldn't see in, but Alladio figured that the police had found a body in the cab, and had marked it.

We passed groups of dogs that had been left behind; some stood on the roofs of submerged, smashed houses, others were stranded on flotsam; they looked emaciated and listless, as if ready for death. The dogs were not being shot, Alladio said: "If Americans saw National Guardsmen on television shooting dogs they'd raise a huge fuss." Around the corner from Tyrone Williams's house, a pit bull, a Rottweiler, and a tiny Pekinese looked attentively at us as we passed by. The pit bull looked as if it might lunge, and we gave it a wide berth. As the boat crossed another avenue, we spotted a dog trying to swim, its head just above the water. It was struggling. "If I had a gun, I'd shoot it," Alladio said.

When we returned to Petrie's house, he was packed and waiting for us on the second-floor porch, dressed in slacks, a fresh unbuttoned shirt over a T-shirt, and a Marine Corps baseball cap. He leaned down to his dog, took both its ears in his hands and caressed them, and then told the dog to go inside. Petrie climbed into the canoe and began paddling over to us. The dog reëmerged on the balcony, appearing disconcerted and watchful. Petrie did not look back. He came alongside the fence and we helped him first with a bag and then with a little black case that he said had his wife's Bible in it. "I know she'd want me to bring that," he said. He climbed onto the WaveRunner behind me. Alladio gave the vessel a little power, and we began moving off.

As we made our way down Desire, Petrie looked around him at the devastation, his neighbors' houses submerged in water. He said, "Oh, my God. I had no idea."

I asked him why he hadn't left earlier.



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"You tell yourself that the waters are going to recede, and when they don't one day you say maybe they will the next," he answered.

The waters had subsided somewhat after the initial surge, he said. Then he had noticed, as the days went by, that there was an ebb and flow to them, as if a tide were moving in and out. To his mind, the city had become part of Lake Pontchartrain. He had heard on the radio about the levees breaking. When the electricity went out, he had listened to the radio each night, but had turned it off after a little while, to save his batteries.

As we spoke, he seemed to be trying to make sense of his own reaction to the catastrophe. He had understood logically that he was stranded and in danger, and yet he had decided that his first priority was to remain and prepare the house for his family's return: "Pretty crazy, huh? I even started repairing my roof." About a third of the roof had been torn away by the hurricane, and he had worked for several days patching it up while the city lay underwater. During that time, other rescuers—police officers—had come and urged him to leave, but because of the way one of them had spoken to him ("It was pretty ugly," he told me) he had refused.

When we passed Theron Green's house, he and his father and his fiancée waved and smiled at Petrie. Green's friend had now emerged. He held out an empty tin of dipping tobacco and said, "No Copenhagen?" As we went on, Petrie laughed, recalling that a few days earlier a man had appeared making his way down the center of Desire Street in water up to his shoulders. "And you know what he was looking for? A beer." Petrie shook his head.

Petrie told me that he was worried about his aunt Willa Mae Butler: "She's about eighty-two, and lives on Bartholomew Street. I'm worried that she's dead, because this time she said she wasn't going."

As we travelled slowly back toward Interstate 10, avoiding debris and downed electrical lines, Petrie began calling out landmarks. He had lived in the neighborhood his entire life. As a child, he had lived on Louisa Street. He pointed to a building that he said was the primary school he had attended from kindergarten through eighth grade. Coming out onto the vast expanse of water that was Florida Avenue, Petrie gestured to a trailer across the road. Two days before Katrina, someone had murdered two men in that trailer, he said. One of them was a man he knew, who had owned a wrought-iron business. Petrie was also in the wrought-iron business; he was a fabricator and a welder, and he and the other man had made many of the fences and wrought-iron grilles for the houses in the neighborhood. "I made a pretty good living," he said, and then added, "Things change."

By now, he was reconciled to his rescue. "I think the good Lord sent you to me," he said. "I am looking forward to seeing my wife!" Her name was Mildred. He was sixty-four and Mildred was sixty-one. They had married when she was seventeen and he was twenty. "Everyone said we wouldn't last, but we've been together forty-five years, and this is the first time we have been apart."

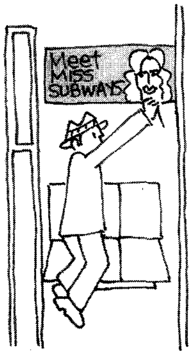
A few minutes later, Petrie suddenly remembered, to his distress, that he had forgotten to hide his gun before leaving the house. It was a .357 Magnum revolver, he said. "I meant to hide it, so the crazies wouldn't get it." He had spent his nights awake in the house, he told me, afraid that he would be attacked by the criminals in his neighborhood. In the past week, he had slept about two hours each night, a few minutes at a time. No one had come, although bodies had floated by. One had got caught on his fence, and he had sat there, watching it, waiting for it to drift away, for about two hours. He was about to get into his canoe and push it away with a stick, he said, when the current finally took it.

After we landed, Shawn Alladio went out on one more tour of the neighborhood to see if there was anyone else to bring in. While we waited for her to return, Petrie and I sat in my rented van in the shade under Interstate 10. Nearby, rescuers stripped down and washed in solutions of water and bleach.

Petrie spoke about his neighborhood. It had once been a good place, he said, but, beginning sometime in the early nineteen-nineties, it had turned bad. He blamed federal housing programs for concentrating young, jobless, uneducated people together in the same area. Those who weren't bad turned bad, he said, and they had turned the others bad, too.

Petrie told me about his own children. Lionel, his namesake, forty-three years old, had been in the Marine Corps for fifteen years and served in the first Gulf War. He had been an aviation mechanic, but when he got out he couldn't get a job, so he went back to school, at the University of New Orleans, where he was pursuing an undergraduate degree when the hurricane arrived. Lionel owned two houses, one just blocks away from Petrie's, which he rented out. Petrie's second son, Bruce, who was thirty-eight, had also been a marine, had an accounting degree, and worked as a shelter supervisor for Girls and Boys Town. Bruce had driven out of the city with his wife and children before Katrina. Petrie smiled when he spoke of his daughter, Crystal, who was twenty-one. She was studying nursing in New Orleans. Lionel had driven her and their mother out of the city.

Petrie hadn't gone to college; he got hired at a shipyard right after high school. After a couple of years, he decided to train as a welder. "For a year, I went to welders' school from 8 A.M. to noon and worked at American Marine from 6 P.M. until 6 A.M. Got my certificate as a certified welder around 1962. I went to several places looking for a job as a welder, but never got hired." When, in 1965, Petrie went to apply for a job at Equitable Equipment, near his home, he saw white welders being hired even as he was told that the only openings were for laborers. He contacted the local N.A.A.C.P. and filed a complaint with the newly formed Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. "They took an interest in my case, and I was the first black to be hired as a skilled worker by Equitable," he said. "I would sit down to eat my lunch and the white guys would go sit somewhere else. I didn't care—I was just there to do my job." After working for a decade at Equitable, and then at Kaiser Aluminum until 1983, when it shut down its Louisiana operations, he decided to set up his own business, Petrie Iron and Construction. He didn't have insurance, though, and he figured that he'd lost everything.



Later that evening, Alladio drove Petrie and me to Baton Rouge in a rented pickup, towing her WaveRunner behind her. She had been told that forced evacuations would begin soon, and that the operation would shift toward law enforcement. She was leaving the next day.

In his exhaustion, Petrie had not been able to remember any telephone numbers, but, as we drove along, cellphone numbers for his son Bruce and his daughter came back to him. I handed him my phone, and a minute later I heard him say, "They're in Memphis!"

When he hung up, he said that his wife and daughter were staying in Memphis at a cousin's house. Lionel had already found some temporary factory work. Bruce was staying with his wife's family, in Kentucky. Willa Mae Butler, Petrie's aunt, was alive and in Texas. Bruce was going to look on the Internet for a flight for his father from Baton Rouge to Memphis.

A little while later, as we drove into the night, Petrie said reflectively, "I don't know if I want to go back to New Orleans—seeing it how it was, I don't think I do." He doubted, from what he had seen, that much of it could ever be rebuilt. "The first thing I picture now is the water I saw when I was coming out," he said.

A few minutes afterward, Bruce called back to say that the next available flight was in three days' time. Alladio suggested that we try the Greyhound station instead. It was already late when we arrived at the scruffy little bus station in Baton Rouge, full of refugees from New Orleans. I joined a long line of people waiting for information and tickets. Half an hour later, it had barely moved. A man and a woman were arguing, and when the stationmaster called for passengers for Houston, I heard the man tell her, "I don't care what you say—I'm getting on that bus." After he left, the woman leaned against a pillar and wiped her eyes. A tall man with a stack of religious tracts was reciting Psalms from memory, and a woman made subdued sounds of agreement or said, "That's right," in a rhythmic cadence. Two policemen patrolled the station; there were a number of young men who looked streetwise and seemed to be loitering among the waiting passengers.

Around midnight, Bruce called again. He had resolved to drive down from Kentucky to get his father. He would leave shortly with his wife, Donna. Lionel Petrie would wait for them in the Greyhound station. Bruce thought that if he and Donna took turns driving they could make the trip in twelve hours. They were there by noon the next day. ♦

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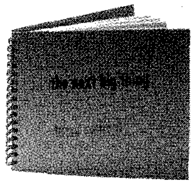

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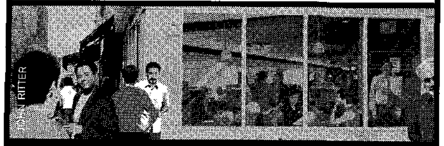

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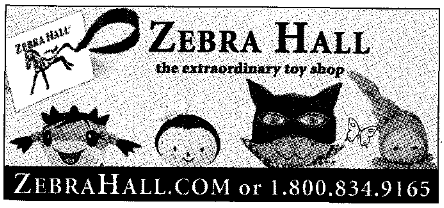

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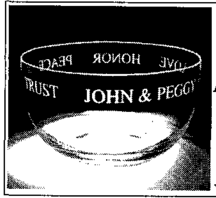

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LETTER FROM EUROPE

THE RISE OF ANGELA MERKEL

Will Germany have a woman chancellor?

BY JANE KRAMER

In less than a week, a fifty-one-year-old pastor's daughter from a village called Templin, in what used to be East Germany, may well become the next chancellor of the Federal Republic. Her name is Angela Merkel, she is a Christian Democrat, and the inspirational upward tilt of her chin in the campaign posters tells you that she has fixed her sights on the cloudless sky of a German future blessed by the frolicking gods of the free market. If she had her way, that would probably be all she told you. Six days before the elections in which she hopes to unseat Gerhard Schröder, the Social Democrat in office now, Mrs. Merkel (as she is almost always called, perhaps to evoke the daunting image of Mrs. Thatcher, to whom she has been compared) remains something of a cipher—or a projection of the "Angela Merkel" that each German who votes Christian Democrat on September 18th would like Angela Merkel to be.

Germans have been following Mrs. Merkel for fifteen years—which is to say, following her transformation from the timid acolyte of Helmut Kohl, the one with the scrubbed face, the plain clothes, and the soup-bowl haircut, into the (occasionally) smiling candidate with the blond bob and the rosy jackets who effectively ended Kohl's career in the party he had led for twenty-five years. But they are still asking, "Who is Angela Merkel?" Her foreign-policy adviser, Wolfgang Schäuble, the man most Germans credit with having the finest mind in the C.D.U.—and whom she herself has quite coolly dispatched whenever he came close to interrupting that transformation—has called Angela Merkel "one of the most intelligent people I have ever met in politics," though he may have said it more in irony than in admiration. Gary Smith, the head of the American Academy in Berlin, and unabashedly a Merkel fan, calls her "not just the most underestimated politician in Germany—the most underestimated *person* in Germany." Joschka Fischer, the Green foreign minister in Schröder's center-left coalition, says no, that Angela Merkel is like a soufflé: it looks good in the oven, but take it out and it collapses. Thomas Brussig, a young Berlin novelist who found himself drafted into a group of "experts" who meet occasionally to enlighten Mrs. Merkel about their various fields, told me that the only way he can explain Merkel to himself is to say that "the moment she leaves the room, the motivation leaves with her."

It may be that, with Mrs. Merkel, what you see is simply what you are going to get for now—the shape of change, the rhetoric of change, but not necessarily the substance. She is famously unforthcoming. Little is known about her beyond the strategies she mastered climbing to the top of the Christian Democratic list, and the complaints of the men she stepped over on her way. She is formal, direct, and even gracious, but she is the first to admit that she does not trust many people, especially if they arrive at her office with a pen and a pad, as I did one morning toward the middle of August. In an interview, she is all business. She answers your questions, she takes them seriously, but she sidesteps any attempt at conversation. She has no appetite for cozy talk. Her time is limited. She never mentions friends or family, and most of them know better than to claim connection. (The tabloids tried for years to get to Ulrich Merkel, the fellow physics student with whom she had a brief first marriage, but none of them really succeeded until last year.) She has no children. And as for Joachim Sauer, the quantum chemist who was her companion for many years and has been her husband for the past seven, his public appearances as Angela Merkel's consort are mainly limited to a week of Wagner, in Bayreuth, in July, and to inescapable functions like her fiftieth-birthday party (from which he is said to have departed on the stroke of twelve, saying, "Come, Angela, I'm not a politician—I have to be at work early in the morning"). That particular party featured, as a divertissement, a long lecture titled "The Brain: Complex System Without Conductor; Consequences for Our Self-Image." Mrs. Merkel has a Lutheran passion for self-improvement, although she dryly told a Christian Democratic rival who had thought better of his "regrets" and called to accept at the last minute that the invitation was meant as a sort of "intelligence quiz." The message was clear.

Merkel, a scientist from the former East Germany, could win the election.

ANDREA VENTURA

Berliners like to say that Angela Merkel was Gerhard Schröder's gift to Germany. They say it because Sunday's elections should properly be taking place next year, by which time Merkel's rivals—to name a few, Christian Wulff, the premier of Lower Saxony; Peter Müller, the Saarland premier; and Roland Koch, the Hesse premier—would no doubt have settled the candidacy among themselves, as they certainly hoped to do. But early this summer Schröder surprised them. He demanded a vote of confidence in the Bundestag, and, on the first of July, having convinced enough of the deputies in his fractious coalition that he couldn't govern, he was able to ask the President to dissolve parliament and to set a date for new elections. The field was left to Mrs. Merkel, if for no other reason than that her rivals were totally unprepared to seize it. What Schröder wanted was a strong new mandate—something with which to discipline the deputies on his party's left who were undermining, if not sabotaging, the implementation of an economic-reform package that he had drafted in camera and pushed through parliament in the fall of 2003. It was called Agenda 2010, after the target date, and, to state the obvious, it had not sat well with the German workers whose benefits would soon be cut and whom those deputies, by and large, represented.

The reforms, no different in kind from the ones Merkel herself is suggesting now, were necessary and overdue. The Chancellor's own center-left deputies, most notably his good friend and interior minister, Otto Schily, had been complaining for years that he hadn't started the process in 1998, when he was first elected and could have talked the Party into almost anything. By the time he did start, Germany's growth rate was down to less than one per cent and its unemployment rate was up to ten—more than four million people. But Schröder was confident, or cocky, enough to promise that Agenda 2010 would cut that unemployment rate in half within three years. Today, the figure is nearly five million, and what Schröder seems to have wanted most, in asking for early elections, was a chance to deliver on the promises he had made.

German business cannot afford the cost of German labor, which has long been among the highest in the industrial world, or, for that matter, the cost of repeated failure (more than sixty-five thousand bankruptcies this year). In the end, neither could Schröder. He was arguably stretching the constitution when he asked his own majority to vote against him in a vote of confidence—a challenge by two deputies went to the Constitutional Court this summer and was struck down—but it was true that he couldn't govern. He figured that his best, and maybe his only, bet was a new election. He also figured that he stood a good chance against Angela Merkel—better, at any rate, than against any of the Christian Democratic honchos sitting in their state fiefdoms, plotting her demise and his. It was, to say the least, a miscalculation.

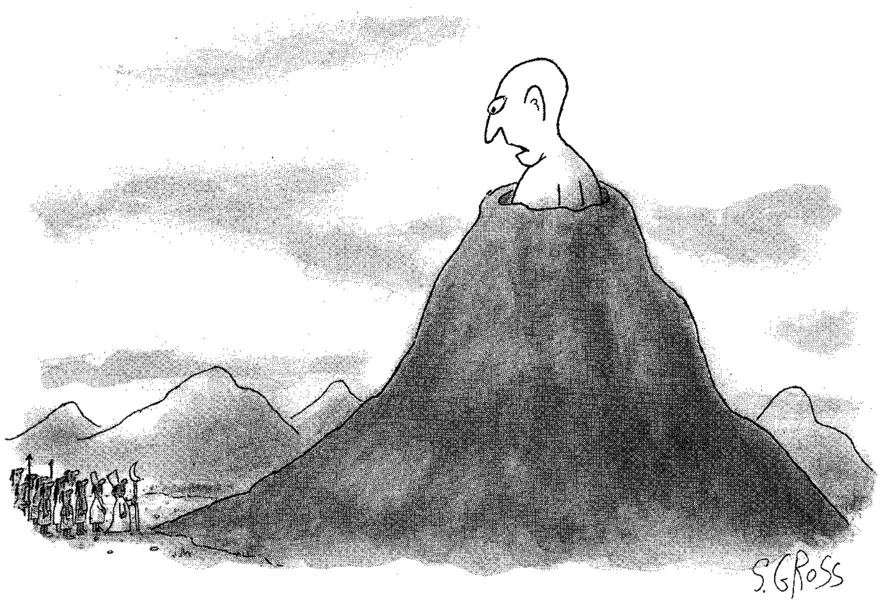
German campaigns are mercifully short—officially, sixty days—but by now the reporters covering Mrs. Merkel refer to their beat as "looking for Angela Merkel." (Derek Scally, from the *Irish Times*, calls her "the real-life Zelig," because "she's there at every moment of modern German history" but you can't catch her; Heribert Prantl, at the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, calls her a "Fata Morgana—one of those wonderful things you see in the desert, but when you reach out to them they recede.") They miss covering Schröder, who, according to all the polls, remains far and away the more popular politician, and would no doubt win in a direct election, and not a parliamentary one. (Schröder is not the problem; his party is the problem, Merkel herself has said.) For years, Schröder has charmed the press. He loves the camera and gives his best interviews over a plate of pasta and has a disarming habit of mixing political spin with funny stories about his wife Doris's career—she was a reporter for sixteen years—and their older daughter's homework. There is, on the other hand, nothing particularly eventful about Angela Merkel's life, as she sees it. She had no involvement in politics before the Wall fell. She had little interest in her own childhood. By some accounts, she was a painfully self-conscious child, with weak legs and no aptitude for sports—something that did not win friends in the steroid-youth culture of Communist East Germany. Her biographer Gerd Langguth claims that a kind of revindication drives her, which may well be true, given that she was born in the West, in Hamburg, and in short order was whisked away to the Communist East by a Christian Socialist father who believed, as many Protestant clergymen did then, that God and Marx could be compatible.

Merkel went to school in Templin, joined the Communists' Free German Youth group—much in the way that American students join fraternities or church fellowships, for company—and earned a degree in physics at the University of Leipzig. When the Wall fell, she was working quietly as a physical chemist at East Berlin's Academy of Science. Not even the Stasi informer who used to pick her up on the way to work could find anything more compelling about Angela Merkel to report to the spymasters on Normannenstrasse than the presence of an occasional gentleman, in a bathrobe, saying goodbye at her open door. The thought of the matronly Mrs. Merkel in breakfast *déshabillé* may be a tender and quite humanizing one, but it stands to reason that a woman whose car-pool partner reported her lovers, real or invented, to the secret police is not likely to open that door again to many people.

Merkel's colleagues will tell you that she is "shy," her enemies that she is "cold," but people from the East who know her say that she is simply a normal, if uncommonly ambitious, person who happened to spend her first thirty-five years under Communist rule—that Communism has marked her, leaving her, as it has them, fearful, suspicious, and often morbidly private. She is said to have "many allies but few close friends or confidantes" apart from Annette Schavan—a Catholic theologian who is now the culture, youth, and sports minister in Baden-Württemberg and is expected to run a new "innovation, research, and education" ministry in a Merkel cabinet—and the two women who have been her chief of staff and her press secretary for several years, and who go to maddening lengths to protect her. You will not find Mrs. Merkel hanging out with the pols at the Paris Bar, at midnight, under the poster of Ben Gazzara in a cowboy hat, or table-hopping with the literati at Sale e Tabacchi, or even dropping into the Adlon for tea and cake and piano music after a hard day at the Bundestag. People say that her life is politics. But what is remarkable about that life is how she made it happen in a party that has been so pointedly unwelcoming both to women and to East Germans—and, indeed, to anyone who has not risen slowly through the Party ranks and paid his dues in deals brokered, favors rendered, and useful complicities all but sworn.

Merkel says only that her origins and her sex have had their "advantages and disadvantages," and that it would be futile for her to speculate on what those were. "I have never been a West German, and I have never been a man" is what she said to me. "I have tried never to sit in a corner and argue my 'minority properties.'" It would perhaps be more accurate to say that, if she had argued, she would still be sitting in the corner and not running for the German chancellery today.

To call German politics an old boys' club is an understatement. *Germany* is an old boys' club. This is particularly true in the business world, but in politics, where women are inevitably more visible, their prospects for high office have been just as dismal. After the 2002 elections, Schröder managed to slip six women into a cabinet of fourteen people, but most of them were given what Germans call "soft ministries," like health and education—so perhaps the real question is why those ministries are considered secondary. In Merkel's party, the bias has been almost comically vigorous. From time to time, an exceptional woman like Rita Süssmuth—a youth, family, and health minister and then a Bundestag president—has been allowed to emerge in C.D.U. politics, but, in Süssmuth's case, it was mainly for the moral and intellectual weight she carried and not as a potential chancellor. (Her view of Merkel, as she put it to me, is: "We are very different persons, but I appreciate her political intelligence. I wouldn't say that she's a very intelligent



"I want bigger virgins."

person in other ways, but she has a huge capacity to deal with power. . . . If Schröder thought he was stronger than Merkel, he was mistaken.")

It is worth remembering that, twenty-six years ago, twelve of the most powerful men in the C.D.U. today flew to South America on a working vacation and, while they were there, created a secret "networking group" (more accurately, a political cartel), the Andes Pact, from which women, intentionally or unintentionally, were excluded. The only exception was made in the past few years, when one of the members broke down and invited Merkel to a meeting. She went, but she was not asked back. By then, four of the Andes men were premiers of rich, industrial German *Länder*, and three of them were already jockeying for her place at the head of the Christian Democratic list. Merkel, for her part, was waiting patiently for them to knock each other out of the competition. Patience is said to be a womanly virtue, as are diffidence, modesty, thrift, and a talent for housecleaning (political or domestic), not to mention for exercising power with the curtains drawn and not exhausting it in public confrontations.

Mrs. Merkel has cultivated those virtues, whether or not she cares to argue her minority status. (There are, as Süssmuth points out, only three references to women in their party's forty-page platform.) Last month, Alexander Dibelius, who runs Goldman Sachs in Germany, told me that, like a lot of the country's financial leaders, he was counting on Mrs. Merkel to be able to deliver and enforce the kind of tough reforms that would give the market a jump start. When I asked him why he had so much confidence in Merkel, he said, "With most politicians, they explain the world to you, and from time to time you get a word in. With Merkel, she's not selling herself or her party. She's curious. She says, 'What is a hedge fund?' She asks and she listens, and that is interesting to me." Listening, of course, is what women do, and one would be hard put to find a man who didn't like it.

Helmut Kohl was the man who explained the world to Angela Merkel. He is said to have discovered Merkel, though the truth is that he inherited her from East Germany's last prime minister, a onetime professional violist named Lothar de Maizière, who belonged to his country's token Christian Democratic Party and had run for office a few months after the Wall fell. De Maizière and Kohl were not friends, and their relations did not improve after unification, when allegations were made that the East German had been a Stasi informer. (He left politics, and today he ascribes his problems to "Kohl's insensitivity to people like me, who are musically inclined.") But the one thing that Kohl and de Maizière had in common was a kindly interest in Angela Merkel, who, in December of 1989, had decided to "serve Germany" and had ended up working in de Maizière's press office. Six months later, she went to work for Kohl. Günter Nooke, a C.D.U. deputy, who met Merkel at a conference on theology and physics at her father's seminary a month and a half before the Wall fell, describes her as being "not angry but engaged." She wasn't particularly impressive then, he says, nor was she a dissident, like him—or, as yet, even peripherally involved in the citizens' movement that East Germans called Democratic Awakening. But he liked the fact that she spoke up and said that the system in East Germany could be neither reconstructed nor reformed—that it was time to "cut the line." It was clear to Nooke that when East Germany went Angela Merkel would have absolutely no nostalgia.

It was perhaps that lack of nostalgia which endeared her to Kohl. Michael Schindhelm, an old friend of Merkel's who now administers Berlin's opera foundation, puts it this way: "We were in our thirties then, and we were at point zero. The end of the East was a deep cut in our biographies. It was also a chance to reinvent ourselves." For many scientists, it was a chance worth taking. East Germany's "cutting-edge science" had been mainly a fiction of its propaganda ministry. The science academy and the universities were in disarray, with Eastern scientists already fearful of losing their jobs to Western researchers and professors who could offer what they could not—colleagues and conferences and publications outside the Soviet bloc. Some of those Eastern scientists quit before the "Wessi invasion" started, and a surprising number of them went into

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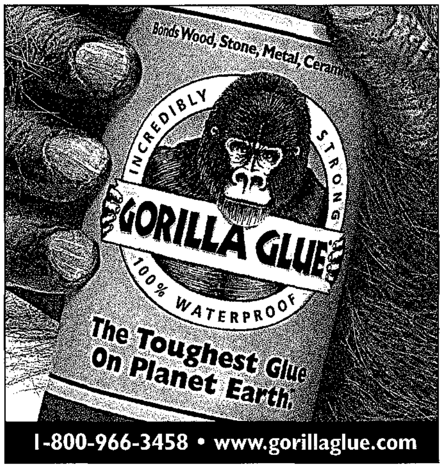
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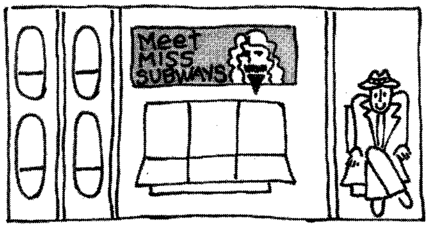
politics. None succeeded as quickly as Angela Merkel. Within a year, she was Germany’s minister for women and youth.

“I hadn’t thought that German unification would happen so quickly,” Merkel said, when I asked if she could pinpoint the moment she decided to change her life. “But I did think that new people were necessary for making German politics.” And in the first flush of German unity—before what the writer Peter Schneider famously called “the Wall in the head” replaced the one that was coming down—the West was looking for smart, tractable Easterners to decorate its takeover. “Women and Youth was a small ministry,” Merkel told me. “I could develop in a quiet atmosphere that wasn’t too stressful.” She is adaptable; she follows her job description and does not look back. She says that today, when people accuse her of not having “East interests” or “women’s interests,” she tells them, “A chancellor has *German* interests.” But at Women and Youth she was a feminist. Alice Schwarzer, who founded the feminist magazine *Emma*, showed me a thoughtful and quite moving review of Susan Faludi’s book “Backlash” that Merkel had written for her, as minister. “She was one of those women who say ‘No problem. I can do it,’ ” Schwarzer told me. “And if she doesn’t say ‘I am a woman’ now, you have to remember her roots. She is hidden. She used to dress badly, her hair was a mess. It was her way of saying, ‘Take me as I am.’ She doesn’t want to be locked into any identity. Though look at her now—she’s prettier. That’s who she is now. She has *le charme du pouvoir*.”

In 1994, Kohl named Merkel to the environment ministry, which she says was a more demanding job—more international but at the same time more controversial at home. She became, of course, an environmentalist. (“I negotiated the Kyoto agreement, so dearly loved in the United States, with Tim Wirth,” she told me, by way of establishing her ecological credentials. It was the first time I saw her crack a smile.) She began to travel. And she began to tiptoe out from under Kohl’s umbrella, although the Chancellor persisted in referring to her, publicly, as “the girl,” or even “that girl.” Her big moment came a few years later, when the Christian Democrats were hit with the first rumors of a Party slush-fund scandal. The responsibility, of course, was Kohl’s, but for a long time he refused to take it, and, in fact, still refuses to name his own cash sources. (A question of honor, he has said.) But the man left (literally) holding the bag of cash was Wolfgang Schäuble. No one doubted that Schäuble was as decent as he was brilliant, but neither did anyone doubt his devotion to Kohl, who had stood by *him* after an assassin’s bullet shattered his spine at a campaign rally, in 1990, and some people in the Party had written him off as too disabled for active political life. (He turned out to be indispensable.)

Kohl was an unembarrassed paterfamilias. He and his wife, Hannelore (who died in 2001, by suicide), and his party were what Schwarzer once called “yesterday’s model family,” and he expected respect from his “girls and boys” in the C.D.U. He found it normal that Schäuble took the flak for him. But Angela Merkel hadn’t grown up in that family. In one way, she was as free of West Germany as she was of East Germany; the decisions she took then made her career. Kohl, after four terms in the chancellery and with no intention of stepping down, had run in the elections of 1998 and lost to Gerhard Schröder. That week, his office staff was said to have started destroying computer files that identified the Party’s secret “donations,” as they were nicely called, and the codes to the foreign accounts that held them; the donations dated from as early as 1982, when Kohl became chancellor for the first time. It wasn’t a lot of money by, say, Enron standards, and it took more than a year for the indictments to start, but, once they did, Kohl and his party were almost entirely discredited, and that was when Mrs. Merkel moved.

In December of 1999, Karl Feldmeyer, who was then a political correspondent at the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, answered a call from Angela Merkel, who suggested that perhaps



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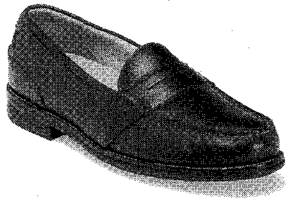

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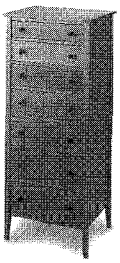

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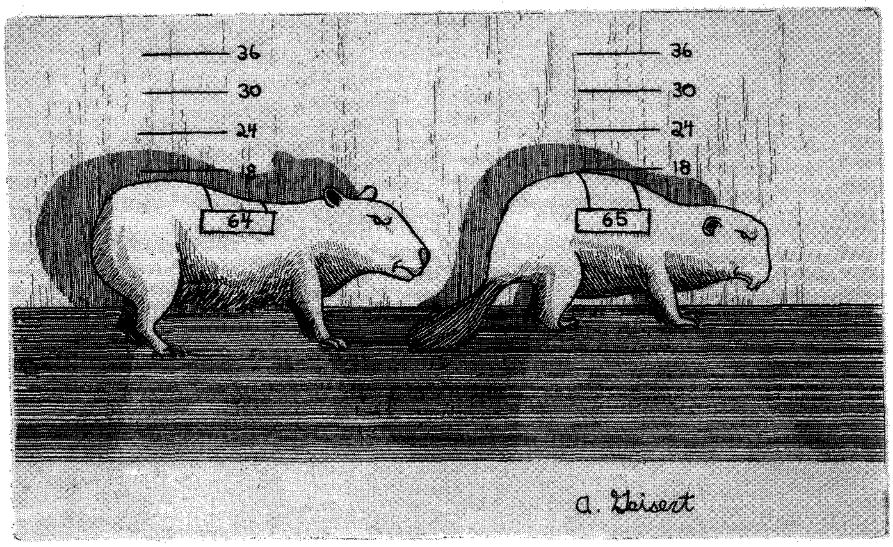
there was something more to be said about the crisis in the Christian Democratic Party—something that hadn't been said before. Feldmeyer, who agreed with her, said that he was happy to take her statement—unless, of course, Mrs. Merkel wanted to write the article herself. There was a modest silence, Feldmeyer told me. "Have you by any chance written that article?" he asked her. In five minutes, it was on his desk. The next morning, it was on the stands, and, far more than the lost election, it ended what Merkel called "the era of Helmut Kohl." Merkel wrote that, in a criminal investigation, "to keep one's word and to hold this above the law" was unacceptable. She said that, given the former Chancellor's long career in the C.D.U., it was perhaps too much to expect him voluntarily "to withdraw from politics and, rapidly and completely, make way for the successors, the younger generation," and that this was why "it is . . . up to us, who now have the responsibility in the Party, to take our future into our own hands." She compared the Party to a child entering adolescence, and said that, like any adolescent, it had "to cut off its ties with home, and follow its own path"—which, of course, had been her own modus vivendi since the day she left Templin for Leipzig.

For the C.D.U. leaders, Mrs. Merkel's declaration was an act of high treason (though it has to be said that if a man had made it the word might well have been "courage" or "candor," and not "treason"). But, for the thousand delegates who vote at the Party's yearly conference, it was a chance for a clean-hands, conservative resurrection. By April, Merkel was able to ease Schäuble out of the Party chairmanship, and to take the job herself. Feldmeyer, who respects Merkel (but has few illusions about the way she operates), says, "Mrs. Merkel seems to me unique. She has a strong ability to analyze: What does this or that mean to me, what does it mean *for* me, what does it *do* for me? I had never seen something like that before, but with that one phone call I saw it in a second: What can I do? What do I need to do? How do I get from A to B?"

For a time, the Party was happy enough to leave the housecleaning to Mrs. Merkel. Against all evidence, the Old Guard of the C.D.U. still thought of her as a handmaiden, someone who would quietly do her job and leave them with a tidy party to take over when the time came. They were certainly willing to let her fight it out with Edmund Stoiber, the head of the Christian Social Union, their irascible Bavarian sister party ("our Texans," people in the C.D.U. call it), for the candidacy in the next national elections, in 2002, assuming that, whoever ran, both would be finished if Gerhard Schröder was reëlected. By then, Merkel felt ready to be chancellor. "Well, I had come into the leadership, and when that happens you have to ask yourself: Is this possible for me?" is how she explains it. She "checked" herself, and concluded that maybe she also had the imagination to ask "What can we do in Germany to be among the winners of globalization in the world?" But she couldn't win anything without Bavaria, where people root for Stoiber as if he were a hometown soccer team, and, in the end, she outfoxed them all by withdrawing her candidacy at the last minute and even, politely, in the name of the Christian Democrats, inviting Stoiber to be their common candidate. When he lost to Schröder (whose "weapon of mass destruction," as one German reporter put it, was a barrage of references to Iraq in a country where eighty per cent of the people were horrified by the war), Mrs. Merkel quickly took over her party's parliamentary faction. She was now in the enviable position of being both the C.D.U. chairman and its parliamentary leader, and there was not much doubt, at least to her, about who its next chancellery candidate should be. She dealt with the old parliamentary leader, a financial wizard named Friedrich Merz, by offering to demote him to deputy leader; late last year, he quit the Bundestag, still furious, and went to work for a lot more money at a Frankfurt law firm. She also dealt with Schäuble, refusing to support his nomination for the German Presidency, a largely ceremonial job but one that holds a good deal of personal authority. When I asked her how she managed to lure Schäuble back into the fold this year—he even spared her the political fallout of a visit to George W. Bush this summer by going himself—she replied, elliptically, that there were all sorts of people, with all sorts of "power relations," in her party, and that using their talent was the better part of wisdom. They are all back but Merz. Even Kohl has endorsed her.



"Was it the capybara or the beaver? Take your time. Be sure."

Germany's economic woes—its need for radical reforms, the current euphemism for benefit cuts, welfare cuts (two-thirds of the federal budget goes to debt payment and social charges), business tax incentives, a loosening of employment rules, and an end to extravagant job protection and equally extravagant early pensions—cannot, of course, be blamed on the Social Democrats, or even, as is often claimed, on the alarming cost of absorbing East Germany. For forty-five years, West Germany was the owned-and-operated success story of the Cold War, underwritten by the Allies, and it could not be allowed to fail. What the German right calls “cuddle capitalism” actually began with the first postwar chancellor, the Christian Democrat Konrad Adenauer. It was nurtured through the sixteen years of Helmut Kohl’s chancellorship, and the phrase itself was at least as much a rebuke to Christian Democrats as it was to Social Democrats. (The first chancellor to seriously address the need for reforms was actually a Social Democrat, Helmut Schmidt.)

The end of the Cold War left Germany on its own, and neither party came to grips with the problem of solvency until Gerhard Schröder’s belated reform package. Schröder had clearly thought of himself as another “Clinton-Blair,” but the difference was that Clinton and Blair had come to office with the fairly Draconian reforms of Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher already in place. The work—or, depending on your perspective, dirty work—of social and economic attrition had been done for them, and the only dissenters they faced were their own backbenchers. Schröder, on the other hand, had to start from scratch, which was not a very comfortable place for a Social Democratic politician to be. The Party’s vote quickly began falling in state elections; today, Christian Democratic senators control the Bundesrat, and Mrs. Merkel can tell her campaign crowds that those senators were the ones who “rescued” Schröder’s reforms from his own people. “We had to help the Chancellor,” she told me, as if helping the Chancellor was something she was born to do. “The argument that we blocked his reforms is preposterous.”

Merkel says that, whoever wins, the Schröder era, like the Kohl era, is history. She is ahead in the polls, but she knows that Schröder could still be reëlected—or, more likely, that she and her coalition partner, Germany’s small Liberal Party, could fall just short of the votes they need to govern, and that she would then be forced to lead a “grand coalition” with the Social Democrats. Even now, a third of Germany’s voters are undecided, many of them Eastern workers who were expected to vote Christian Democrat as a kind of Schröder protest, but who say that they will probably vote for the new Left Party, cobbled together in July by Oskar Lafontaine, a Western populist and former Social Democratic minister with a notorious past, and Gregor Gysi, an Eastern populist and former Communist party chairman with a gift for stirring up “East nostalgia” for the days when the state paid everything. But Merkel is right. A certain moment is over. Peter Schneider calls that moment “the legacy of 1968.” Schröder was a student activist in ’68. Joschka Fischer was leading antiwar demonstrations. Otto Schily, the oldest member of Schröder’s cabinet, had just signed on as a lawyer for the deluded Gudrun Ensslin, the lover of Andreas Baader and one of four members of the Baader-Meinhof gang to die in prison.

Schröder, Fischer, and Schily have now been running Germany for seven years. They have become respectable, law-and-order politicians, but they can boast that as young men they were among the Germans who said, “This country is going to change.” They played their part in freeing Germany from the stifling silences and false rectitudes of the postwar years and in making the “miracle” of German recovery something much larger than the plus figures on a BMW balance sheet. Schneider describes the legacy of 1968 as “the end of the culture of obedience,” and says that it was precisely what was missing in East Germany when Angela Merkel was growing up there. There was no romance of a “new left” in Merkel’s childhood. West Germany was her romance. Four years ago, when *Stern* came out with photographs of a twenty-five-year-old Fischer kicking a Frankfurt riot policeman, she said that the students of 1968 should be ashamed of what they did and repent. “The East has sent us an ambassador they don’t like,” Schneider says of Merkel. “She’s eager for power, she’s focussed, provincial, she never had a huge amount of distraction in her life. But at least she’s honest about what she thinks. I could never vote for a Christian Democrat, but I have to say that Merkel is not the old C.D.U. I never thought it would come to this, but if the C.D.U. is to govern this country Merkel is their best choice.”

There is obviously more genuine conviction in Mrs. Merkel than her critics acknowledge. However shy or clumsy she may still feel, she has been lamentably ill-advised when it comes to talking to the press, or, indeed, talking in any public forum that is not orchestrated to her advantage, like a campaign rally. (She has yet to address the seven hundred thousand Turkish-German citizens, who are demonstrably hostile to her repeated dismissals of Turkey’s bid for European membership.) People were stunned last month when she agreed to a debate with Schröder but vetoed the idea of two debates on the ground that she had “no time.” She knows her weaknesses; she talks straight and sounds refreshingly clear, but you can read the same phrases in every speech or interview she has given for the past three years, and they sound shallow or evasive. (How do you “win” globalization?) And while she did better in her debate than anyone expected—and even allowed, for the first time, that her election could be seen as a victory for German women—she is much better in action, and can often be quite wickedly engaging. (Gary Smith told me a story she’d recounted about a meeting she had with an Iranian envoy who, after making a reasoned argument for his country’s nuclear program, ended by asking her why Germany didn’t trust Iran. Mrs. Merkel, in turn, asked him for his views on Israel. When he told her, she said sweetly, “Now you can understand why we’re skeptical.”) This summer, she had a strategic meeting with Tony Blair, to say that, yes, the Prime Minister was right, Europe could not be held hostage to France’s agricultural subsidies. (She did not tell him that a Merkel administration could easily be held hostage to Bavaria’s agricultural subsidies.) She made an even more strategic visit to Jacques Chirac—which is to say that she held a press conference with Nicolas Sarkozy, the man who wants to replace him—and told the President that a good relationship with France did not mean a relationship *against* Britain and the United States. According to Schäuble, whom I spoke with the day after he returned from Washington, one of the things that Bush had asked him was “How can Angela Merkel talk about raising sales taxes during a campaign? I can’t believe she did that.” Bush was, if anything, full of admiration. When I asked Merkel why she’d done it, she said, “Well, you have to speak honestly. If I talk now about raising the V.A.T., people will know that it’s going to happen. They will expect it. Of course, their happiness will be . . . limited. But if we are not honest we will get the bill later.”

The real question, of course, is not who Angela Merkel is or what she wants to do but what she actually *can* do. Her talk of a raise in the V.A.T. was a test balloon. She wanted to know how much “unhappiness” Germans would accept in the interests of Germany—by which she means, first and foremost, an unburdened German economy. She is an advocate not only of the market but of any kind of “freedom,” including the freedom “to be a better competitor of the United States.” She wants to exploit new, specialized foreign markets, and to do it quickly. She wants to be competitive—in science, in technology, in education, in innovation, in prosperity. She believes in the idea of “competitive,” the way Kohl believed in the idea of one Germany or in the idea of Europe. She thinks of it as a “value.” She talks about values—about Christian values, family values, scientific values, human values—the way she talks about winning at globalization, as something positive but vague. She told me, “I think we have to tell people, to convince them, that there is a relation between earning money and spending money . . . that all our other values—solidarity, justice, the social network—are safe only if our economy does better and there is growth.” But she is not Germany’s Mrs. Thatcher, whatever her supporters say about two no-nonsense, up-by-their-bootstraps women scientists with sharp blue eyes and attitude. She has no really strong political ideas, and perhaps she is too cautious to risk the kind of analysis that might encourage her to have them. In all likelihood, she will turn out to be just a tougher, straighter version of the resourceful Gerhard Schröder—a Clinton-Blair who will steer her course somewhere between the punishing attrition in the United States and the bloated social costs that she, like Schröder before her, will inherit.

The week I arrived in Germany, Karl Feldmeyer told me about a talk he had had with Merkel: “I asked, ‘Mrs. Merkel, your own ambition I understand, but what is your mission and your vision of the country? I know this is the question of an old man, but tell me.’ We had a very open discussion. But she didn’t answer my question.” ♦

CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

From the San Mateo (Calif.) Daily Journal.

A man said a church came after him with a bat near East Hillsdale Boulevard and Curtiss Street around 1:13 p.m. Wednesday. The man wasn’t hit.

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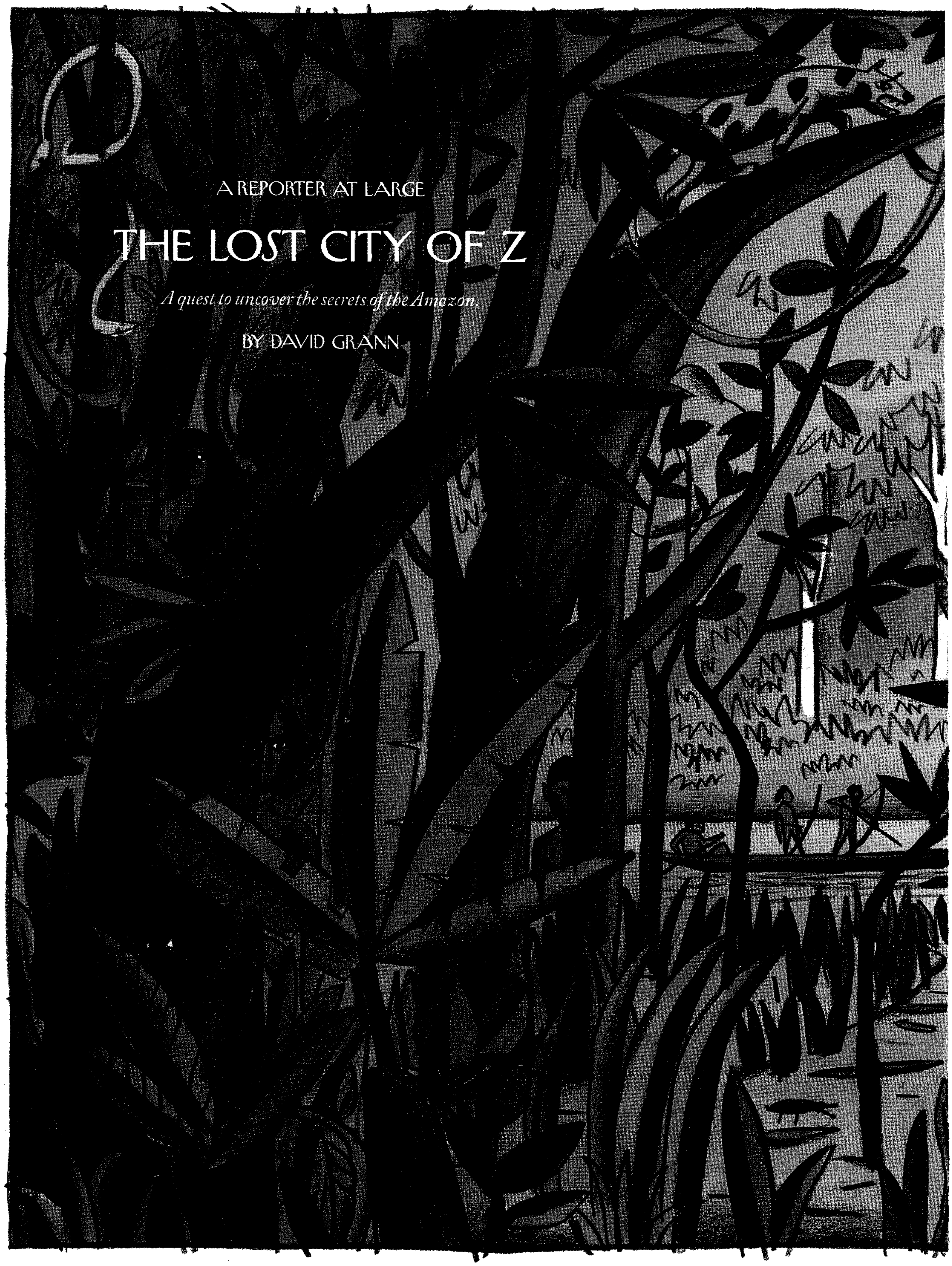
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE LOST CITY OF Z

A quest to uncover the secrets of the Amazon.

BY DAVID GRANN



For centuries, adventurers have searched for evidence of a lost civilization in the Mato Grosso region of Brazil. Many of them have been

JACQUES DE LOUSTAL

swallowed up by the "green hell" of the Amazonian rain forest—which has been described as "the last great blank space in the world."

In the summer of 1996, rains flooded the Amazon, rendering it virtually impenetrable. Bridges were swept away, and, amid vast stretches of mud, small holes appeared where cobras and armadillos had buried themselves. Then the sun came out and scorched the region. Rivers sank by thirty feet; bogs became meadows; islands turned into hills. Finally, after months of waiting, a team of Brazilian adventurers and scientists headed into the jungle, determined to solve what has been described as "the greatest exploration mystery of the twentieth century." The group was searching for signs of Colonel Percy Harrison Fawcett, a British explorer who, in 1925, had disappeared in the forest, along with his son and another companion.

The expedition expected to find little more than bones—yet even discovering those would have been a revelation. When he vanished, Fawcett and his party had been trying to uncover a lost civilization hidden in the Amazon, which Fawcett had named, simply, the City of Z. In the next seven decades, scores of explorers had tried and failed to retrace Fawcett's path. Some nearly died of starvation, while others retreated in the face of tribes that attacked with poisoned arrows. Then there were those adventurers who had gone to find Fawcett and, instead, disappeared along with him, swallowed by the same forests in the Mato Grosso region which travellers had long ago christened the "green hell."

The latest attempt was led by James Lynch, a Brazilian financier who had trekked through the most unforgiving terrains of South America. A man in his early forties, with blue eyes and pale skin that burned in the sun, he had competed in many gruelling adventure contests: once, he had hiked for seventy-two hours without sleep, and traversed a wide canyon by shimmying across a rope. For all their physical challenges, Lynch's voyages were also intellectual endeavors, and he spent months in the library, researching and planning them. On one trip, he located the long-disputed source of the Amazon, and pinpointed where, in 1937, a pioneering German aviator had crashed in the Andes. He had never, however, encountered a case like that of Colonel Fawcett.

In the first decades of the twentieth century, Fawcett had been acclaimed as one of the last of the great amateur archeologists and cartographers—men who ventured into uncharted territories with little more than a machete, a compass, and an almost divine sense of purpose. Fawcett survived in the jungle for years at a time, without contact with the outside world, often subsisting for days on a handful of nuts; he was ambushed by hostile tribesmen, many of whom had never seen a white man before; he emerged with maps of regions from which no expedition had returned.

Yet it was his "quest," as Fawcett called it, to find Z that most captivated Lynch. For centuries after the discovery of the New World, many Europeans believed that a fantastical kingdom of untold wealth was concealed in the ethereal landscape of the Amazon. In 1541, Friar Gaspar Carvajal, a member of the first European expedition to descend from the Andes into the Amazon, reported glimpses of white Indians and women warriors who resembled the mythical Greek Amazons. One early map of South America was adorned with minotaurs and headless beings with eyes in their chests, and well into the twentieth century the Amazon remained, as Fawcett put it, "the last great blank space in the world."

Lynch's research made him feel certain that Fawcett, unlike so many of his predecessors, was not a soldier of fortune or a crackpot. Fawcett was a recipient of the Gold Medal, the highest honor bestowed on an explorer by the Royal Geographical Society; a skilled mapmaker; and a decorated hero of the First World War. He knew the Amazon as well as anyone. His younger son, Brian, said of him, "True, he dreamed; but his dreams were built upon reason, and he was not the man to shirk the effort to turn theory into fact."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Lynch learned, had reportedly drawn on Fawcett's explorations of the Amazon for his 1912 novel "The Lost World," in which explorers in South America "disappear into the unknown" and find, on a remote plateau, a land where dinosaurs still roam. By the time Fawcett had begun his final expedition, with his twenty-one-year-old son, Jack, and Jack's best friend, Raleigh Rimell, newspapers around the globe regularly chronicled his adventures. The Los Angeles *Times* declared of the 1925 voyage, "It is perhaps the most hazardous and certainly the most spectacular adventure of the kind ever undertaken by a scientist with the backing of conservative scientific bodies."

In 1927, Fawcett was officially declared missing, prompting a wave of expeditions in search of him; but, unlike other famed lost explorers, such as Amelia Earhart, he had kept his planned route a secret, making it almost impossible for anyone to retrace his steps. In part, he feared that other explorers might discover Z first; he also believed that any attempt to rescue him would result only in more deaths. As Fawcett confided to his younger son upon his departure, "If with all my experience we can't make it, there's not much hope for others."

Lynch was undeterred by Fawcett's warning. "I have to go," he told his wife. He secured a partner, Rene Delmotte, whom he had met during an adventure competition. For months, the two men studied satellite images of Brazil, honing their trajectory. Lynch obtained the best equipment: turbocharged jeeps with puncture-resistant tires; twenty-five-foot aluminum boats with outboard motors; Global Positioning Systems; walkie-talkies; and shortwave radios. He chose the members of his group with equal care. He recruited a mechanical engineer who could repair all the equipment, and he enlisted Dr. Daniel Muñoz, a forensic anthropologist, who, in 1985, had helped to identify the remains of Josef Mengele, the Nazi fugitive, and who could help confirm the origins of any object that might be from Fawcett's party: a belt buckle, a bone fragment, a bullet.

Although Fawcett had often warned that large parties inevitably would "come to grief" in the Amazon, Lynch's team gradually grew to seventeen men, including his sixteen-year-old son, James, Jr. For days, the party drove through the Amazon basin, a region nearly the size of the continental United States, traversing unpaved roads scarred with ruts and brambles.

After stopping several times to camp, the expedition followed the road to a clearing along the Xingu River, one of the Amazon's major tributaries. It was not far from where Fawcett had reportedly last been seen.

A net of vines and branches covered the trails extending from the clearing, and Lynch decided that the expedition would have to proceed by boat. He instructed several team members to turn back with some of the heaviest gear. Once he found a place where a plane could land, he would radio in the coördinates, so that the equipment could be delivered by air.

The Xingu's churning currents quickly carried Lynch and the remaining team members, including his son, downriver, past submerged palm trees and purple orchids. Near the end of the day, the expedition reached a settlement of huts. It was a village of Kuikuros, one of the few tribes that still lived in the Amazon much as they had before the arrival of Europeans. A powerfully built chief, whose forehead and chest were covered with red paint, greeted Lynch and granted him permission to camp by the village and to land a propeller plane in a nearby clearing.

The next day, Lynch and his son went with some Kuikuros to a lagoon, where they bathed alongside turtles. Lynch could hear the sound of a plane landing not far away. Moments later, a Kuikuro came running down the path, hollering in his native language, which Lynch couldn't understand. The Kuikuros rushed out of the water. "What is it?" Lynch asked in Portuguese.

"Trouble," a Kuikuro replied.

Everyone ran to the village, including Lynch and his son. When they arrived, another member of their expedition approached them. "What's happening?" Lynch asked.

"They're surrounding our camp."

"Who?" Lynch cried. But he could already see dozens of Indian men, presumably from neighboring tribes, encircling them. They, too, had heard the sound of the arriving plane. Many wore black and red streaks of paint across their naked bodies. They carried bows with six-foot arrows, antique rifles, spears, and clubs.

COURTESY ROLETTE DE MONTET-GUERIN

As the expedition was being surrounded, five team members ran toward the plane. The pilot was still in the cockpit, and the five men jumped in the cabin and told him to take off, though the plane was designed for only four passengers. As the pilot started the propeller, several Indians hurried toward the plane, aiming their bows and arrows. They grabbed onto the wings, trying to keep the plane grounded. The pilot, concerned that the plane was dangerously heavy, started to throw supplies out the doors. The plane began easing down the runway; just before the wheels lifted off, the last of the Indians let go.

In 1927, Colonel Fawcett was declared missing, prompting a wave of search expeditions.

Lynch watched the plane disappear, red dust from its wake swirling around him. The Indians herded the remaining team members into small boats. "Where are you taking us?" Lynch asked.

"You are our prisoners for life," one man responded in Portuguese.

Lynch's son looked ashen. As they floated upriver, Lynch surveyed the surroundings—the clear river filled with colorful fish, the increasingly dense thicket of vegetation. It was, he thought, the most beautiful place he had ever seen.

Last February, I decided to see if I could retrace Fawcett's route and unravel a mystery that had only deepened with each ill-fated attempt to solve it. It was not easy to find a guide willing to make the journey, and it was even harder to find someone who had ties to the indigenous communities in Brazil, which function almost as autonomous countries, with their own laws and governing councils.

In Brazil, the history of the interaction between *brancos* and *indios*—whites and Indians—often reads like an extended epitaph. Tribes were wiped out by disease and massacres; languages and songs were obliterated. As late as 1920, an English missionary reported that many Indians had told him, "It is better to fall into the power of our spirits than into the hands of the Christians." On one occasion, a tribe buried its children alive to spare them the shame of subjugation.

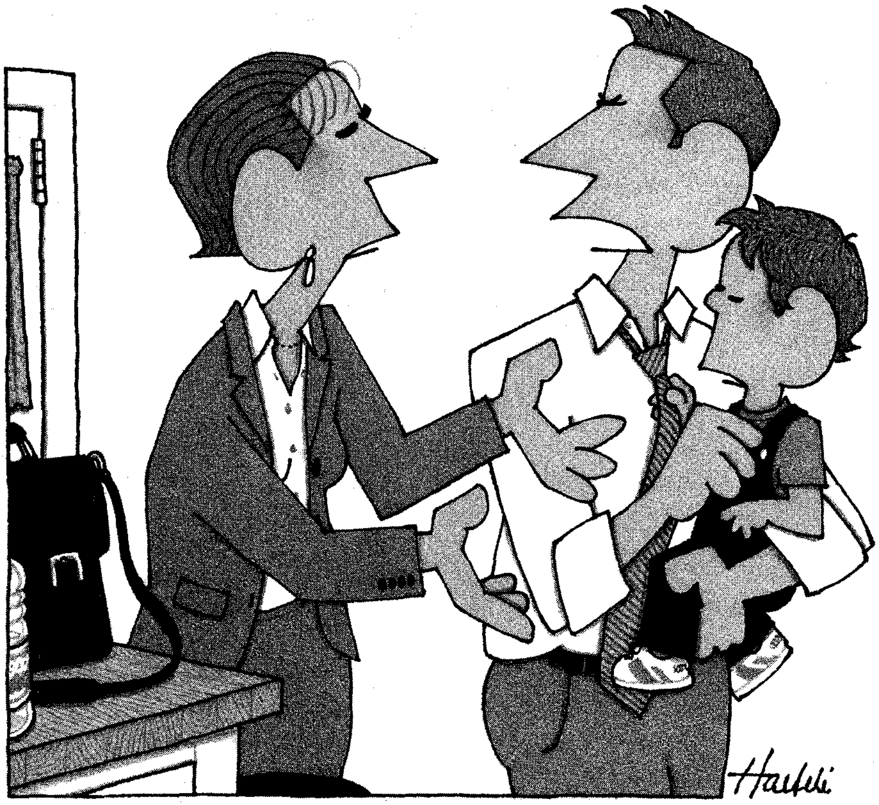
The interior of Brazil was so forbidding, however, that some tribes managed to insulate themselves, for a time, from the age of airplanes and telephones. The Brazilian government didn't officially approach many Amazon tribes until the nineteen-forties, and there are still some forty tribes that have had no recorded contact with outsiders. In recent decades, the Brazilian government has stopped trying to "modernize" indigenous peoples, and has worked to protect them. As a result, many Amazon tribes, particularly those in the Mato Grosso ("Thick Forest") region, where Fawcett disappeared, have flourished. Their populations, after being decimated, are growing again; their languages and customs have endured.

The guide whom I eventually persuaded to accompany me was Paolo Pinage, a fifty-two-year-old former professional samba dancer. We met in Cuiabá, the capital of the Mato Grosso region, along the southern edge of the Amazon basin. Though Pinage was not of Indian descent, he had worked for the government agency set up to protect the rights of Indians. Its motto is "Die if you must, but never kill." During our initial phone conversation, I had asked Pinage if we could penetrate the same region that Fawcett had, including part of what is now Xingu National Park, Brazil's first Indian reservation, which was created in 1961. (The park, along with an adjoining reservation, is the size of Belgium and is one of the largest swaths of jungle under Indian control on the planet.) Pinage said, "I can take you there, but it's not easy." Entering Indian territories, he explained, required elaborate negotiations with tribal leaders. He asked me to send him medical records, attesting that I carried no contagious diseases. Then he began approaching various chiefs on my behalf. Many of the tribes in the jungle now had shortwave radios, and, for weeks, our messages were relayed back and forth, as Pinage assured them that I was a reporter and not a *garimpero*, or "prospector." Last year, twenty-nine diamond miners trespassed onto a reservation in western Brazil, where members of the Cinta Larga tribe, which in the past had endured massacres by *brancos*, shot or beat the prospectors to death with wooden clubs.

On my way to Cuiabá, I had stopped briefly in São Paulo to chat with the man I thought would understand better than anyone the obstacles that Pinage and I might encounter: James Lynch. When I found him at his financial-consulting firm, I asked him what had happened in the Xingu. "The Indians held us hostage for three days," he said. "Several threatened to tie us over the river and let piranhas eat us." As he spoke, James, Jr., who works for the company as well, entered the room. Lynch glanced at his son and said, "I was afraid what might happen to him."

He advised me that tribes had traditionally expected small tokens from visitors—a sign of good intentions. Today, they often demanded thousands of dollars from outsiders. "If we didn't give them something, they threatened to kill us one by one," Lynch said. "The only way we could get out was to give them our boats and offer to buy them a truck." In the end, Lynch's team paid a ransom that amounted to thirty thousand dollars. "Just remember: once you go into their territory, you are on your own," he said. "No one from the government can come in and get you."

When I arrived in Cuiabá, two days later, none of the tribes had agreed to my visit. Still, Pinage seemed optimistic when he greeted me at the airport. He was carrying several large plastic containers, instead of a suitcase or a backpack, and had



"Oh, no. If you're going to be primary breadwinner, then I get to be primary caregiver."

a cigarette dangling from his lip. He wore a camouflage vest with myriad pockets, filled with supplies: a Swiss Army knife; a Japanese anti-itch medicine; a flashlight; more cigarettes. He resembled someone returning from an expedition, not embarking on one. His vest was ragged, his face was bone thin and covered with a gray-tinged beard, and his bald head had been seared by the sun. Although his English pronunciation was shaky, he spoke as fast as he smoked. “Come, come, we go now,” he said.

We took a taxi into Cuiabá, which was founded during a gold rush in the early seventeen-hundreds. In 1920, Fawcett described it as an “impoverished and backward” place that had degenerated into “little better than a ghost town.” Today, the city, which has undulating paved roads and a few modest skyscrapers, serves primarily as a staging ground for the latest pioneers—farmers and ranchers—hoping to find riches in the surrounding countryside.

We checked into a hotel named El Dorado (“A funny coincidence, isn’t it?” Pinage said) and began making preparations. Our first challenge was to divine, as closely as possible, Fawcett’s secret route. Pinage asked me what I knew, and I told him that Brian Fawcett, who was nineteen when his father disappeared, had tightly guarded Fawcett’s private papers; in 1953, he published some of them in a book, “Exploration Fawcett,” which contained one of the few clues to his father’s final course. The book quotes Fawcett saying, “Our route will be from Dead Horse Camp, 11° 43' south and 54° 35' west, where my horse died in 1921.” Many subsequent explorers had started off from these coördinates. Fawcett’s family, however, recently acknowledged what others had learned to their despair: Fawcett had provided false coördinates, in order to throw off would-be seekers of the City of Z.

Before coming to Brazil, I explained to Pinage, I had visited the archives of the Royal Geographical Society, in London, and sifted through stacks of letters that Fawcett had sent to the institution through the years. The letters, old and brittle, released yellowish flakes when I opened them. Fawcett had scribbled in a hasty, feverish manner, the words run together like code. After a few days in the archives, I noticed, in the corner of a frayed packet of papers, a single word: “CONFIDENTIAL.” The document was dated April 13, 1924, and, unlike most of the other letters, it was typed, though Fawcett’s small, slanting signature was visible at the bottom. It was entitled “Case for an expedition in the Amazon basin.”

In earlier letters, Fawcett had raised his usual objections to providing specifics about his final trip. “These things leak out,” he wrote. Recalling how the British explorer Robert Falcon Scott had been beaten to the South Pole by Roald Amundsen by only weeks, Fawcett added, “There can be nothing so bitter to the pioneer as to find the crown of his work anticipated.” Fawcett, however, was desperate for funding, and in the document he seemed to relent to a demand by the society that he be more forthcoming. Fawcett contended that in the southern basin of the Amazon, between the Tapajós and the Xingu tributaries, lay what he called “the most remarkable relics of ancient civilization.” A few adventurers had traversed the major tributaries of the Amazon, including Theodore Roosevelt, but Fawcett claimed that no explorer had dared to enter the forests between them, for fear of starvation, disease, and hostile natives. To bolster his case that the ruins of Z would be found in the region, he cited carvings that he had seen on rocks in the area, and documents that he had uncovered from Portuguese conquistadores in Brazilian archives. He quoted a Brazilian scholar, who declared, “My studies have convinced me that . . . there may yet be found in our forests, as yet penetrated in few places, ruins of ancient cities.”

Meet
Miss
SUBWAY

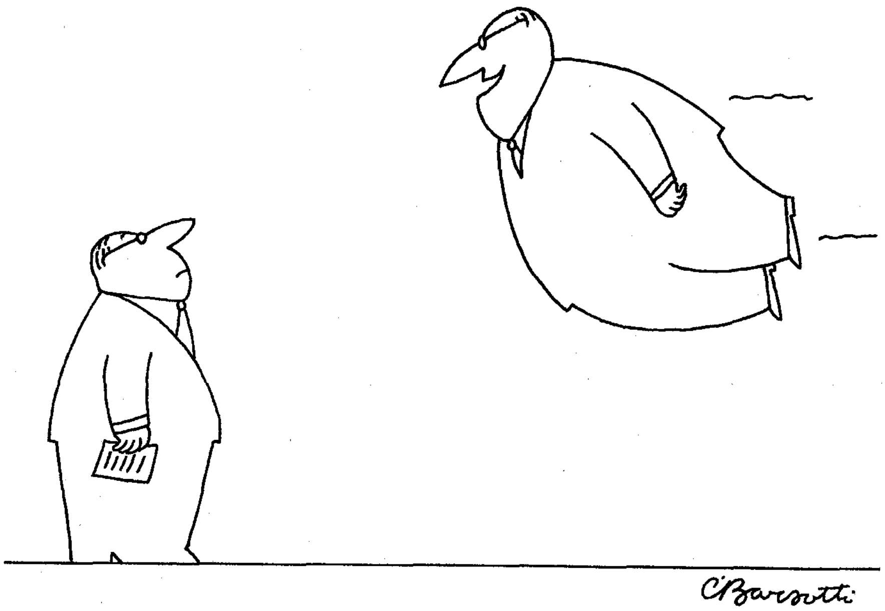
In the same materials were several brown parchments on which Fawcett had sketched maps of the region, based on previous expeditions. And there was one more document—seemingly, a detailed account of his intended route to the City of Z.

After copying these materials, I told Pinage, I made one last stop, in Cardiff, at the house of Fawcett’s granddaughter, Rolette de Montet-Guerin. All of Fawcett’s immediate family is dead, and Montet-Guerin, who is the daughter of the youngest of Fawcett’s three children, Joan, acts as the guardian of the family estate. A petite, energetic woman in her fifties, with short black hair and glasses, she took me into a back room and opened a trunk. Inside were Fawcett’s diaries and logbooks. Montet-Guerin allowed me to examine each one for details that might help in my search. In the log from 1921, I spotted coördinates for Dead Horse Camp that were conspicuously different from those which had appeared in “Exploration Fawcett.” On another page, I noticed jottings about a place that members of the Botocudo tribe had described to Fawcett as “enormously rich in gold—so much so as to blaze like fire.” Fawcett wrote, “It is just conceivable this may be Z.”

I went through the books, carefully making notations. I thought that I now had enough information to retrace his route. Montet-Guerin said that she wanted to show me one more thing. It was a photograph of Fawcett’s gold signet ring, which was engraved with the family motto, “Nec Aspera Terrent”—essentially, “Difficulties Be Damned.” In 1979, an Englishman named Brian Ridout, who was making a wildlife film in Brazil, heard rumors that the ring had turned up at a store in Cuiabá. By the time Ridout tracked down the shop, the proprietor had died. His wife, however, searched through her possessions and emerged with Colonel Fawcett’s ring. Montet-Guerin, who had since put the ring in safekeeping, said, “It’s the last concrete item we have from the expedition.”

Montet-Guerin had been desperate to learn more, she said, and had once showed the ring to a psychic. I asked her if she had learned anything. She looked down at the picture, then up at me. “It had been bathed in blood,” she said.

In the hotel room in Cuiabá, as Pinage leaned over my shoulder, I spread the copies of Fawcett’s papers on a table. Fawcett had been an accomplished artist—his pen-and-ink drawings were exhibited at the Royal Academy—and many of his original maps were meticulous, recalling pointillist paintings. He had printed “UNEXPLORED” in bold letters atop one image, which depicted the forests between the Xingu River and two other major tributaries of the Amazon. On another map, he added several nota-



"Funny, I'd just never thought to ask the board for the power of flight before."

tions: "small tribes . . . believed to be friendly"; "very bad Indian tribes—names unknown"; "Indians probably dangerous."

Pinage and I agreed that the documents confirmed that Fawcett and his team, after leaving Cuiabá, had proceeded north, to the territory of the Bakairí Indians. From there, they had gone to Dead Horse Camp, and then, presumably, deep into what is today Xingu National Park. In the route that Fawcett had supplied in confidence to the Royal Geographical Society, he wrote that his party would turn due east around the eleventh parallel south of the equator, and cross the Xingu River. He noted that it was preferable to maintain an eastward trajectory, toward Brazil's coastal regions, since it "would preserve a higher level of enthusiasm than one proceeding farther & farther into the wilds."

Pinage, who had become as curious about Fawcett as I had, excitedly drew a black pen across a clean map, ticking off each of our intended destinations. Finally, he took his cigarette out of his mouth and said, "On to Z, no?"

Percy Harrison Fawcett was always searching for something beyond his Victorian world. The son of a British aristocrat who had squandered two family fortunes, he recalled his childhood as "devoid of parental affection." In 1886, at the age of nineteen, he received his commission in the Royal Artillery, and was stationed in the British colony of Ceylon (present-day Sri Lanka). He often took long walks through the forests, entranced by the strange local customs. Though he married Nina Paterson, the daughter of a colonial judge, he remained, as he put it, a "lone wolf," and continued to wander the island, investigating archeological ruins and even hunting for buried treasure. It was the peak of the British Empire, a time when the English were constantly confronting and colonizing new, exotic civilizations; when imperial explorers such as David Livingstone were trying to map the so-called "dark continent" of Africa; and when the Allan Quatermain novels by Fawcett's friend H. Rider Haggard, which chronicle the intrepid adventurer's discovery of ancient civilizations in Africa, were wildly popular.

In 1901, Fawcett, hoping to become an explorer himself, enrolled at the Royal Geographical Society to study surveying and mapmaking. The British government often tried to recruit mapmakers as spies, their vocation being an ideal cover, and, that year, Fawcett went to Morocco, where, while surveying, he also served as a secret agent.

Five years later, the president of the Royal Geographical Society approached him for a different kind of mission. According to "Exploration Fawcett," the president showed Fawcett an atlas of South America and exclaimed, "Look at this area! It's full of blank spaces." He explained that the boundaries between Peru, Bolivia, and Brazil were ill-defined, and that the three countries had asked a disinterested party to survey the area. "What it really amounts to is exploration," the president said. "It may be difficult and even dangerous." Fawcett didn't hesitate. "Here was the chance I had been waiting for," he later wrote, adding, "Destiny intended me to go!"

Leaving behind his wife and three-year-old son, Jack, he headed off with little more than a sixty-pound pack, a handful of recruits, and a copy of Rudyard Kipling's poem "The Explorer." ("Something hidden. Go and find it. . . . Go!") As he trekked with a small group for hundreds of miles, across mountains, swamps, and jungles, he detected signs—arrowheads buried in trees, smoke from fires—that they were being watched by Indians. The indigenous people in the area, having been enslaved or massacred by rubber tappers in the past, were known to kill trespassers, and a few were believed to practice cannibalism. Fawcett, convinced that the only way to survive was to establish friendly contact, ordered his men never to open fire. Once, when his expedition was ambushed, Fawcett had his men stand and play musical instruments, singing "Soldiers of the Queen" and "Suwannee River" as arrows rained upon them. At other times, Fawcett would hold his hands in the air and march directly toward the Indians, in order to demonstrate his peaceful intentions. His tactics succeeded, and, with maps in hand, he returned triumphantly to England.

He soon grew restless. "Deep down inside me a tiny voice was calling," he wrote. "At first scarcely audible, it persisted until I could no longer ignore it. It was the voice of the wild places, and I knew that it was now part of me for ever." He added, "Inexplicably—amazingly—I knew I loved that hell. Its fiendish grasp had captured me, and I wanted to see it again."

In 1908, Fawcett went on an even more dangerous expedition: tracing the source of the Rio Verde, in Brazil. During the trip, his team ran out of food. One of the men lay down and begged

Fawcett to leave him, but Fawcett insisted, "If we've got to die, we'll die walking." Though the team eventually made it out, on other trips more than half of Fawcett's men died from sickness. The Royal Geographical Society noted in its journal that Fawcett was prepared to "fare harder than most people would consider either possible or proper."

As Fawcett completed his maps of the Amazon, he became fascinated by the tribes populating the region. Like many Victorians, he held views of indigenous Americans that were often blinded by racism. "There are three kinds of Indians," he wrote. "The first are docile and miserable people. . . . The second, dangerous, repulsive cannibals very rarely seen; the third a robust and fair people who must have a civilized origin." He shared the widely held notion that any advanced civilization in South America, if it had ever existed, must have had a European origin—in Phoenicia, say, or even Atlantis. John Hemming, a distinguished historian of Brazilian Indians, has called Fawcett a "Nietzschean explorer" who spouted "eugenic gibberish."

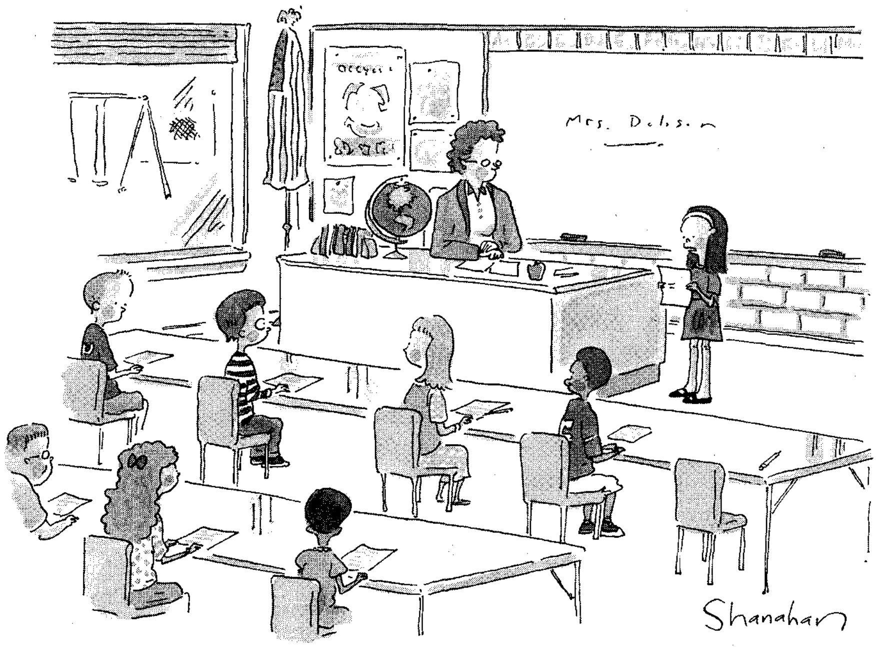
Yet some anthropologists have also found in Fawcett's writings a sensibility that was more enlightened than that of many of his contemporaries. He was an outspoken opponent of the destruction of Indian culture through colonization. "My experience is that few of these savages are naturally 'bad,' unless contact with 'savages' from the outside world has made them so," Fawcett wrote. He studied many Amazonian dialects, and immersed himself in the rich legends and artistic traditions of the local tribes. He was amazed by shards of delicate ancient pottery that he had seen along the mouth of the Amazon, and by mysterious raised mounds of earth that were scattered through the rain forest. And he read early histories of South America, which revealed that the first Spaniards who visited the Amazon had described "numerous and very large settlements" and "many roads and fine highways inland." All this suggested to Fawcett that there had once been a large, complex civilization in the Amazon which had been decimated over the centuries. Moreover, he theorized, remnants of that civilization might have survived in areas that had remained isolated from Westerners.

One day, during a visit to a colonial archive in Rio de Janeiro, Fawcett discovered a document, partly eaten by worms, that was titled "Historical account of a large, hidden, and very ancient city, without inhabitants, discovered in the year 1753." A Portuguese *bandeirante*, or "soldier of fortune," described how, "after a long and troublesome peregrination, incited by the insatiable greed of gold," he and his men had ascended a mountain path and seen a spellbinding vista: below them were the ruins of an ancient city. The men climbed down, and discovered stone arches, a statue, wide roads, and a temple with hieroglyphics. "The ruins well showed the size and grandeur which must have been there, and how populous and opulent it had been in the age when it flourished," the *bandeirante* wrote.

Fawcett was certain that he had found proof that the interior contained an ancient civilization, which he christened the City of Z. He was mapping out a route to find it when the First World War erupted. Though he was approaching fifty, he volunteered for the front, in Flanders, and led a brigade in the Artillery. The savagery of the fighting repelled him, and he became even more entranced by the idea of a lost civilization. After the war, he tried to raise funds for an expedition to find Z, but he met resistance from the new professionals of archeology, who were supplanting the role of explorers, and who considered Fawcett an anachronism. Moreover, many of these academic experts believed that the Amazon—with its oppressive heat and nutrient-poor soil, which resisted modern attempts at farming—could simply not sustain large settled populations. As the archeologist Betty Meggers later put it, the Amazon was a "counterfeit paradise." The colonial records that Fawcett had cited were seen as akin to the old stories of towering Amazons: tall tales invented to impress royal patrons. "To get the elderly gentlemen of the archaeologists and museum experts in London to credit a fraction of what I knew to be true was a task altogether beyond my powers," he wrote.

In 1920, hoping to find the City of Z on his own, Fawcett embarked on the expedition that ended at Dead Horse Camp, where, delirious with fever, he shot his ailing pack animal and retreated in defeat. He was determined to return, but he could not get anyone in England to back him. In a letter to the Royal Geographical Society, he wrote bitterly, "It is of course bound to come out eventually that a modern Columbus was turned down in England."

Four years later, nearly destitute, he looked to the United States, where he began to tap into enthusiasm for what he referred to as his "romantic quest." He received backing from various scientific bodies, including the American Geo-



"'The Awakening: An Unauthorized Look at the Summer Vacation of Timmy Hofferman.'"

graphical Society and the Museum of the American Indian. He also made agreements with news organizations in India, South Africa, Australia, Britain, and the United States, promising to file dispatches in exchange for funding. Even the Royal Geographical Society lent some support.

According to Fawcett's letters, his final expedition departed from Cuiabá on April 20, 1925, assisted by two Brazilian laborers, eight mules, two horses, and a pair of dogs. As the team moved quickly northward across the *cerrado*, or dry forest, Fawcett forged a path with a specially designed, eighteen-inch machete, and often walked far ahead of his group, inspecting rock formations for possible inscriptions, while Jack, his son, and Raleigh, Jack's friend, struggled to keep up with him.

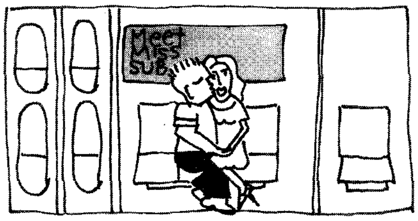
Fawcett was fifty-seven years old, nearly three times as old as Jack and Raleigh, and his hair was gray and thinning, yet he was strikingly fit. He was over six feet tall, and his long, lean legs were unusually strong. His blue eyes burned like a preacher's. He wore baggy, lightweight, tear-resistant pants, riding boots, and a broad-rimmed Stetson hat; in photographs taken soon after the trip began, he eerily matches the descriptions of Lord John Roxton, a protagonist of "The Lost World." At one point, Conan Doyle writes of Roxton, "Something there was of Napoleon III, something of Don Quixote, and yet again something which was the essence of the English country gentleman."

The first days of the expedition were relatively easy—the terrain consisting mostly of short, twisting trees and savanna-like grass, where a few ranchers and prospectors had established settlements. Yet, as Fawcett told his wife in a letter, it was "an excellent initiation" for the inexperienced Jack and Raleigh. (Fawcett once wrote proudly of his son, "He is big, very powerful physically, and absolutely virgin in mind and body.") In a black-and-white photograph taken before the 1925 trip, Jack, with his luminescent skin, oiled hair, and crisp mustache, resembles a movie star—which is what he planned to become after the mission. Raleigh, who was the son of a British naval surgeon, was equally tall and robust, but with a more playful nature.

On the first day, the three explorers and their two Brazilian helpers travelled seven miles from Cuiabá; the next day, another ten. Even in the shade of the buriti palms, it was hot—so hot, as Fawcett wrote in a particularly fervid dispatch, that in the Cuiabá River "fish were literally cooked alive." After they marched from sunup to sundown, they set up camp, wrapping themselves in nets to prevent mosquito-borne infections, drinking cups of tea, and eating biscuits. Fawcett would try to compose letters to his wife or dispatches to the newspapers, which, editors' notes explained, were "relayed to civilization by Indian runners over a long and perilous route." An article introducing the installments, which were published with such headlines as "THREE MEN FACE CANNIBALS IN RELIC QUEST," said of the explorers, "If they enter the grim region . . . and come out again, they will achieve something which no other man has done."

One day, as the explorers approached the Manso River, some forty miles north of Cuiabá, the two younger men became separated from Fawcett. As Jack later wrote in a letter to his mother, "Daddy had gone ahead at such a pace that we lost sight of him altogether." The boys spent the night alone, listening to the screeching forest; the next morning, Fawcett appeared on his horse, as if returning from a leisurely jaunt.

The area was infested with ticks, and Raleigh was bitten by one on his foot, which swelled so much that he had to ride with his shoe off. To help him recuperate, Fawcett stopped for five days at a cattle-breeding ranch on the edge of the frontier—a place where Brazilian laws were considered irrelevant. The ranch was owned by Hermenegildo Galvão, one of the most powerful and ruthless farmers in the Mato Grosso. According to Hermes Leal's biography "Colonel Fawcett: The Real-Life Indiana Jones," which was published in Portuguese in 1996, Galvão had a posse of hired gunmen who were charged with killing any Indian who threatened his vast feudal empire.



Fawcett's team stayed in Galvão's red brick manor for several days, eating and resting. At one point, Galvão later told a reporter, Fawcett removed from his belongings a strange object covered in cloth. He carefully unwrapped it, revealing a ten-inch stone idol with almond-shaped eyes and hieroglyphics carved on its chest. Rider Haggard, Fawcett's friend, had obtained it from someone in Brazil and given it to Fawcett, who believed that it was a relic of Z.

Then the three Englishmen were on their way again, heading east, toward Bakairí Post, where in 1920 the Brazilian government had set up a garrison—"the last point of civilization," as the settlers referred to it. Occasionally, the dense forest opened up, revealing the blinding sun and blue-tinged mountains in the distance. The trail became harder, and the men descended steep, mud-slicked gorges and crossed rock-strewn rapids, where they had to check their skin for traces of blood, which might attract piranhas. They also had to remain alert for a pernicious eel-like fish called a candiru, which, as Fawcett once wrote, "seeks to enter the natural orifices of the body, whether human or animal, and once inside cannot be extracted." Fawcett had seen one specimen that had been removed from a man's penis. "Many deaths result from this fish, and the agony it can cause is excruciating," he wrote.

A month after they left Cuiabá, and after what Fawcett described as a "shockingly difficult passage," they arrived at Bakairí Post, a small settlement of about twenty huts. The Bakairí tribe was one of the first in the region which the government had tried to "acculturate," and Fawcett was appalled by what he called "the Brazilian methods of civilizing the Indian tribes." In a letter to one of his sponsors in the United States, he noted, "The Bakairís have been dying out ever since they became civilized. There are only about 150 of them." He went on, "They have in part been brought here to plant rice, manioc . . . which is sent to Cuiabá, where it fetches, at present, high prices. The Bakairís are not paid, are raggedly clothed, mainly in khaki govt. uniforms, and there is a general squalor and lack of hygiene which is making the whole of them sick."

Members of other remote tribes occasionally visited Bakairí Post, and Jack and Raleigh soon saw something that astonished them: "about eight wild Indians, absolutely stark naked," as Jack wrote to his mother. The Indians carried seven-foot-long bows with six-foot arrows. "To Jack's great delight we have seen the first of the wild Indians here—naked savages from the Xingu," Fawcett wrote to his wife.

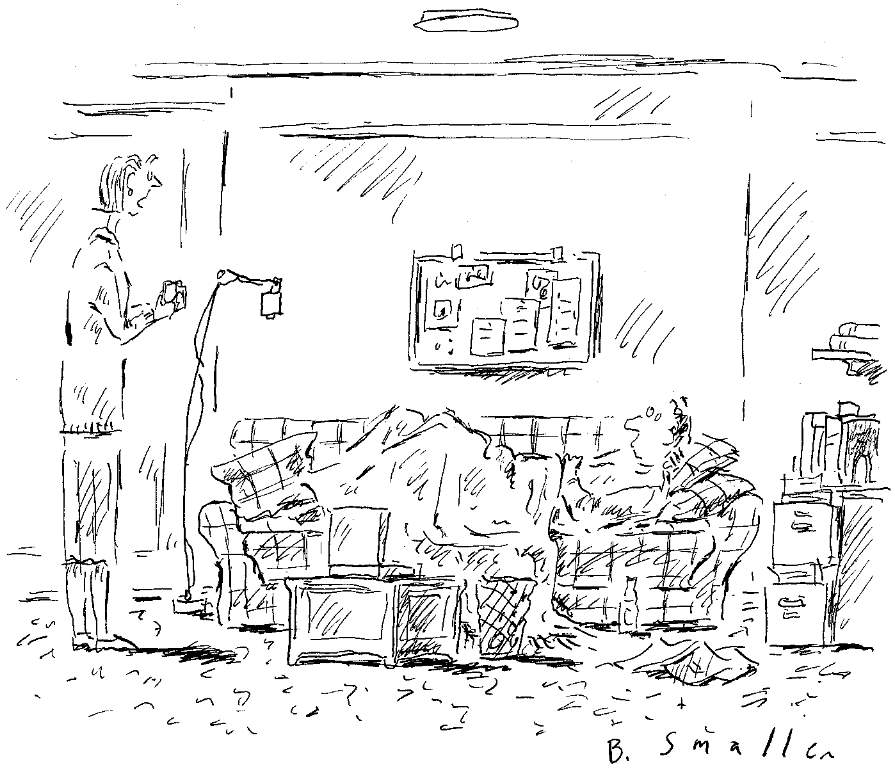
Jack and Raleigh hurried out with the camera and took photographs of the men. In one, Jack stood beside them, to demonstrate "the comparative sizes"; the Indians came up to his shoulders. Later, the three explorers went to the hut where the Indians were staying. Fawcett carried a ukulele and Jack carried a piccolo, and they performed a concert around a fire.

On May 19th, a fresh, cool day, Jack woke up even more excited—it was his twenty-second birthday. "I have never felt so well," he wrote to his mother. The three explorers made their final preparations. To the north of the post, they could see several imposing mountains, and just beyond them, as Jack wrote with a hint of awe, was "absolutely unexplored country."

They headed straight for terra incognita. Before them there were no clear paths, and almost no light filtering through the hundred-and-fifty-foot trees. Branches snapped back at them; creepers entangled their legs. The heat was oppressive, and they were encircled by swarms of piums—stinging insects that left splotches of blood on their skin. There were vampire bats and scorpions and anacondas. Even Fawcett, at times, felt his age. As he wrote to his wife, "Years tell, in spite of the spirit of enthusiasm."

After nine days, Fawcett wrote, they hacked their way to Dead Horse Camp, where they could still see the "white bones" from his old pack animal and where they were attacked by "the wickedest fly on earth, almost invisible, biting like a mosquito, and very active." They covered themselves in nets, but the bugs slipped through them.

Fawcett sent his Brazilian helpers back to Cuiabá, along with many of the animals. The jungle would soon be so thick that the explorers could proceed only by carrying equipment on their backs. Raleigh's foot remained swollen and ulcerous—the skin was now peeling off—and Fawcett urged him to return with the guides. Raleigh, unwilling to leave his best friend, said that he was fine, and Fawcett relented.



"Is this a creative nap or a nap nap?"

Fawcett folded up various letters and a dispatch and gave them to the Brazilian guides. He said that he would try to get out other communiqués in the coming year or so, but added that it was unlikely. As he noted in one of his final articles, "By the time this dispatch is printed, we shall have long since disappeared into the unknown."

The explorers said their farewells to the Brazilians, then headed deeper into the jungle. In his last words to his wife, Fawcett wrote, "You need have no fear of any failure."

"Can you get the G.P.S. to work?" Pinage asked.

I was sitting in the back seat of a four-wheel-drive Mitsubishi truck, fiddling with a Global Positioning System, in an attempt to obtain readings of our coördinates. We were heading north—that much I knew—with a driver whom we had hired when we rented the pickup. Pinage had told me that we would need a powerful truck and a professional driver if we were to have any chance of completing our journey, especially in the rainy season. "This is the worst time of year," he said. "The roads are—how do you say in English?—*shit.*"

When I first explained my mission to our driver, he asked me when the British colonel had disappeared.

"Nineteen twenty-five," I said.

"And you want to find him in the jungle?"

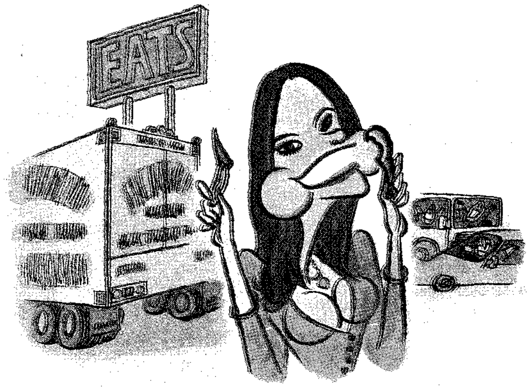
"Not exactly."

"Are you one of his descendants?"

"No."

He seemed to think about this for a long moment, then said, "Very well," and began cheerfully to load our gear, which included hammocks, rope, mosquito netting, water-purifying tablets, a satellite phone, antibiotics, and malarial pills. On our way out of Cuiabá, we also picked up a friend of Pinage's, a descendant of a Bakairí chief named Taukane Bakairí. (In Brazil, the last names of Indians are typically the same as that of their tribe.) Taukane, who was in his mid-forties, and had a handsome, round face, wore Levi's and a baseball cap. Though he now lived mostly in Cuiabá, he continued to repre-

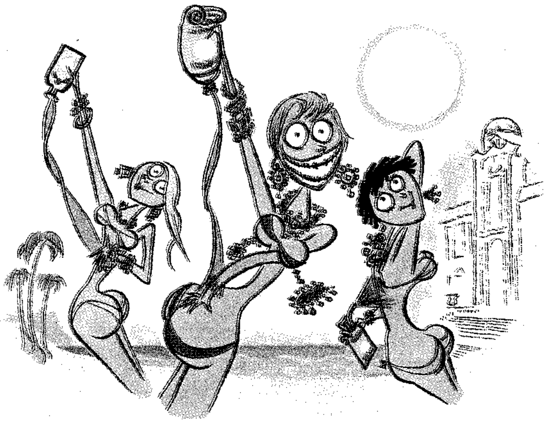
THE NEW TV SEASON BY ARNOLD ROTH AND MIKE ALBO



FUNKY FOOD COURTS WITH RACHAEL RAY

Rachael visits the delicious fare available at the rest stop off I-95 near Wilmington!

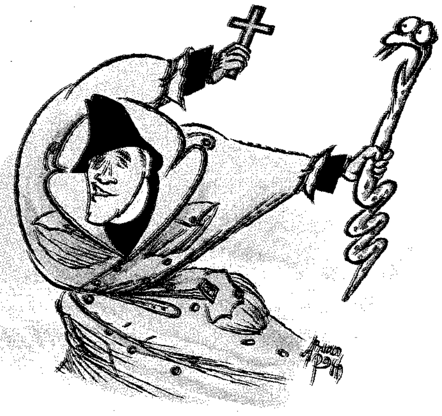
"My first stop was the CVS. The tasty menthol cough drops there tickle my nose! Then I hit KFC for a chicken wing. Mmm—tasty antibiotics! But I saved the best for last. The gasoline is super-expensive yet sinfully delicious! Mmm!"



REAL TAN GIRLS

Meet Madison, Kaitlin, and Pomona.

Follow these super-rich, super-tan seventh-grade virgins—who just happen to always wear bikinis—through the heights and hardships of living in an exclusive beach community. "Let's skip recess and take a helicopter to Jamba Juice! Or is that bad?"



ALIAS: PAT ROBERTSON

"Your assignment, should you choose to accept it: break into Chávez's bedroom and release this deadly poisonous asp!"

sent his tribe's political interests. "I am what you might call an ambassador," he told me. And, in exchange for a "gift" of two tires for a communal tractor, he had agreed to take us to his village, the last place Fawcett had incontrovertibly been seen. ("If it were up to me, I would take you for free," Taukane said. "But all Indians must now be capitalists. We have no choice.")

Upon leaving the city, we entered the central plains of Brazil, which mark the transition from dry forest to rain forest. After a while, a plateau came into view; Martian red in color, it spanned more than two thousand square miles, an endless tabletop that reached into the clouds. We stopped at its base, and Pinage said, "Come, I show you something."

We left the truck and climbed a steep, rocky slope. The ground was moist from a recent rainstorm, and we used our hands and knees to ascend.

"Where are we going?" I asked Pinage, who had another cigarette clamped between his teeth.

"You see," he said.

Lightning streaked the sky and a thin mist descended, making the ground more slippery. Rocks gave way under our feet, clapping as they hit the ground, fifty yards below.

"Almost there," Pinage said.

He helped to pull me up a ledge, and as I got to my feet, covered in mud, he pointed at another ridge, a few yards away, and said, "Now you see!"

Jutting into the sky was a cracked stone column. I blinked in the rain—in fact, there was not just one but several columns in a row, as in a Greek ruin. There was also a large archway, both sides of it still intact, and behind it was a dazzlingly large tower. They looked like what the *bandeirante* had described in 1753.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Stone city."

"Who built it?"

"It is—how do you say?—an illusion."

"*That*?" I said, pointing to one of the columns.

"It was made by nature, by erosion. But many people who see it think it is a lost city, like Z."

Ever since the first Europeans arrived in the New World, explorers had been seduced by their own visions of Z. As John Hemming, the historian, recounts in "The Search for El Dorado" (1978), these visions were based on an astounding precedent: In 1519, Hernán Cortés and his band of soldiers found a causeway that led into the Aztec capital of Tenochtitlán—a city laden with gold, with advanced architecture and engineering. Twelve years later, Francisco Pizarro discovered and conquered the equally wealthy Incan empire, and the search for golden cities became a European obsession. In 1541, a Spanish traveller wrote of *el indio dorado*, or "the golden Indian," in reference to tales he'd heard of a chieftain who was so wealthy that he sprinkled his entire body in gold dust. Explorers had hunted fruitlessly for this leader's kingdom, which became known as El Dorado, and many became convinced that the city was hidden in the last unpenetrated region: the Amazon.

Fawcett himself was embarrassed by the story of El Dorado, which he called an "exaggerated romance." In a letter to the Royal Geographical Society, he acknowledged that his vision of Z "must invariably suggest the tradition of the Golden City," but insisted that his quest was a serious one. His theory that the Amazon had once contained a prosperous city was not irrational, he maintained. It was grounded in science.

"We will find out the truth soon enough," Pinage said, as we returned to the car and headed north, toward the jungle.

We eventually turned onto BR-163, one of the most treacherous roads in South America. Extending more than a thousand miles, from Cuiabá to the Amazon River, it was designated on our map as a major highway. Yet almost all the asphalt from its two lanes had been washed away during the rainy season, leaving behind a combination of ditches and puddle-filled gullies. Our driver sometimes chose to ignore the road altogether and steer along the rocky banks and fields, where herds of cattle occasionally appeared, parting in our midst.

As we passed the Manso River, where Fawcett had got lost and where Raleigh was bitten by the tick, I kept looking out the window, expecting to see the first signs of a fearsome jungle. Instead, the terrain looked like Nebraska—perpetual plains that faded into the horizon. When I asked Taukane where the forest was, he said, simply, "Gone."

A moment later, he pointed to a truck heading in the opposite direction, carrying sixty-foot logs.

"Only the Indians respect the forest," Pinage said. "The white people cut it all down." The Mato Grosso, he went on, was being transformed into domesticated farmland, much of it dedicated to soybeans. Between August, 2003, and August, 2004, ten thousand square miles of the Amazon, an area the size of Massachusetts, were cleared away—and, in the past year, at least another five thousand square miles were lost. The state governor, Blairo Maggi, who is one of the largest soybean producers in the world, told the *Times*, "I don't feel the slightest guilt over what we are doing here. We're talking about an area larger than Europe that has barely been touched, so there is nothing at all to get worried about."

From BR-163, we veered onto a smaller dirt road, which went east, toward Bakairí Post. We passed close to where Fawcett had stayed with Galvão, and we decided to see if we could find the infamous ranch. In letters, Fawcett had said that the ranch was known as Rio Novo, and that name was marked on several current maps. After nearly four hours of bone-jarring bumps, we came upon a rusty sign at a fork in the road—"Rio Novo"—with an arrow pointing left.

"Look at that," Pinage said.

We crossed a wobbly, wooden-slatted bridge over a river. The bridge creaked under the weight of the truck, and we looked down fifty feet at the torrent of water.

"How many mules and horses did the *coronel* have?" Pinage asked, trying to picture Fawcett's crossing.

"A dozen or so," I said. "According to his letters, Galvão replaced some of the weakest animals and gave him a dog—Tupi, I think its name was—which supposedly returned to the farm, several months after Fawcett vanished."

"It wandered back on its own?" Pinage asked.

"That's what Galvão said. He also said something about some swallows he saw rise from the forest in the east, which he thought had to be some kind of sign from Fawcett."

For the first time, we entered a swath of dense forest. Though there was no farm in sight, we came across a mud hut with a thatched roof. Inside was an old Indian sitting on a tree stump with a wooden cane in his hand. He was barefoot, and wore dusty slacks without a shirt. Behind him, hanging on the wall, was the skin of a jaguar and a picture of the Virgin Mary. Taukane asked him, in the Bakairí language, if there was a cattle-breeding ranch known as Rio Novo. He spat at the name and waved his cane toward the door. "That way," he said.

Another Indian, who was younger, appeared and said that he would show us the way. We got back in the car and drove down an overgrown path, the branches clapping against the windshield. When we couldn't drive any farther, our guide hopped out, and we followed him through the forest, as he slashed at the creepers and vines with a machete. Several times, he paused, studied the tops of the trees, and took a few paces east or west. Finally, he stopped.

We looked around—there was nothing but a cocoon of trees. "Where's Rio Novo?" Pinage asked.

Our guide lifted his machete over his head and slammed it into the ground. It hit something hard. "Right here," he said.

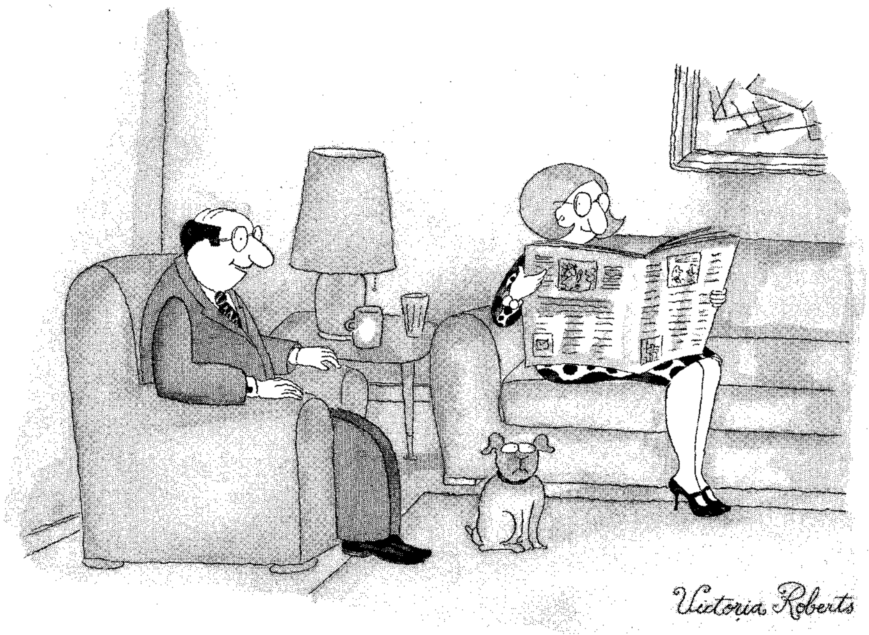
We looked down and, to our disbelief, saw a row of cracked bricks.

"This is where the entrance to the manor used to be," the guide said, adding, "It was very big."

We began to fan out in the forest, as rain started to fall again, looking for signs of the great Galvão farm.

"Over here!" Pinage cried excitedly. He was a hundred feet away, standing by a crumbling brick wall nestled in vines. The farm had been consumed by jungle in just a few decades, and I wondered how actual ancient ruins could possibly survive in such a hostile environment. For the first time, I had some sense of how it might be possible for the remnants of a civilization simply to disappear.

When we returned to the road, the sun had begun to set. We had lost track of the time in our excitement. We hadn't eaten since five-thirty in the morning and had nothing in the truck except a warm bottle of water and some crackers. As we drove through the night, lightning flashed in the distance, illuminating



"You've had to be kind to survive, and I've had to be nasty."

• •

the emptiness around us. Taukane eventually nodded off, and Pinage and I became engaged in what had become our favorite diversion—trying to imagine what had happened to Fawcett and his party after they left Dead Horse Camp.

"I can see them starving to death," Pinage, who seemed focussed on his own hunger, said. "What I can't imagine is this: What made them want to go?"

At the time, many Brazilians had assumed that Fawcett was searching for gold. The Victorian era, however, while still often consumed with exploiting distant lands, had also ushered in the age of scientific exploration—the pursuit not of gold but of knowledge. And though Fawcett no doubt wanted to achieve a certain acclaim, he also seemed to be after something more intangible. As he noted in "Exploration Fawcett," "Who will ever understand that I want no . . . money for myself—that I am doing it unpaid in the hope that its ultimate benefit to mankind will justify the years spent in the quest?"

We both slept for a time in the car. The next morning, we drove up a small mountainside to reach Bakairí Post. It had taken Fawcett a month to get here from Cuiabá. It took us two days.

Bakairí Post had grown, and more than eight hundred Indians now lived in the area. We went to the largest village, where several dozen one-story houses were organized in rows around a square, dusty plaza. Most of the houses were made of clay and bamboo and had thatched roofs, though some of the newer ones had concrete walls and tin roofs that clinked in the rain. The village, while still unmistakably poor, now had a well, a tractor, satellite dishes, and electricity.

When we arrived, nearly all the men, young and old, were away hunting, in preparation for a ritual to celebrate the corn harvest. But Taukane said that there was someone we had to meet. He took us to a house abutting the plaza, near a row of fragrant mango trees. We entered a small room with a single electric light bulb hanging overhead and several wooden benches along the walls.

Before long, a tiny, stooped woman appeared through a back door. She held a child's hand for support and moved slowly toward us, as if confronting a strong wind. She wore a floral cotton dress and had long gray hair, which framed a face so wizened that her eyes were almost invisible. She had a wide smile, which revealed a majestic set of white teeth. Taukane explained that the woman was the oldest member of the village and had seen Fawcett and his expedition come through. "She is probably the last living person to have encountered them," he said.

She sat down on a chair, her bare feet hardly reaching the floor. Using Taukane and Pinage to translate from English into Portuguese and then into Bakairí, I asked her how old she was. "I don't know my exact age," she said. "But I was born around 1910." She continued, "I was just a little girl when the three outsiders came to stay in our village. I remember them because I had never seen people so white and with such long beards. My mother said, 'Look, the Christians are here!'"

She said that the three explorers had set up camp inside the village's new school, which no longer exists. "It was the nicest building," she said. "We didn't know who they were, but we knew they must be important because they slept in the school." In a letter, I recalled, Jack Fawcett had mentioned sleeping in a school. She added, "I remember that they were tall, so tall. And one of them carried a funny pack. He looked like a tapir."

I asked her what the village was like then. She said that by the time Fawcett and his men had arrived everything was changing. Brazilian military officials, she recalled, "told us we had to wear clothes, and they gave us each a new name." She added, "My real name was Comaeda Bakairí, but they told me I was now Laurinda. So I became Laurinda." She recalled the widespread sickness that Fawcett had described in his letters. "Bakairí people would wake up with coughs and go to the river to clean themselves, but it didn't help," she said.

After a while, Laurinda got up and stepped outside. Accompanying her, we could see, in the distance, the mountains that Jack had stared at with such wonder. "The three went in that direction," she said. "Over those peaks. People said there were no white people over those mountains, but that is where they said they were going. We waited for them to come back, but they never did."

I asked her if she had heard of any cities on the other side of the mountains which the Indians may have built centuries ago. She said she didn't know of any, but she pointed to the walls of her house and said that her ancestors had spoken of Bakairí houses that had been much bigger and more spectacular. "They were made of palm leaves from the buriti trees and were twice as high and so beautiful," she said.

Some of the hunters returned, carrying the carcasses of deer and anteaters and boar. In the plaza, a government official was setting up a large outdoor movie screen. I was told that a documentary would be shown teaching the Bakairís the meaning of the corn-harvest ritual that they were about to celebrate, which was part of their creation myth. Whereas the government had once tried to strip the Bakairís of their traditions, it was now attempting to preserve them. The old woman watched the proceedings from her doorstep. "The new generation still performs some of the old ceremonies, but they are not as rich or as beautiful," she said. "They do not care about the crafts or the dances. I try to tell them the old stories, but they are not interested. They do not understand that this is who we are."

Before we said goodbye, she remembered something else about Fawcett. For years, she said, other people came from far away to ask about the missing explorers. She stared at me, her narrow eyes widening. "What is it that these white people did?" she asked. "Why is it so important for their tribe to find them?"

On January 25, 1927, after nearly two years without word from Fawcett or his men, the Royal Geographical Society declared, "We hold ourselves in readiness to help any competent, well accredited [search] party." Though the society warned that if Fawcett "could not penetrate and push through, much less can anyone else," it was deluged with hundreds of letters from volunteers. One wrote, "I am thirty-six years of age. Practically Malaria-proof. Stand 5'11" in my socks and am as hard as nails." Another said, "I am prepared to sacrifice all, including my life."

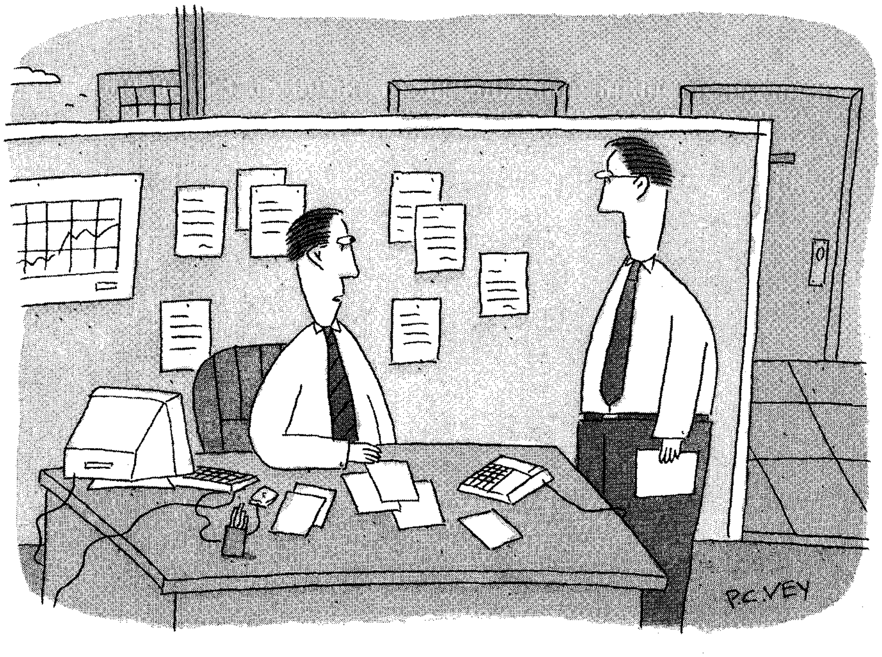
Many were drawn to the heroic nature of the quest—a chance to see, as one later volunteer put it, "whether there is the making of a man in me, or just clay"—and by the prospect of becoming the next Henry Stanley, who had located Livingstone in East Africa five decades earlier. Many, including Fawcett's wife, Nina, believed that Indians had taken the party hostage—a relatively common practice. (Several decades later, when Brazilian authorities approached the Txukahamei tribe for the first time, they found half a dozen white captives.)

In February, 1928, the first major rescue effort was launched, by George M. Dyott, a forty-five-year-old former British Naval Air Force commander and a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. Dyott, who had once met Fawcett, referred to him as "the gallant British explorer." He claimed that, in order to succeed, he would need "the intuition of a detective" and "the skill of a big-game hunter." Though he did not quite fit the image of an explorer—he was five feet seven and weighed only a hundred and forty pounds—he had previously ventured through parts of the Amazon, and had once been taken hostage by a tribe in the Andes. "In my own mind, I am convinced that Colonel Fawcett is alive, but he must be in a very serious predicament by now," Dyott declared upon announcing his search effort. "Some years ago I was caught in the claws of the jungle, and the feeling of desperation that overcame me as I waited for assistance that never materialized was nigh incredible."

Dyott posted an advertisement in a London newspaper seeking a volunteer who resembled himself: "small, spare, of wiry build," with "habits of discipline." He heard from twenty thousand applicants—among them Roger Rimell, the thirty-year-old brother of Raleigh. Roger's mother, Elsie, told a reporter at the time, "I know of no greater help I can give them than to offer the services of my one remaining son."

Dyott, however, feared taking someone with so little experience and chose only hardened outdoorsmen, technical experts, and Indian guides. (Several adventurous ladies applied, but Dyott insisted, "I can't take a woman.") His party came to include twenty-six members, and required seventy oxen and mules to carry more than three tons of food and gear, including inflatable rafts and movie cameras. One observer later described the party as a "Cecil B. De Mille safari." Brazilians began to refer to the expedition as the "suicide club."

Dyott, who had recently been married, left his bride in Rio de Janeiro. He departed wearing a khaki uniform and a helmet that shielded his long, bearded face. Like Fawcett, Dyott filed dispatches for the North American Newspaper Alliance, which published his accounts of "savages," "disease," "snakes," "fire ants," "heat," "a million mosquitoes," "man-eating fish," and "that green monster, the all powerful jungle." Arriving at Bakairí Post, which he described as "the dregs of civilization mixing with the scum of the wilds," Dyott made what he considered his first breakthrough: he met an Indian named Bernardino, who said that he had served as Fawcett's guide down the Kurisevo River, one of the headwaters of the



"I do take home some office property, but only because I'm building an exact replica of the office in my home."

Xingu. In exchange for gifts, Bernardino agreed to lead Dyott as far as he had taken Fawcett's party, and, shortly after they departed, Dyott spotted Y-shaped marks carved into the trunks of trees—a possible sign of Fawcett's former presence. "Fawcett's trail loomed largely before us and, like a pack of hounds on the scent, we were in full cry," Dyott wrote.

One night, his men set up a strange-looking device that released a sharp, staticky sound. Suddenly, a voice could be heard in the darkness, talking about Eskimos. The team had turned on a wireless radio, picking up an operator from an expedition in the Arctic. Dyott used the radio to transmit his newspaper dispatches, and to relay messages to his wife.

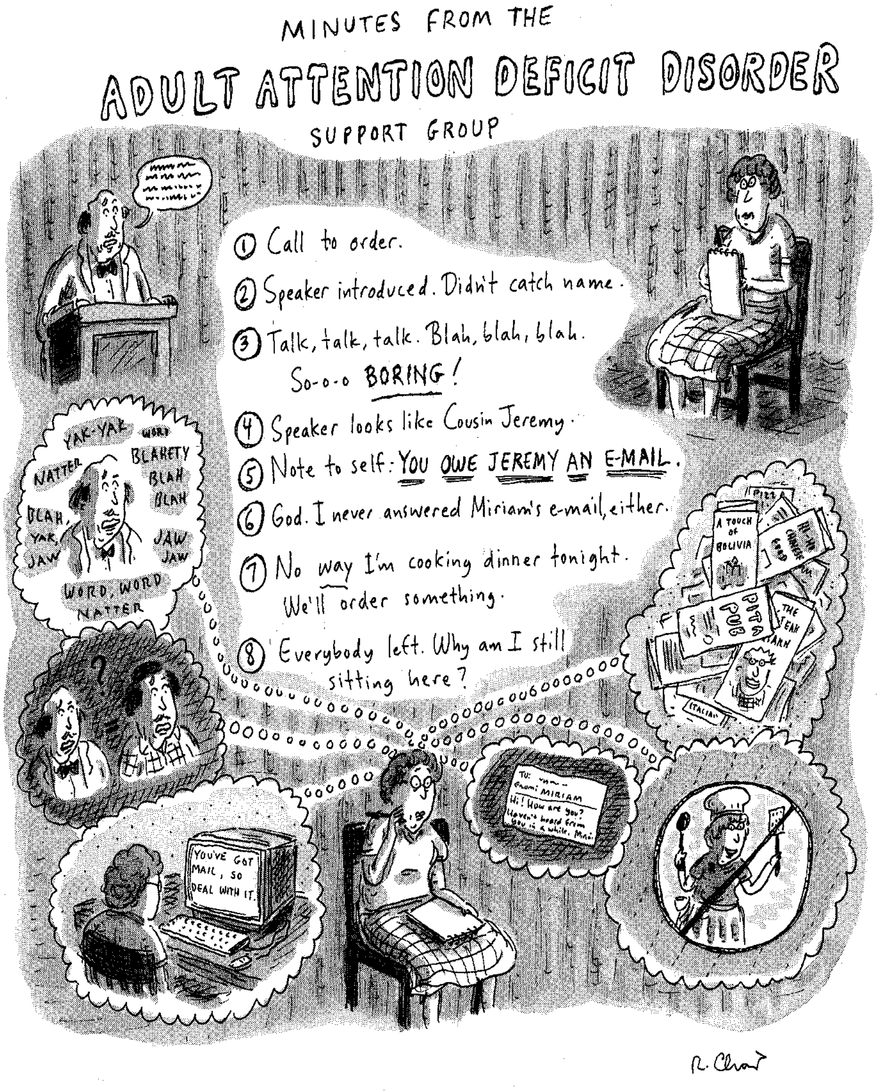
After nearly a week, the party reached the settlement of the Nahukwá, one of many tribes that had sought sanctuary in the jungles around the Xingu. Dyott wrote of the Nahukwá, "These new denizens of the forest were as primitive as Adam and Eve." Some in the tribe greeted Dyott and his party warmly, but the chief, Aloique, seemed hostile. "He regarded us impassively with his small eyes," Dyott wrote. "Cunning and cruelty lurked behind their lids."

Dyott was surrounded by Aloique's children, and he noticed something tied to a piece of string around the neck of one boy—a small brass plate engraved with the words "W. S. Silver and Company." It was the name of the British firm that had supplied Fawcett with gear. Later, in Aloique's dimly lit home, Dyott spied a military-style metal trunk. Without the benefit of translators, he tried to interrogate Aloique, using elaborate sign language. Aloique, also gesturing, seemed to suggest that the trunk was a gift. He then indicated that he had guided three white men to a neighboring territory. Dyott was skeptical and urged Aloique and some of his men to take him along the same route. Aloique warned that a murderous tribe, the Suyás, lived in that direction. Still, Dyott persisted, and, in exchange for knives, Aloique agreed to guide them.

As they marched through the forest, Dyott continued to question Aloique, and, before long, the chief seemed to add a new element to his story. Fawcett and his men, he now intimated, had been killed by the Suyás. "Suyás! *Bung-bung-bung!*" the chief yelled, falling to the ground as if he were dead. Aloique's shifting explanations aroused Dyott's suspicions. As he later wrote, "The finger of guilt seemed to point to Aloique."

Dyott's expedition was already short of food and water, and some of the men were so ill that they could barely walk. The radio had also been damaged, causing Dyott's last communication with the outside world to be abruptly disconnected. ("JUNGLE CRY STRANGLED," the Los Angeles *Times* had declared. "DYOTT RADIO CUT OFF IN CRISIS.") He therefore decided to press on with only two of his men, in the hope of finding Fawcett's remains. The night before the small contingent left, however, one of the men in Dyott's expedition party, an Indian, reported that he had overheard Aloique plotting with tribesmen to murder Dyott and steal his equipment. By then, Dyott had no doubt that he had found Fawcett's killer. That evening, Dyott told Aloique that he now intended to take his entire party with him. The next morning, Aloique and his men had vanished.

Soon afterward, dozens of Indians from the Xingu region emerged from the forest, carrying bows and arrows, and demanding gifts. Dyott, terrified, told the Indians that the next morning he would give each of them an axe and knives. Then he gathered his men, and that night they fled down the river in canoes. One of the technicians was able to get the wireless radio to work long enough to relay a message that said, "Am sorry to report that the Fawcett expedition perished at the hands of hostile Indians." The message went on, "Our position is critical. . . . We can't even afford time to send full details by wireless. Must descend Xingu without delay or we ourselves will be caught." The expedition then dumped the radio, along with other heavy gear, to hasten its exit.


MINUTES FROM THE
ADULT ATTENTION DEFICIT DISORDER
SUPPORT GROUP
① Call to order.
② Speaker introduced. Didn't catch name.
③ Talk, talk, talk. Blah, blah, blah. So-o-o BORING!
④ Speaker looks like Cousin Jeremy.
⑤ Note to self: YOU OWE JEREMY AN E-MAIL.
⑥ God. I never answered Miriam's e-mail, either.
⑦ No way I'm cooking dinner tonight. We'll order something.
⑧ Everybody left. Why am I still sitting here?
YAK-YAK
WORD
NATTER
BLAHETY
BLAH
BLAH
BLAH, YAK, JAW
JAW JAW
WORD, WORD
NATTER
?
YOU'VE GOT MAIL, SO DEAL WITH IT.
TO:
From: MIRIAM
Hi! How are you? Haven't heard from you in a while. Miri
PIZZA
A TOUCH OF BOLIVIA
PITA PUB
THE STEAK BARN
ITALIAN
R. Chast

Newspapers debated the team's odds: "DYOTT'S CHANCE TO ESCAPE EVEN," one headline ran. When Dyott and his men finally emerged from the jungle, months later—sick, skinny, bearded, mosquito-pocked—they were greeted as heroes. Dyott later published a book, "Man Hunting in the Jungle," and starred in a 1933 Hollywood movie, "Savage Gold," based on his adventure.

But by then Dyott's story had begun to dissolve. As Brian Fawcett pointed out, it is hard to believe that his father, who was so wary of anyone knowing his path, would have left Y marks on trees. The gear that Dyott found in Aloique's house may well have been a gift from Fawcett, as Aloique insisted. Indeed, Dyott's case rested on his assessment of Aloique's "treacherous" disposition—a judgment based largely on interactions conducted in sign language and on Dyott's purported expertise in "Indian psychology." Years later, when missionaries and other explorers entered the region, they described Aloique and the Nahukwá as generally peaceful and friendly. Dyott had ignored the likelihood that Aloique's evasiveness, including his decision to flee, stemmed from his own fears of a white stranger who was leading an armed brigade. Finally, there was Bernardino. "Dyott . . . must have swallowed hook, line and sinker what he was told," Brian Fawcett wrote. "I say this because there was no Bernardino with my father's party in 1925." According to Fawcett's last letters, he had brought with him from Bakairí Post only two Brazilian helpers: Gardenia and Simão. Not long after Dyott returned to England, Nina Fawcett released a statement declaring, "There is consequently still no proof that the three explorers are dead."

In 1932, a hunter wearing riding boots and a sports jacket arrived at the British Embassy in São Paulo, insisting that he had important information concerning Fawcett. The hunter spoke with the British consul-general, Arthur Abbott, who had known Fawcett personally. In a sworn statement, the man said, "My name is Stefan Rattin. I am a Swiss subject. I came to South America twenty-one years ago." He explained that on October 16, 1931, he and two companions had been hunting near the Tapajós River, in the northwest corner of the Mato Grosso, when he encountered a tribe holding an elderly white man with long yellowish hair. Later, after many of the tribesmen had got drunk, Rattin said, the white man, who was clad in animal skins, quietly approached him.

"Are you a friend?" he asked.

"Yes," Rattin replied.

"I am an English colonel," he said, and he implored Rattin to go to the British consulate and tell "Major Paget" that he was being held captive.

Abbott knew that a former British Ambassador to Brazil, Sir Ralph Paget, had been a confidant of Fawcett's. This fact, Abbott noted in a letter to the Royal Geographical Society, "was only known to me and a few personal friends." Paget himself, when he was reached in England, was skeptical. The white man had been discovered far from where Fawcett had last been seen. More important, why would Rattin have been allowed to leave the tribe while Fawcett was forced to remain a prisoner? Abbott, however, was convinced of the Swiss man's sincerity, especially since Rattin vowed to rescue Fawcett without seeking a reward. Rattin soon set out with two men, one of them a Brazilian reporter, who filed articles for the United Press syndicate. After walking through the jungle for weeks, the three men arrived at the Arinos River, where they built canoes out of bark. In a dispatch dated May 24, 1932, as the expedition was about to enter hostile Indian territory, the reporter wrote, "Rattin is anxious to get away. He calls, 'All aboard!' Here we go." The men were never heard from again.

In 1933, a fifty-three-year-old Englishman named Albert de Winton arrived in Cuiabá, vowing to find Fawcett dead or alive. Winton had recently had minor roles in several Hollywood films, including "The King of the Wild." According to the Washington *Post*, he had "given up on the imitation thrills of the movies for the real ones of the jungle." Wearing a crisp safari uniform, a gun strapped to his waist, and smoking a pipe, he headed into the jungle; he emerged nine months later with his clothes in tatters, his face emaciated. On February 4, 1934, a photograph of him appeared in newspapers with the caption "Albert Winton, Los Angeles actor, is not made up for a role in a film drama. This is what nine months in a South American wilderness did for him." Within days, he had returned to the Xingu region. Months elapsed without any word from him. Then, in September, an Indian runner came out of the forest with a crumpled note. It said that Winton had been taken prisoner by a tribe and pleaded, "Please send help." He, too, was never seen again. Only years later did Brazilian officials learn from Indians in the region that a member of the Kamayura tribe had smashed Winton's head in with a club, then taken his rifle.

Dozens of explorers continued to try to find Fawcett or the City of Z. (Peter Fleming, the brother of Ian Fleming, the creator of James Bond, went on one failed expedition.) By 1934, the Brazilian government had issued a decree banning Fawcett search parties unless they received special permission. Because so many seekers went without fanfare, there are no reliable statistics on the numbers who disappeared. One recent estimate, however, put the total as high as a hundred. According to "Lost Cities and Ancient Mysteries of South America," by David H. Childress, among them was a thirty-two-year-old schoolteacher from New Zealand, who, before he vanished, released a carrier pigeon with a note saying, "I die happily, knowing that my belief in Fawcett and his lost City of Gold was not in vain." Meanwhile, missionaries began to explore the Xingu, and returned with tales of a white child. In 1937, the American missionary Martha L. Moennich, who vowed to convert what she called "the most primitive and unenlightened of all South American Indians," reported that the child was living among the Kuikuro tribe and that the chief had told her that he was the son of Jack Fawcett, who had fathered him with an Indian woman before his expedition headed east. In 1943, a Brazilian tabloid dispatched a reporter to find the grandson. The reporter returned with a seventeen-year-old boy with milky-white skin named Dulipé, who was paraded around Brazil and hailed in the newspaper as the "White God of the Xingu." But when Nina Fawcett examined photographs of the boy she was taken aback. "That child looks to me like an albino," she said. Tests later confirmed her assessment.

Nina, meanwhile, maintained an almost blind conviction that her husband and son would reappear. As late as 1950, she told a reporter that it would not surprise her if they walked through the door at any moment—her husband now eighty-two, her son forty-seven. But in April, 1951, Orlando Villas Boas, a government official revered for his defense of the Amazonian tribes, announced that the Kalapalo Indians had confessed to him that they had murdered the three explorers. What's more, Villas Boas claimed that he had proof: the bones of Colonel Fawcett.

"The chief of the Kalapalos will meet with us," Pinage told me, relaying a message that had been radioed in from the jungle. The negotiations, he said, would take place not far from Bakairí Post, in Canarana, a small frontier town on the southern border of Xingu National Park. When we arrived that evening, the city was in the midst of a dengue-fever epidemic, and many of the phone lines were down. It was also Canarana's twenty-fifth anniversary, and the city was celebrating with fireworks, which sounded like sporadic, melancholy gunshots. In the early nineteen-eighties, the Brazilian government, as part of its continuing colonization of Indian territories, had sent in planes filled with cowboys—many of German descent—to settle the remote area. Though the town was desolate, the main roads were bafflingly wide, as if they were superhighways. Only when I saw a photograph of a guest parking his airplane in front of a local hotel did I understand the reason: for years, the city had been so inaccessible that the streets doubled as runways. Even today, I was told, it was possible for a plane to land in the middle of the road, and in the main square sat a passenger airplane, the town's only apparent monument.

The Kalapalo chief, Vajuvi, showed up at our hotel accompanied by two men. He had a tanned, deeply lined face, and appeared to be in his late forties. Like his two companions, he was about five feet six, with muscular arms. His hair was trimmed in a traditional bowl cut high above the ears. In the Xingu region, tribesmen often dispensed with clothes, but, for this visit to the city, Vajuvi wore a cotton V-neck shirt and sun-bleached jeans that hung loosely around his hips.

After we introduced ourselves and I explained why I wanted to visit the Xingu, Vajuvi asked, "Are you a member of the Colonel's family?"

By now, I was accustomed to the question, though this time it seemed more loaded: the Kalapalos had been accused of killing Fawcett, an act that could require his family to avenge his death. When I explained that I was a reporter, Vajuvi seemed accommodating. "I will tell you the truth about the bones," he said. He then added that the village wanted the sum of five thousand dollars.

I explained that I didn't have that kind of money and tried to extoll the virtues of cultural exchange. One of the Kalapalos stepped toward me and said, "The spirits told me that you were coming and that you are rich." Another Kalapalo added, "I've seen pictures of your cities. You have too many cars. You should give us a car."

One of the Indians left the hotel and returned moments later with three more Kalapalos. Every few minutes, another Kalapalo appeared; the room was soon crowded with more than a dozen men, some old, some young, all of them surrounding Pinage and me. "Where are they coming from?" I asked Pinage.

"I don't know," he said.

Vajuvi let the other men argue and haggle. As the negotiations continued, many of the Kalapalos grew hostile. They pressed against me and called me a liar. Finally, Vajuvi stood and said, "You talk to your chief in the United States, and then we'll talk again in a few hours."

He walked out of the room, the members of his tribe following him.

"Do not worry," Pinage said. "They are pushing and we are pushing back. This is the way it happens."

Dispirited, I went up to my room. Two hours later, Pinage called on the hotel phone. "Please come downstairs," he said. "I think I reach an agreement for us."

Vajuvi and the other Kalapalos were standing at the entryway of the hotel. Pinage told me that Vajuvi had agreed to take us into Xingu National Park if we paid for transportation and for several hundred dollars' worth of supplies. I shook the chief's hand, and, before I knew it, his men were patting me on the shoulders, asking about my family, as if we were meeting for the first time.

"Now we talk and eat," Vajuvi said. "All is good."

The next day, we prepared to leave. To reach one of the largest headwaters of the Xingu, the Kuluene River, we needed an even more powerful truck, and so, after lunch, we said farewell to our driver, who seemed relieved to be going home. "I hope you find this Y you are looking for," he said.

After he departed, we rented a flat-bed truck with tractor-size wheels. As word spread that a truck was heading into the Xingu, Indians emerged from all quarters, carrying children and bundles of goods, hurrying to climb on board. Every time the truck seemed full, another person squeezed on, and as the afternoon rains poured down we began our journey.

According to the map, the Kuluene was only sixty miles away. But the road was worse than any that Pinage and I had travelled: pools of water reached as high as the floorboards, and at times the truck, with all its weight, tipped perilously to one side. We drove no faster than fifteen miles an hour, sometimes coming to a halt, reversing, then pressing forward again. The forests had been denuded here as well. Some areas had been burned recently, and I could see the remnants of trees scattered for miles, their blackened limbs reaching into the open sky.

Finally, as we neared the river, the forest began to reveal itself. Trees gradually closed around us, their branches forming a net that covered the windshield. After five hours, we reached a wire fence: the boundary of Xingu National Park. Vajuvi said that it was only half a mile to the river, and then we would travel by boat to the Kalapalo village. Yet the truck soon got stuck in the mud, forcing us to remove our equipment temporarily to lighten the weight, and by the time we reached the river it was pitch black under the canopy of trees. Vajuvi said that we would have to wait to cross. "It's too dangerous," he said. "The river is filled with logs and branches. We must not disrespect it."

Mosquitoes pricked my skin, and macaws and cicadas chanted. Above our heads, some creatures howled. "Do not worry," Pinage said. "They are only monkeys."

We walked a bit farther and arrived at a shack; Vajuvi pushed the door, which

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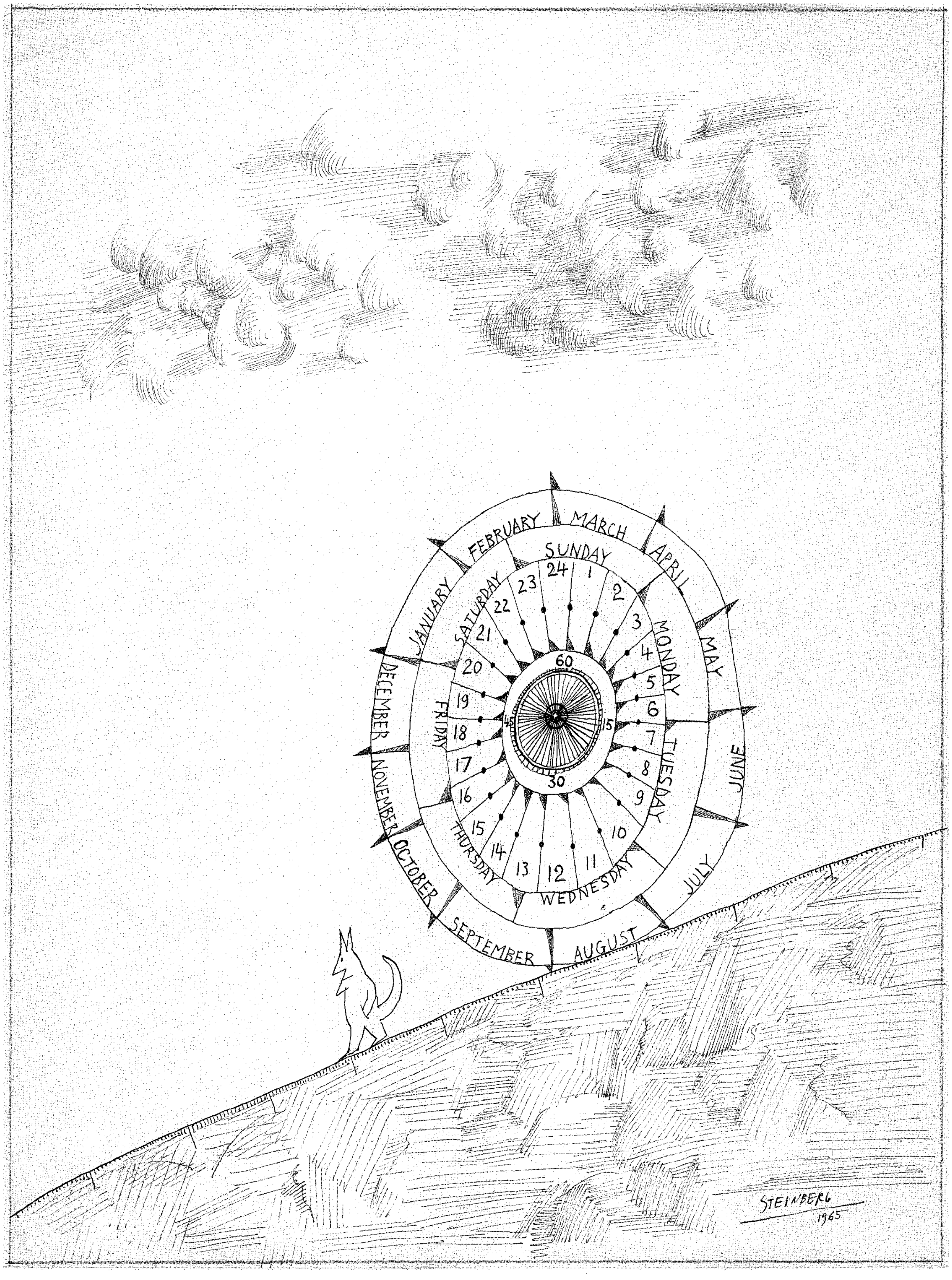
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STEINBERG
1965

"I'm trying to find a way to balance your strengths against your felonies."

• •

creaked as it opened. He led us inside and fumbled around until he lit a candle, which revealed a small room with a corrugated-tin roof and a mud floor. There was a wooden pole in the middle of the room, and Vajuvi helped Pinage and me string our hammocks. Though my clothes were still damp with sweat and mud from the journey, I lay down, trying to shield my face from the mosquitoes. After a while, the candle went out, and I swung gently in the darkness, listening to the murmurings of cicadas and the cawcawing of monkeys.

I fell into a light sleep, but woke suddenly when I felt something by my ear. I opened my eyes with a start: five naked boys, carrying bows and arrows, were staring at me. When they saw me move, they laughed and ran off.

I sat up. Pinage and Vajuvi were standing around a wood fire, boiling water.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Five-thirty," Pinage said. He handed me some crackers and a tin cup filled with coffee. "It's still a long way," he said. "You must eat something."

After a quick breakfast, we walked outside; in the light of day, I could see that we were at a small encampment overlooking the Kuluene River. On the shore were two flat-bottom aluminum boats, into which we loaded our gear. Both boats were about twelve feet long and had outboard motors—an invention that had been introduced into the Xingu only in recent years.

Pinage and I climbed into one boat with a Kalapalo guide, while Vajuvi and his family travelled in another. The boats sped upriver, side by side. Farther north were rapids and waterfalls, but here the water was a calm, olive-green expanse. Trees lined the banks, their boughs bent like old men, their leaves skimming the surface of the water. After several hours, we docked our boats along the shore. Vajuvi told us to gather our gear, and we followed him up a short path. He paused and waved his hand proudly in front of him. "Kalapalo," he said.

We stood at the edge of a circular plaza that was more than a hundred yards in circumference and dotted with houses much like those described by the old woman at Bakairí Post. Resembling the overturned hulls of ships, they appeared to be woven, rather than constructed, out of thatch and wood. Their exteriors were covered with thatch, except for a door in the back and the front—both low enough, I was told, to keep out evil spirits.

Several dozen people were walking across the plaza. Many of them were unclothed, and some had adorned their bodies with exquisite ornamentations: monkey-tooth necklaces; swirls of black pigment from the genipap fruit; swaths of red pigment from the uruku berry. Women between the ages of thirteen and fifty tended to wear loose cotton dresses, the upper half dangling around their waists. The men who weren't naked typically wore spandex bathing suits, as if they were Olympic swimmers. Physical fitness was clearly a prized trait. Some of the babies, I noticed, had strips of cloth pulled tightly around their calves and biceps, like tourniquets, to accentuate their muscles. "For us, it is a sign of beauty," Vajuvi said. The tribe continued to commit infanticide against those who seemed unnatural or bewitched, although the practice had become less common.

Vajuvi led me into his house, a cavernous space filled with smoke from a wood-burning fire. He introduced me to two handsome women. Both had jet-black hair, with bangs in the front, that fanned down over their bare backs. The older one had a tattoo of three vertical stripes on her upper arms; the other had a necklace with glittering white shells. "My wives," Vajuvi said.

Before long, other people stepped out of the shadows: children and grandchildren, sons-in-law and daughters-in-law, aunts and uncles, brothers and sisters. Vajuvi said that nearly twenty people lived in the house. It seemed less like a home than like a self-contained village. In the center of the room, near a pole supporting the roof, from which corn had been hung to dry, one of Vajuvi's daughters knelt in front of a large wooden loom, weaving a hammock. Next to her was a boy wearing a blue-beaded belt, holding fish in an elaborately detailed, brightly painted ceramic pot. Beside him, an elderly hunter sat on a large hardwood bench carved in the shape of a jaguar, sharpening a five-foot-long arrow. Fawcett wrote of the southern basin of the Amazon, "The whole of this region is saturated with Indian traditions of a most interesting kind," which "cannot be founded upon nothing" and which suggest the prior presence of "a once-great civilization."

The village, which had about a hundred and fifty residents, was highly stratified. These people were not wandering hunter-gatherers. Chiefs were anointed by bloodlines, as with European kings. There were strict taboos on diet which forbid them to eat most red meats, including tapir, deer, and boar. At puberty, boys and girls were held in extended seclusion, during which a designated elder taught them the rituals and the responsibilities of adulthood. (The son in line to become chief was sequestered for up to four years.) George Dyott, during his journey in the Xingu with Aloique, passed through the Kalapalo village and was so impressed by the scene that he wrote, "There is reason to believe that Fawcett's stories of a forgotten civilization are based on fact."

I asked Vajuvi whether he knew if the people of this region, who were known as Xinguanos, had once descended from a larger civilization, or if there were any significant ruins in the surrounding jungle. He shook his head. According to legend, however, the spirit Fitsi-fitsi built giant moats in the area. ("Everywhere he went that seemed like a nice place to stay, Fitsi-fitsi would make long, deep ditches and leave part of his people there, and he himself would continue travelling.")

While Vajuvi, Pinage, and I were talking, a man named Vanite Kalapalo entered the house and sat down beside us. He seemed despondent. It was his job, he said, to guard one of the posts to the reservation. The other day, another Indian had come to him and said, "Listen, Vanite. You must come with me down the river. The white people are building something in Afasukugu." The word "Afasukugu" meant "the place of the big cats"; at this site, the Xinguanos believe, the first humans were created. Vanite picked up a stick and drew a map on the mud floor. "Here is Afasukugu," he said. "It is by a waterfall."

"It is outside the park," Vajuvi, the chief, added. "But it is sacred."

Vanite continued with his story. "So I said, 'I will go with you to Afasukugu, but you are crazy. Nobody would build anything at the place of the jaguars.' But when I get there the waterfall is destroyed. They blew it up with thirty kilos of dynamite. The place was so beautiful, and now it is gone. And I ask a man working there, 'What are you doing?' He says, 'We are building a hydroelectric dam.'"

"It is in the middle of the Kuluene River," Vajuvi said. "All the water from there flows right into our park and into our territory."

Vanite, who was becoming agitated, didn't seem to hear the chief. He said, "A man from the Mato Grosso government comes to the Xingu and tells us, 'Do not worry. This dam will not hurt you.' And he offers each us of money. One of the chiefs from another tribe took the money, and the tribes are now fighting with each other. For me, the money means nothing. The river has been here for thousands of years. We don't live forever, but the river does. The god Taugi created the river. It gives us our food, our medicines. You see, we don't have a well. We drink water right from the river. How will we live without it?"

Vajuvi said, "If they succeed, the river will disappear and, with it, all our people."

Our search for Fawcett and the City of Z suddenly felt trivial—another tribe appeared to be on the verge of extinction. But, later that night, after we bathed in the river, Vajuvi said that there was something he had to tell Pinage and me about the Englishmen. The next day, he promised, he would take us by boat to where the bones had been discovered. Before going to bed, he added, "There are many things about the Englishmen that only Kalapalo people know."

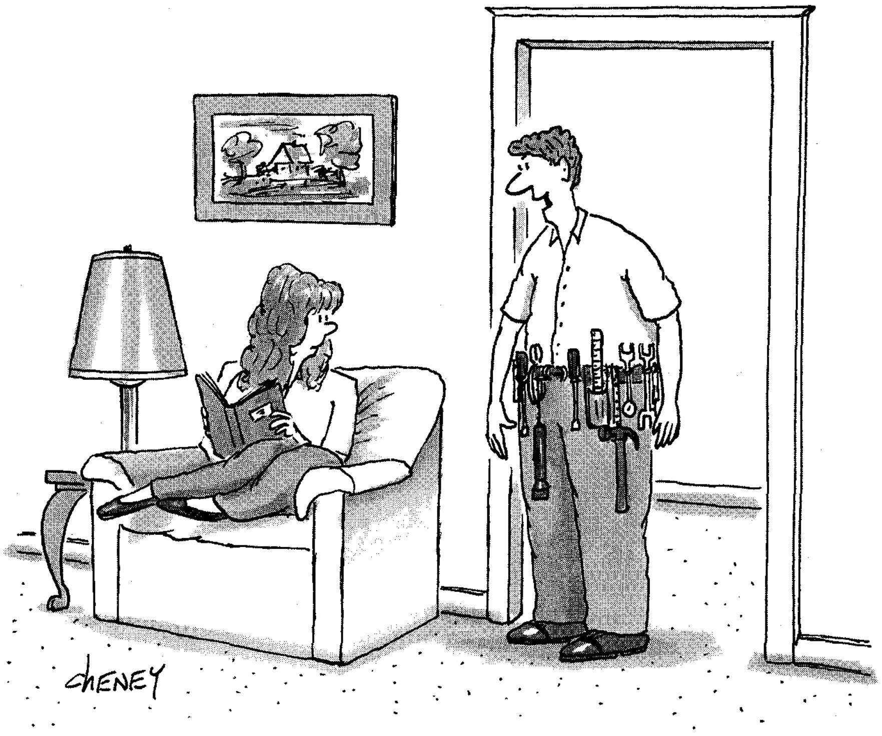
The next morning, as we got ready to depart, one of the girls in our house removed a piece of cloth from a large object in the corner of the room, near an array of masks. Underneath was a television set, which was powered by the village's sole generator.

The girl, who was naked, turned a knob, sat down on the mud floor, and began watching a cartoon featuring a raucous Woody Woodpecker-like bird. Within minutes, at least twenty other children and several adults from the village had gathered around the set.

As Vajuvi came to retrieve us, I asked him how long he had owned a television. "Only a few years," he said. "At first, all everyone did is stare at it in a trance. But now I control the generator, and it is on only a few hours a week."

Several of the men watching the television got their bows and arrows and went out to hunt. Meanwhile, Pinage and I followed Vajuvi and one of his sons, who was five years old, down to the river. "I thought we would catch our lunch, the way Kalapalo do," Vajuvi said.

We climbed into one of the motorboats and headed upriver. A mist that



"Break something."

covered the forest slowly dissipated as the sun rose. The river, dark and muddy, occasionally narrowed into a chute so tight that tree branches hung over our heads like bridges. Eventually, we entered an inlet covered by a tangle of floating leaves. "The green lagoon," Vajuvi said.

He cut the engine, and the boat slid quietly through the water. Terns with yellow beaks fluttered amid the rosewood and cedar trees, and swallows zigzagged above the lagoon, shimmering white specks on the blanket of green. A pair of macaws cackled and screamed, and, on the shore, deer stood as still as the water. A small caiman scurried up the banks.

"You must always be careful in the jungle," Vajuvi said. "I listen to my dreams. If I have a dream of danger, then I stay in the village. Many accidents happen to white people because they don't believe their dreams."

The Xinguanos were famous for fishing with bows and arrows, their bodies perched silently on the front of canoes—a pose that early-twentieth-century explorers had caught on camera. Vajuvi and his son, however, took out some fishing lines and baited the hooks. Then they spun the lines over their heads like lassos and sent the hooks sailing into the center of the lagoon.

As Vajuvi pulled in his line, he pointed to the shore and said, "Up that way is where the bones were dug up. But they were not Fawcett's bones—they were my grandfather's."

"Your grandfather's?" I asked.

"Yes. Mugika—that was his name. He was dead when Orlando Villas Boas began to ask about Fawcett. Orlando wanted to protect us from all the white people coming in, and he told the Kalapalo people, 'If you find a tall skeleton, I will give each of you a rifle.' My grandfather was one of the tallest men in the village. So several people in the village decide to dig up his bones and bury them out here by the lagoon and say they are Fawcett's."

As he spoke, his son's line went taut. He helped the boy pull it in, and a silvery-white fish burst out of the water, flapping wildly on the hook. I leaned in to inspect it, but Vajuvi jerked me out of the way and began to club it with a stick.

"Piranha," he said.

I looked down at the dead fish, with its low-hung jaw, lying on the aluminum floor of the boat. Vajuvi opened its mouth with a knife, revealing a set of sharp interlocking teeth—teeth that the Indians sometimes used to scrape their flesh in purification rituals. After he removed the hook, he continued, "My father, Tadjui, was away at the time, and he was furious when he found out what the people did. But the bones had already been taken away."

Other evidence seemed to corroborate his story. As Brian Fawcett had noted at the time, many of the Kalapalos told contradictory versions of how the Colonel had actually been killed. The Kalapalo insisted that Fawcett had been murdered because he had not brought any gifts and had slapped a young Kalapalo boy, yet Fawcett was known for his gentle behavior in the jungle. More significant, I later found a document from the Royal Anthropological Institute, in London, which had examined the bones. It stated:

> The upper jaw provides the clearest possible evidence that these human remains were not those of Colonel Fawcett, whose spare upper denture is fortunately available for comparison.... Colonel Fawcett is stated to have been six feet, one and a half inches tall. The height of the man whose remains have been brought to England is estimated at about five feet, seven inches.

"I would like to get the bones back and bury them where they belong," Vajuvi said.

After catching half a dozen piranhas, we glided to shore. Vajuvi gathered several sticks and built a fire. Without skinning the piranhas, he laid them on the wood, grilling one side, then the other. He put the blackened fish on a bed of leaves and tore several pieces off the bone. He wrapped the fish in *beiju*, a kind of pancake bread made from manioc flour, handing each of us a sandwich. As we ate, he said, "I will tell you what my parents told me really happened to the Englishmen. It is true that they were here. There were three of them, and no one knew who they were or why they had come. They had no animals and carried packs on their backs. One, who was the chief, was old, and the two others were young. They were hungry and tired from marching for so long, and the people in the village gave them fish and *beiju*. In return for their help, the Englishmen offered them fish hooks, which no one had seen before. And knives. Finally, the old man said, 'We must be going now.' The people asked them, 'Where are you going?' And they said, 'That way. To the east.' We said, 'Nobody goes that way. That's where the hostile Indians are. They will kill you.' But the old man insisted. And so they went." Vajuvi pointed eastward and shook his head. "In those days, nobody went that way," he said. For several days, he continued, the Kalapalos could see smoke above the trees—Fawcett's campfire—but on the fifth day it disappeared. Vajuvi said that a group of Kalapalos, fearing that something bad had happened to them, tried to find their camp. But there was no trace of the Englishmen.

Later, I learned that what his parents had shared with him was an oral history, which had been passed down for generations with remarkable precision. In 1931, Vincenzo Petrullo, an anthropologist who worked for the Pennsylvania University Museum, in Philadelphia, and who was one of the first whites to enter the Xingu, reported hearing a similar account. (Amid all the sensationalist tales, few had paid much attention to it.) Some fifty years later, Ellen Basso, an anthropologist at the University of Arizona, recorded a more detailed version from a Kalapalo named Kambe, who was a boy when Fawcett and his party arrived in the village. She translated his account directly from the Kalapalo language, maintaining the epic rhythms of the tribe's oral histories:

> One of them remained by himself.
> While he sang, he played a musical instrument.
> His musical instrument worked like this, like this....
> He sang and sang.
> He put his arm around me this way.
> While he was playing we watched the Christians.
> While he was playing.
> Father and the others.
> Then, "I'll have to be going," he said.

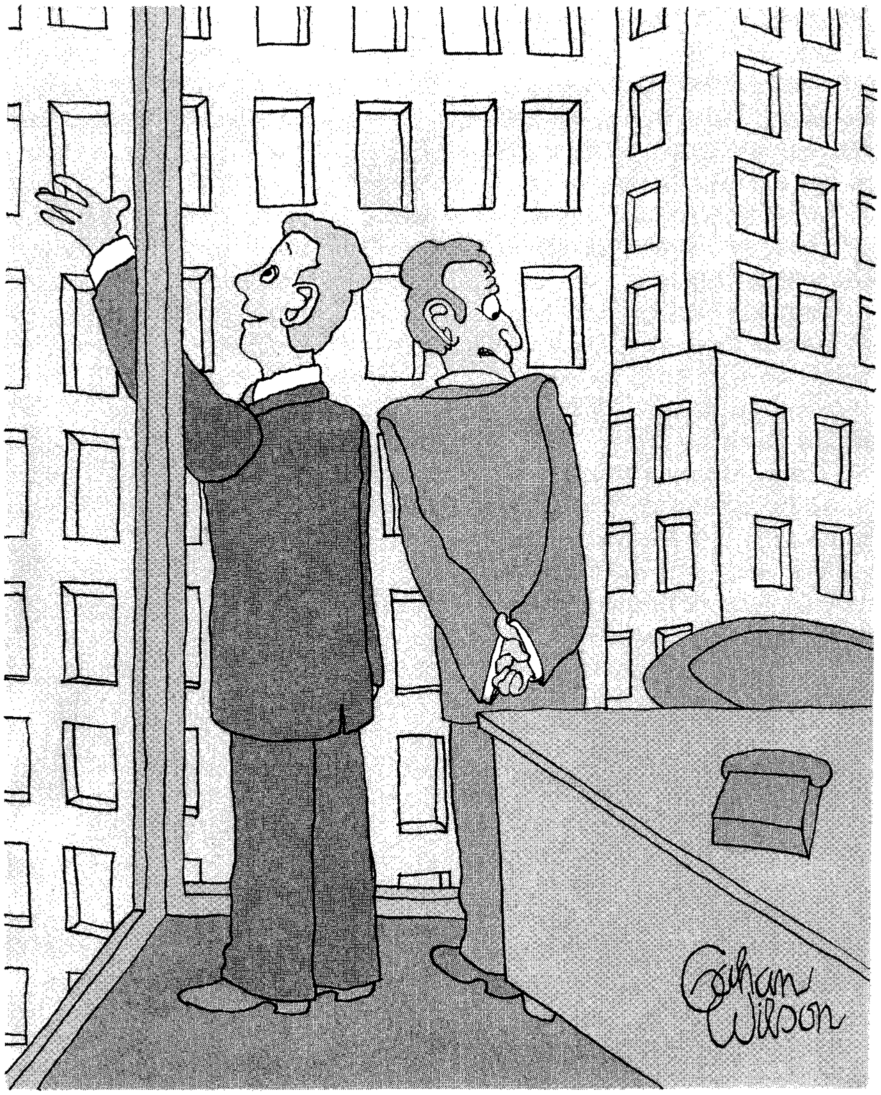
Kambe also recounted how they could see their fire:

> "There's the Christians' fire," we said to one another.
> That was going on as the sun set.
> The next day as the sun set, again their fire rose up.
> The following day again, just a little smoke, spread out in the sky.
> On this day, *mbouk*, their fire had gone out....

It looked as if the Englishmen's fire was no longer alive, as if it had been put out.

"What a shame! Why did he keep insisting they go away?"

When Vajuvi finished his version of the oral history, he said, "People always say the Kalapalos killed the Englishmen. But we did not. We tried to save them."



"I'll confess, the first time I realized they didn't have any panes it gave me quite a turn!"

One day in 1955, four years after the bones were dug up, Brian Fawcett conducted his own search for Z. He rented a propeller plane and dropped thousands of leaflets over the jungle. The leaflets asked, "Are you Jack Fawcett? If your answer is yes, then make this sign holding arms above your head. . . . Can you control the Indians if we land? . . . Is P. H. Fawcett still alive?"

When Brian received no positive responses, he continued to canvass the wilderness from above for signs of Z. He crisscrossed the Amazon, peering through binoculars, and, as the days wore on, he began to fear what he had never allowed himself to consider—that there had never been a Z. As he later wrote, "The whole romantic structure of fallacious beliefs, already rocking dangerously, collapsed about me, leaving me dazed."

Before long, the search for Fawcett began to attract a new kind of explorer: spiritualists and occultists. Hundreds of people came to believe that Fawcett, who had developed a lifelong interest in mysticism during his days in Ceylon, had discovered that Z was, in fact, a portal to an alternate reality. They cited many of Fawcett's cryptic and largely impenetrable writings for magazines such as *Occult Review*, which he published shortly before he departed on his last adventure. In one essay, he spoke of his search for "the treasure of the invisible World."

Fawcett's disappearance, and the failure of later explorers to find his remains, fuelled the notion that the Colonel, in his quest, had somehow transcended the laws of physics. In the nineteen-sixties, several religious cults began worshipping Fawcett as a kind of god. According to Leal's biography of Fawcett, one such group was founded, in 1968, by a man named Udo Luckner, who wore a long white gown and a hat resembling an archbishop's mitre. Luckner claimed that Fawcett had uncovered a gateway to a new dimension inside a cave in the Roncador Mountains, in the northeast corner of the Mato Grosso. Recently, a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society announced plans for an expedition to find "the same portal or the doorway to a Kingdom that was entered by Colonel Fawcett in 1925." The trek, which will include psychic guides, is billed as an "Expedition of No Return in the Ethereal Place of the Unbelief."

In many ways, these seekers represent the end point of exploration. Just as the search for gold gave way to a search for scientific knowledge, now the search for scientific knowledge has given way to the search for transcendence. Fawcett himself anticipated this turn. Not long before he vanished, he wrote to his wife, "But for the Occult side—everything else is peripheral (!), I scarcely see how anyone could do these expeditions." At one point, Pinage and I met a mystic near the Roncador Mountains, who told us, "You will never find Z as long as you look for it in this world."

Still, I pressed on with my attempt to find Z in the Xingu, even though Brian Fawcett had warned others about "throwing away their lives for a mirage." According to Fawcett's blueprints, Z would have been situated farther north than the Kalapalo settlement. Vajuvi, Pinage, and I decided to follow the Kuluene River in the direction of the Kuikuro village—the settlement where, in 1996, James Lynch had been taken hostage.

We loaded our equipment in the aluminum canoe and set out. It had rained most of the night before, and the river spilled into the surrounding forest. After three hours, the boat approached an embankment where a young Indian boy was fishing. Vajuvi steered the boat toward him and turned off the engine as the bow slid onto the shore.

"Are we here?" I asked Vajuvi.

"The village is inland," he said. "You'll have to walk from here."

Pinage and I unloaded our bags and our boxes of food, and said goodbye to Vajuvi. We watched as his boat disappeared behind a bend in the river. There was too much baggage for us to carry, and Pinage asked the boy if he could borrow his bicycle, which was propped against a tree. The boy agreed, and Pinage told me to wait while he went to find help. As he rode away, I sat under a buriti tree and watched the boy casting his line and pulling it in.

An hour passed without anyone from the village appearing. I stood and stared down the path—there was only a trail of mud surrounded by wild grass and bushes. It was past noon when four boys showed up on bicycles. They strapped the cargo on the back of their bicycles, but they had no room for a large cardboard box, which weighed about forty pounds, or for my computer bag, and so I carried them myself. In a mixture of Portuguese, Kuikuro, and pantomime, the boys explained that they would meet me in the village, waved goodbye, and vanished down the path on their rickety bikes.

With the box resting on one shoulder and the bag in my hand, I followed on foot, alone. The path wound through a partially submerged mangrove forest. I wondered whether I should remove my shoes, but I had no place to carry them, so I left them on, my ankles sinking in the mud. The vestiges of the path soon disappeared underwater. I was unsure which way to go, and I veered to the right, where I thought I saw some trampled grass. I walked for an hour—still, there was no sight of anyone. The box on my shoulder had grown heavier, as had the bag for my laptop, which, among the mangroves, seemed like an absurdity of modern travel. I thought about leaving them behind, but there was no dry spot to be found.

Occasionally, I slipped in the mud, falling in the water. I yelled out Pinage's name, but there was no response. Exhausted, I found a grassy knoll that was only a few inches below the waterline, and sat down. My pants filled with water as I listened to the frogs. The sun burned my face and hands, and I wiped muddy water on myself in a vain attempt to cool down.

After half an hour, I stood again and tried to find the correct path. I walked and walked; in one spot, the water rose to my waist, and I lifted the bags above my head. Each time I thought that I had reached the end of the mangrove forest, a new swath opened up before me—large patches of tall, damp reeds clouded with mosquitoes, which ate into me.

I was slapping a mosquito on my neck when I heard a noise in the distance. I stopped but didn't see anything. As I took another step, the noise grew louder. I called out again for Pinage.

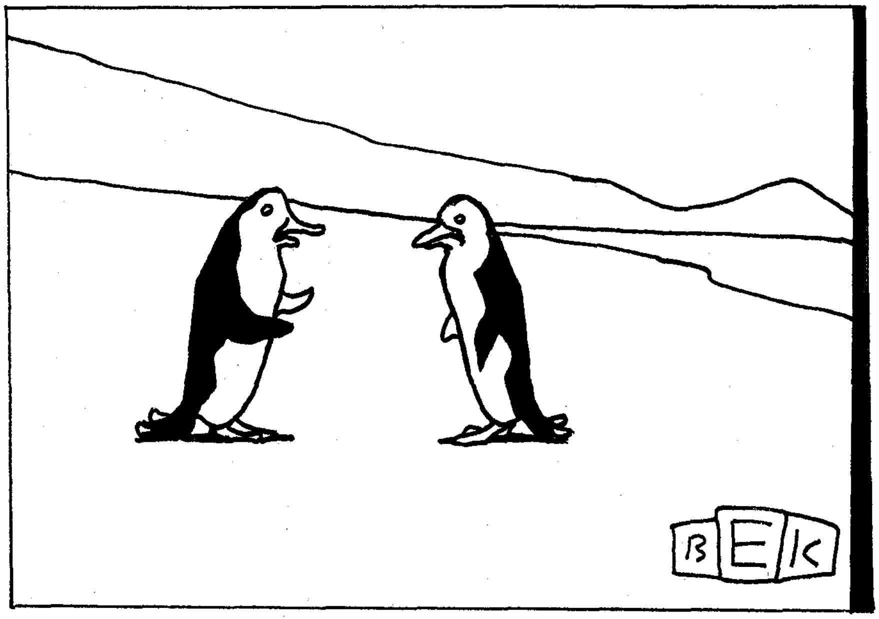
I could hear the sound again—a strange cackle, almost like laughter. A dark object darted in the tall grass, then another one, and another. "Who's there?" I asked, in Portuguese.

I walked faster, but the water deepened and widened until it resembled a lake. I was looking dumbfounded at the shore, some two hundred yards ahead, when I noticed, tucked in a bush, an aluminum canoe. Though there was no paddle, I rested the box and my bag in it and climbed in, short of breath. Then I heard the noise again and bolted upright. Out of the tall reeds burst dozens of naked children. They seized the edges of the canoe and began to swim me across the lake, screaming with laughter the entire way. When we reached the shore again, I stumbled out of the canoe, and the children followed me up a path. We had reached the Kuikuro village.

Pinage was sitting in the shade of the nearest hut. "I'm sorry I didn't go back for you," he said. "I didn't think I could make it." His vest was draped around his neck, and he was sipping water from a bowl. He handed the bowl to me, and, though the water hadn't been boiled, I drank it greedily, letting it spill around my neck.

"Now you have some kind of real picture in your mind of what it was like for Fawcett," he said. "Now we go home, no?"

Before I could reply, a Kuikuro man came and told us to follow him. Recalling Lynch's experience, I paused for a moment, then walked with him across the dusty central plaza, which was some two hundred and fifty yards in diameter—the largest one, I was told, in the Xingu. Two fires had recently swept through the huts along the plaza's perimeter, the flames leaping from one thatched roof to the next, leaving much of the settlement in ashes. He paused outside one of the surviving homes and told us to enter. Near the door, I could see two magnificent clay sculptures—one of a frog, the other of a jaguar. I was



"It was years ago, for a nature documentary, and they said it was going to be very artistic."

admiring them when an enormous man stepped out of the shadows. He was built like Tamakafi, a mythical Xinguano fighter, who, according to legend, had a colossal body, his arms as thick as thighs, his legs as big as a chest. The man wore only a thin bathing suit, and he had a bowl haircut that somehow made his stern face seem even more imposing.

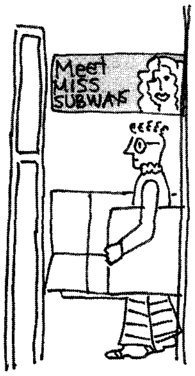
"I am Afukaká," he said, in a surprisingly soft, measured voice. It was clear that he was the chief. He offered Pinage and me lunch—a bowl of fish and rice—which his two wives, who were sisters, served us. He seemed interested in the outside world and asked me many questions about New York, about the skyscrapers and restaurants.

As we spoke, a sweet serenading sound filtered into the hut. I turned to the door as a group of women dancers and men with bamboo flutes entered. The men, who were naked, had covered their bodies with elaborate images of fish and tortoises and anacondas, the shapes weaving along their arms and legs, the orange and yellow and red colors gleaming with sweat. Around the eyes of most of them were black circles of paint, which resembled masks at a costume party. Their heads were topped with large, colorful feathers.

Afukaká and Pinage and I stood as the group crowded into the hut. The men stepped forward twice, then back, then forward again, all the time blowing their flutes, some of which were ten feet long—beautiful pieces of bamboo that released humming tones, like wind catching an open bottle top. Several young girls with long black hair danced alongside the men, their arms slung over the shoulders of the person in front of them, forming a chain; they, too, were naked, except for strings of snail shells around their necks and a bark-cloth triangle, or *uluri*, that covered their pubic area. Some of the pubescent girls had recently been held in seclusion, so that their bodies were paler than those of the men. Their necklaces rattled as they stamped their feet, adding to the insistent rhythm of the music. The group circled us for several minutes, then ducked under the doorway and disappeared into the plaza, the sound of the flutes fading as the musicians and the dancers entered the next hut.

I asked Afukaká about the ritual, and he said that it was a festival for fish spirits. "It is a way to commune with the spirits," he said. "We have hundreds of ceremonies—all beautiful."

After a while, I mentioned Fawcett. Afukaká echoed what the Kalapalo chief had told me. "The fierce Indians must have killed them," he said. Indeed, it seemed likely that at least one of the more warlike tribes in the region—most likely the Suyás, as Aloique had suggested—had slaughtered the party; it was improbable that all three Englishmen would have starved to death, given Fawcett's talent for surviving in the jungle for long periods. But that was as far as the evidence led me. For example, I could not account for how Fawcett's ring had wound up in a shop outside Cuiabá. Perhaps Fawcett had traded it for goods in Cuiabá, or perhaps he had given it to someone at Bakairí Post. "Only the forest knows all," Pinage said.



An archeologist named Michael Heckenberger was doing field work in the Kuikuro village. Earlier, we had spoken on the phone and arranged a meeting. A highly regarded professor at the University of Florida, he had spent more than a decade doing research in the Amazon. During that time, he had battled everything from malaria to snakes to virulent bacteria that made his skin peel off and forced him to boil his garments twice a day. Because of the prevailing notion that the Amazon was a counterfeit paradise—and because no stone city had ever been found—most established archeologists had long ago abandoned the remote Xingu. "They assumed it was an archeological black hole," Heckenberger told me. "Fawcett was probably the last person who came in here looking for lost cities."

Heckenberger, who, with baggy shorts and shaggy blond hair, looks a little like a surfer, knew the story of Fawcett well and had tried to conduct his own inquiry into his fate. "I'm fascinated by him and what he did in that time period," Heckenberger said. "He was one of these larger-than-life figures. Anyone who would jump in a canoe or march in here at a time when you know some of the Indians are going to try to—" He stopped in midsentence, as if contemplating the consequences.

He said that Fawcett was easy to dismiss as "a crank"; he lacked the tools and the discipline of a modern archeologist, and he never questioned the shibboleth that any lost city in the Amazon had to have European origins. "But if you look back you'll find that a lot of people believed that then," Heckenberger said. Fawcett, he went on, may have been an amateur, but, in some ways, he was able to see things more clearly than many professional scholars.

"I want to show you something," Heckenberger said at one point.

Grabbing a two-foot-long machete, he led Pinage, Afukaká, and me into the forest, cutting away tendrils from trees, which shot upward, fighting for the glow of the sun. After walking for a mile or so, we reached an area where the forest thinned. Heckenberger pointed to the ground with his machete. "See how the land dips?" he asked.

Indeed, the ground seemed to slope downward for a long stretch, then tilt upward again, as if someone had carved out an enormous ditch.

"It's a moat," Heckenberger said.

"What do you mean, a moat?"

"A moat. A defensive ditch." He added, "From nearly nine hundred years ago."

Pinage and I tried to follow the moat's contours, which curved in a nearly perfect circle through the woods. Heckenberger said that the moat had originally been between a dozen and sixteen feet deep, and about fifty feet wide. It was nearly a mile in diameter. I thought of "the long, deep ditches" that the spirit Fitsi-fitsi was said to have built around settlements. "The Kuikuros knew they existed, but they didn't realize that their own ancestors had built them," Heckenberger said.

Afukaká, who had helped with the excavation, said, "We thought they were made by the spirits."

Heckenberger walked over to a rectangular hole in the ground, where he had excavated part of the moat. Pinage and I peered over the edge with the chief. The exposed earth, in contrast to other parts of the forest, was dark, almost black. Using radiocarbon dating, Heckenberger had dated the trench to about 1200 A.D. He pointed the tip of his machete to the bottom of the hole, where there seemed to be a ditch within the ditch. "That's where they put the palisade wall," he said.

"A *wall*?" I asked.

Heckenberger smiled and went on, "All around the moat, you can see these funnel shapes, equally spread apart. There are only two explanations. Either they had traps at the bottom or they had something sticking into them, like tree trunks."

He said that the concept of traps made little sense, since the people the moat was supposed to be protecting would have been in peril themselves. What's more, he said, when he examined the moats with Afukaká, the chief told him a legend about a Kuikuro who had escaped from another village by leaping over "a great palisade wall and ditch."

Still, none of it seemed to make sense. Why would anyone build a moat and a stockade wall in the middle of the wilderness? "There's nothing here," I said.

Heckenberger didn't respond; instead, he bent down and rooted through the dirt, picking up a piece of hardened clay with grooves along the edges. He held it up to the light. "Broken pottery," he said. "It's everywhere."

As I looked at other shards on the ground, I thought of how Fawcett had once asserted in a letter that on certain high grounds in the Amazon "very little scratching will produce an abundance" of ancient pottery.

Heckenberger said that we were standing in the middle of a vast ancient settlement.

"Poor Fawcett—he was so close," Pinage said.

It was understandable why Fawcett wouldn't have been able to see it, Heckenberger went on. "There isn't a lot of stone in the jungle, and most of the settlement was built with organic materials—wood and palms and earth mounds—which decompose," he said. "But once you begin to map out the area and excavate it you are blown away by what you see."

He began walking once more through the forest, pointing out what was, increasingly clearly, the remains of a massive man-made landscape. There was not just one moat but three, arranged in concentric circles. There was a giant circular plaza where the vegetation had a different character than that of the rest of the forest, because it had once been swept clean. And there had been a sprawling neighborhood of dwellings, as evidenced by even denser black soil, which had been enriched by decomposed garbage and human waste.

As we walked around, I noticed an embankment that extended into the forest in a straight line. Heckenberger said that it was a road curb.

"They had roads, too?" I asked.

"Roads. Causeways. Canals." Heckenberger said that some roads had been nearly a hundred and fifty feet wide. "We even found a place where the road ends at one side of a river in a kind of ascending ramp and then continues on the other side with a descending ramp. Which can mean only one thing: there had to have been some kind of wooden bridge connecting them, over an area that was a half mile long."

They were the very same kind of dreamlike causeways and settlements that the Spanish conquistadores had spoken of when they visited the Amazon, in which Fawcett had so fervently believed and which twentieth-century scientists had dismissed as myths. I asked Heckenberger where the roads led, and he said that they extended to other, equally complex sites. "I just took you to the closest one," he said.

Altogether, he had uncovered twenty pre-Columbian settlements in the Xingu. The settlements were about two to three miles apart and were connected by roads. More astounding, the plazas were laid out along cardinal points, from east to west, and the roads were positioned at the same geometric angles. (Fawcett said that Indians had told him legends that described "many streets set at right angles to one another.")

Borrowing my notebook, Heckenberger began to sketch a huge circle, then another and another. These were the plazas and the villages, he said. He then drew rings around them, which he said were the moats. Finally, he added several parallel lines that jutted out from each of the settlements in precise angles—the roads, bridges, and causeways. Each form seemed to fit into an elaborate whole, like an abstract painting viewed from a distance. "Once my team and I started to map everything out, we discovered that nothing was done by accident," Heckenberger said. "All these settlements were laid out with a complicated plan, with a sense of engineering and mathematics that rivalled anything that was happening in much of Europe at the time."

Heckenberger said that each cluster of settlements contained anywhere from two thousand to five thousand people, which means that the larger community was the size of many medieval European cities. "These people had a cultural aesthetic of monumentality," he said. "They liked to have beautiful roads and plazas and bridges. Their monuments were not pyramids, which is why they were so hard to find; they were horizontal features. But they're no less extraordinary."

Heckenberger's discoveries have been documented in numerous scholarly journals; in 2003, he published a paper in *Science* titled "Amazonia 1492: Pristine Forest or Cultural Parkland?" He also recently published a book detailing his discoveries, called "The Ecology of Power." His work has been hailed as proof that the rain forest once contained civilizations nearly as rich and complex as those of the Inca and the Maya and Europeans. And Heckenberger has helped to upend the view of the Amazon as a counterfeit paradise that could never sustain what Fawcett had envisioned: a prosperous, glorious civilization.

Others have fuelled this revolution in archeology. Anna Roosevelt, a great-granddaughter of Theodore Roosevelt, who is an archeologist at the University of Illinois, has discovered, along the floodplains of the Amazon, buried settlements that may be eleven thousand years old. Scientists have also begun to find enormous man-made earth mounds scattered across the region. Geologists have uncovered so much black earth from ancient settlements that they now believe the Amazon may have sustained millions of people. One prominent scholar, Donald Lathap, even argues that the Amazon may have

KEATON

I will be good; I will be good.
I have set my small jaw for the ages
and nothing can distract me from
solving the appointed emergencies
even with my small brain
—witness the diameter of my hatband
and the depth of the crown of my hat.

I will be correct; I know what it is to be a man.
I will be correct or bust.
I will love but not impose my feelings.
I will serve and serve
with lute or I will not say anything.

If the machinery goes, I will repair it.
If it goes again I will repair it again.
My backbone

through these endless etceteras painful.

No, it is not the way to be, they say.
Go with the skid, turn always to leeward,
and see what happens, I ask you, now.

I lost a lovely smile somewhere,
and many colors dropped out.
The rigid spine will break, they say—
bend, bend.

I was made at right angles to the world
and I see it so. I can only see it so.
I do not find all this absurdity people talk about.

Perhaps a paradise, a serious paradise where lovers hold hands
and everything works.
    I am not sentimental.

—*Elizabeth Bishop*

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been the wellspring of high civilization throughout the Americas—that an advanced culture had spread outward, rather than vice versa.

Heckenberger, who is somewhat more cautious, said, "We can't get ahead of ourselves." But, he added, "Anthropologists made the mistake of coming into the Amazon in the twentieth century and seeing only small tribes and saying, 'Well, that's all there is.' The problem is that, by then, many Indian populations had already been wiped out by what was essentially a holocaust from European contact. That's why the first Europeans in the Amazon described such massive settlements that, later, no one could ever find."

As we walked back into the Kuikuro village, Heckenberger stopped at the edge of the plaza and told me to examine it closely. He said that the civilization that had built the giant settlements had been nearly annihilated. Yet a small number of descendants had survived, and we were no doubt among them. For a thousand years, he said, the Xinguanos had maintained artistic and cultural traditions from this highly advanced, highly structured civilization. He said, for instance, that the present-day Kuikuro village was still organized along east and west cardinal points and its paths were aligned at right angles, though its residents no longer knew why this was the preferred pattern. Heckenberger added that he had taken a piece of pottery from the ruins and shown it to a local maker of ceramics. It was so similar to present-day pottery, with its painted exterior and reddish clay, that the potter insisted that it had been made recently.

As Pinage and I headed toward the chief's house, Heckenberger picked up a contemporary ceramic pot and ran his hand along the edge, where there were grooves. "They're from boiling the toxins out of manioc," he said. He had detected the same feature in the ancient pots. "That means that a thousand years ago people in this civilization had the same staple of diet," he said. He began to go through the house, finding parallels between the ancient civilization and its remnants today: the clay statues, the thatched walls and roofs, the cotton hammocks. "To tell you the honest-to-God truth, I don't think there is anywhere in the world where there isn't written history where the continuity is so clear as right here," Heckenberger said.

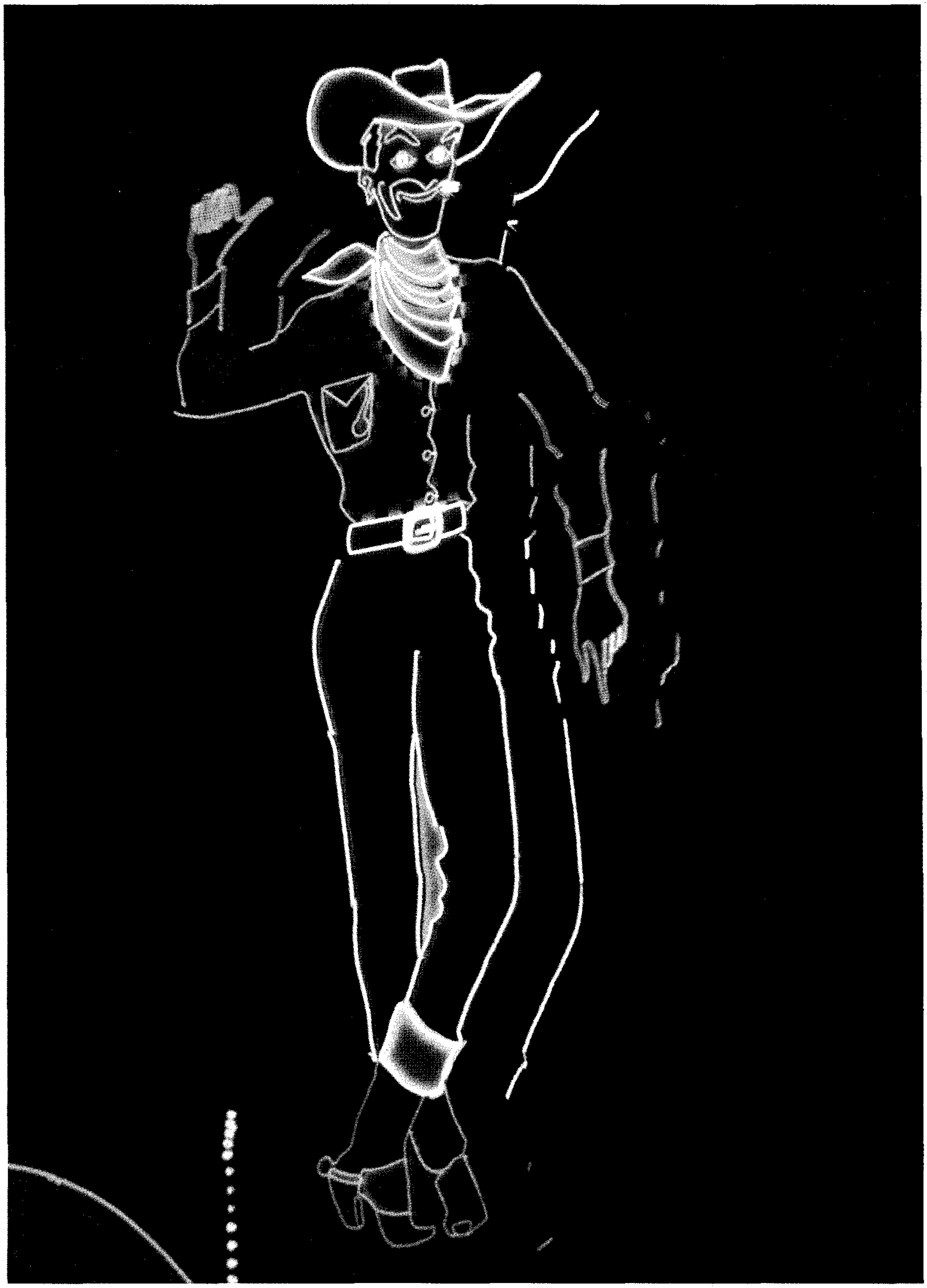
Some of the musicians and dancers were circling through the plaza, and Heckenberger said that everywhere you looked in the Kuikuro village "you can see the past in the present." I began to picture the flutists and dancers in one of the old plazas. I pictured them living in mound-shaped two-story houses, the houses not scattered but in endless rows, where women wove hammocks and baked with manioc flour, and where teen-age boys and girls were held in seclusion as they learned the rites of their ancestors. I pictured the dancers and singers crossing moats and passing through tall palisade fences, moving from one village to the next, along wide boulevards and bridges and causeways.

The musicians were coming closer to us, and Heckenberger said something about the flutes, but I could no longer hear his voice over the sounds. For a moment, I could see this vanished world as if it were right in front of me. Z. ◆

FICTION

COWBOY

BY THOMAS McGUANE



The old fella makes me go into the house in my stocking feet. The old lady's in a big chair next to the window. In fact, the whole room is full of big chairs, but she's only in one of them—though, big as she is, she could fill up several. The old man says, "I found this one in the loose-horse pen at the sale yard."

She says, "What's he supposed to be?"

He says, "Supposed to be a cowboy."

"What's he doin in the loose horses?"

I says, "I was lookin for one that would ride."

"You was in the wrong pen, son," the old man says. "Them's canners. They're goin to France in cardboard boxes."

"Soon as they get a steel bolt in the head." The big old gal laughs in her chair.

Now I'm sore. "There's five in there broke to death. I rode 'em with nothin but binder twine."

"It don't make a shit," the old man says. "Ever one of them is goin to France."

The old lady don't believe me. "How'd you get in them loose horses to ride?"

"I went in there at night."

The old lady says, "You one crazy cowboy, go in there in the dark. Them broncs kick your teeth down your throat. I suppose you tried them bareback?"

"Naw, I drug the saddle I usually ride at the Rose Bowl Parade."

"You got a horse for that?"

"I got Trigger. We unstuffed him."

The old lady addresses the old man. "He's got a mouth on him. This much we know."

"Maybe he can tell us what good he is."

I says, "I'm a cowboy."

"You're a outta-work cowboy."

"It's a dying way of life."

"She's about like me—she's wondering if this ranch's supposed to be some kinda welfare agency for cowboys."

I've had enough. "You're the dumb honyocker drove me out here."

I think that'll be the end of it, but the old lady says, "Don't get huffy. You got the job. You against conversation or something?"

We get outside and the old sumbitch says, "You drawed lucky there, son. That last deal could've pissed her off."

"It didn't make me no nevermind if it did or didn't."

"She hadn't been well. Used to she was sweet as pudding."

"I'm sorry for that. We don't have health, we don't have nothin."

She must have been afflicted something terrible, because she was ugly morning, noon, and night for as long as she lasted—she'd pick a fight over nothing and the old sumbitch got the worst of it. I felt sorry for him, little slack as he cut me.

Had a hundred seventy-five sweet-tempered horned Herefords and fifteen sleepy bulls. Shipped the calves all over for hybrid vigor, mostly to the South. Had some go clear to Florida. A Hereford that still had its horns was a walking miracle, and the old sumbitch had a smart little deal going. I soon learned to give him credit for such things, and the old lady barking commands offen the sofa weren't no slouch neither. Anybody else seen their books might've said they could be wintering in Phoenix.

They didn't have no bunkhouse, just a LeisureLife mobile home that had lost its wheels about thirty years ago, and they had it positioned by the door of the barn so it'd be convenient for the hired man to stagger out at all hours and fight breech births and scours and any other disorder sent us by the cow gods. We had some doozies. One heifer got pregnant and her calf was near as big as she was. Had to reach in with a saw and take it out in pieces. When we threw the head out on the ground, she turned to it and lowed like it was her baby. Everything a cow does is designed to turn it into meat as fast as possible so that somebody can eat it. It's a terrible life.

The old sumbitch and I got along good. We got through calving and got to see them pairs and bulls run out onto the new grass. Nothing like seeing all that meat feel a little temporary joy. Then we bladed out the corrals and watched them dry under the spring sun at long last. Only mishap was when the manure spreader threw a rock and knocked me senseless and I drove the rig into an irrigation ditch. The old sumbitch never said a word but chained up and pulled us out with his Ford.

We led his cavvy out of the hills afoot with two buckets of sweet feed. Had a little of everything, including a blue roan I fancied, but he said it was a Hancock and bucked like the National Finals in Las Vegas, kicking out behind and squalling, and was just a man-killer. "Stick to the bays," he said. "The West was won on a bay horse."

He picked out three bays, had a keg of shoes, all ones and oughts, and I shod them best I could, three geldings with nice manners, stood good to shoe. About all you could say about the others was they had four legs each, and a couple, all white-marked from saddle galls and years of hard work, looked like no more summers after this. They'd been rode many a long mile. We chased 'em back into the hills and the three shod ones whinnied and fretted. "Back to work," the old sumbitch says to them.

We shod three 'cause one was going to pack a ton of fencing supplies—barb wire, smooth wire, steel T-posts, old wore-out Sunflower fence stretchers that could barely grab on to the wire, and staples—and we was at it a good little while where the elk had knocked miles of it down, or the cedar finally give out and had to be replaced by steel. That was where I found out that the old sumbitch's last good time was in Korea, where the officers at the front would yell over the radio, "Come on up here and die!" Said the enemy was coming in waves. Tells me all this while the stretcher's pulling that wire squealing though the staples. The sumbitch was a tough old bastard. "They killed a pile of us and we killed a pile of them." *Squeak.*

We hauled the mineral horseback, too, in panniers—white salt and iodine salt. He didn't have no use for blocks, so we hauled it in sacks and poured it into the troughs he had on all these bald hilltops where the wind would blow away the flies. Most of his so-called troughs were truck tires nailed onto anything flat—plywood, old doors, and suchlike—but they worked good. A cow can put her tongue anywhere in a tire and get what she needs, and you can drag one of them flat things with your horse if you need to move it. Most places we salted had old buffalo wallers

ALAN SCHEIN/CORBIS

where them buffalo wallered. They done wallered their last—had to get out of the way for the cow and the man on the bay horse.

I'd been rustling my own grub in the LeisureLife for quite some time when the old lady said it was time for me to eat with the white folks. This was not necessarily a good thing. The old lady's knee replacements had begun to fail, and both me and the old sumbitch was half afraid of her. She cooked as good as ever, but she was a bomb waiting to go off, standing bowlegged at the stove and talking ugly about how much she did for us. When she talked, the old sumbitch would move his mouth as though he was saying the same words, and we had to keep from giggling, which wasn't hard. For if the old lady caught us at that there'd a been hell to pay.

Both the old sumbitch and the old lady was heavy smokers, to where a oxygen bottle was in sight. So they joined a Smoke-Enders deal the Lutherans had, and this required them to put all their butts in a jar and wear the jar around their necks on a string. The old sumbitch liked this O.K. because he could just tap his ash right under his chin and not get it on the truck seat, but the more that thing filled up and hung around her neck the meaner the old lady got. She had no idea the old sumbitch was cheating and setting his jar on the woodpile when we was working outside. She was just more honest than him, and in the end she give up smoking and he smoked away, except he wasn't allowed to smoke in the house no more, nor buy ready-mades, 'cause the new tax made them too expensive and she wouldn't let him take it out of the cows, which come first. She said it was just a vice and if he was half the man she thought he was he'd give it up as a bad deal. "You could have a long and happy old age," she said, real sarcastic-like.

One day me and the old sumbitch is in the house hauling soot out of the fireplace, on account of they had a chimbley fire last winter. Over the mantel is a picture of a beautiful woman in a red dress with her hair piled on top of her head. The old sumbitch tells me that's the old lady before she joined the motorcycle gang.

"Oh?"

"Them motorcycle gangs," he says, "all they do is eat and work on their motorcycles. They taught her to smoke, too, but she's shut of that. Probably outlive us all."

"Looks to me she can live long as she wants."

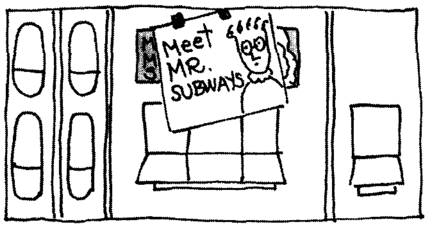
"And if she ever wants to box you, tell her no. She'll knock you on your ass. I guarantee it. Throw you a damn haymaker, son."

I couldn't understand how he could be so casual-like about the old lady being in a motorcycle gang. When we was smoking in the LeisureLife, I asked him about it. That's when I found out that him and the old lady was brother and sister. I guess that explained it. If your sister wants to join a motorcycle gang, that's her business. He said she even had a tattoo—"Hounds from Hell," with a dog shooting flames out of his nostrils and riding a Harley.

That picture on the mantel kind of stayed in my mind, and I asked the old sumbitch if his sister'd ever had a boyfriend. Well, yes, quite a few, he told me, quite a damn few. "Our folks run them off. They was just after the land."

He was going all around the baler hitting the zerks with his grease gun. "I had a lady friend myself. She'd do anything. Cook. Gangbusters with a snorty horse, and not too damn hard on the eyes. Sis run her off. Said she was just after the land. If she was, I never could see it. Anyway, went on down the road long time ago."

Fall come around and when we brought the cavvy down two of them old-timers who'd worked so hard was lame. One was stifled, one was sweenied, and both had crippling quarter cracks. I thought they needed to be at the loose-horse sale, but the old sumbitch says, "No mounts of mine is gonna feed no Frenchman," and that was that. So we made a hole, led the old-timers to the edge, and shot them with a elk rifle. First one didn't know what hit him. Second one heard the shot and saw his buddy fall and the old sumbitch had to chase him around to kill him. Then he sent me down the hole to get the halters back. Lifting those big heads was some chore.



I enjoyed eating in the big house that whole summer until the sister started giving me come-hither looks. They was fairly limited except those days when the old sumbitch was in town after supplies. Then she dialled it up and kind of brushed me every time she went past the table. There was always something special on the town days—a pie, maybe. I tried to think about the picture on the mantel, but it was impossible, even though I knew it might get me out of the LeisureLife once and for all. She was getting more and more wound up, while I was pretending to enjoy the food or going crazy over the pie. But she didn't buy it—called me a queer and sent me back to the trailer to make my own meals. By calling me a queer, she more or less admitted what she'd been up to, and I think that embarrassed her, because she covered up by roaring at everyone and everything, including the poor old sumbitch, who had no idea what had gone sideways while he was away. It was two years before she made another pie, and then it was once a year on my birthday. She made me five birthday pies in all—sand cherry, every one of them.

I broke the catch colt, which I didn't know was no colt, as he was the biggest snide in the cavvy. He was four, and it was time. I just got around him for a couple of days, then saddled him gently as I could. The offside stirrup scared him, and he looked over at it, but that was all it was to saddling. I must've had a burst of courage, 'cause next minute I was on him. That was O.K., too. I told the old sumbitch to open the corral gate, and we sailed away. The wind blew his tail up under him, and he thought about bucking but rejected the idea and that was about all they was to breaking Olly, for that was his name. Once I'd rode him two weeks, he was safe for the old sumbitch, who plumb loved this new horse and

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complimented me generously for the job I'd did.

We had three hard winters in a row, then lost so many calves to scours we changed our calving grounds. The old sumbitch just come out one day and looked at where he'd calved out for fifty years and said, "The ground's no good. We're movin." So we spent the summer building a new corral way off down the creek. When we's finished, he says, "I meant to do this when I got back from overseas and now it's finished and I'm practically done for, too. Whoever gets the place next will be glad his calves don't shit themselves into the next world like mine done."

Neither one of us had a back that was worth a damn, and the least we could do was get rid of the square baler and quit hefting them man-killing five-wire bales. We got a round baler and a DewEze machine that let us pick up a bale from the truck without laying a finger on it. We'd tell stories and smoke in the cab on those cold winter days and roll out a thousand pounds of hay while them old-time horned Herefords followed the truck. That's when I let him find out I'd done some time.

"I figured you musta been in the crowbar hotel."

"How's that?"

"Well, you're a pretty good hand. What's a pretty good hand doin tryin loose horses in the middle of the night at some Podunk sale yard? Folks hang on to a pretty good hand and nobody was hangin on to you. You want to tell me what you done?"

I'd been with the old sumbitch for three years and out of jail the same amount of time. I wasn't afraid to tell him what I done 'cause I had started to trust him, but I sure didn't want him telling nothing to his sister. I told him I rustled some yearlings, and he chuckled like he understood entirely. I had rustled some yearlings, all right, but that's not what I went up for.

The old man paid me in cash, or, rather, the old lady did, since she handled anything like that. They never paid into workmen's comp, and there was no reason to go to the records. They didn't even have my name right. You tell people around here your name is Shane and they'll always believe you. The important thing is I was working my tail off for that old sumbitch, and he knew it. Nothing else mattered, even the fact that we'd come to like each other. After all, this was a God damn ranch.

The old fella had several peculiarities to him, most of which I've forgotten. He was one of the few fellas I ever heard of who would actually jump up and down on his hat if he got mad enough. You can imagine what his hat looked like. One time he did it 'cause I let the swather get away from me on a hill and bent it all to hell. Another time a Mormon tried to run down his breeding program to get a better deal on some replacement heifers, and I'll be damned if the old sumbitch didn't throw that hat down and jump on it, right in front of the Mormon, causing the Mormon to get into his Buick and ease on down the road without another word. One time when we was driving ring shanks into corral poles I hit my thumb and tried jumping on my hat, but the old sumbitch gave me such an odd look I never tried it again.

The old lady died sitting down. I went in, and there she was, sitting down, and she was dead. After the first wave of grief, the old sumbitch and me fretted about rigor mortis and not being able to move her in that seated position. So we stretched her onto the couch and called the mortician and he called the coroner and for some reason the coroner called the ambulance, which caused the old sumbitch to state, "It don't do you no nevermind to tell nobody nothing." Course he was right.

Once the funeral was behind us, I moved out of the LeisureLife, partly for comfort and partly 'cause the old sumbitch falled apart after his sister passed, which I never would've suspected. Once she's gone, he says, he's all that's left of his family and he's alone in life, and about then he notices me and tells me to get my stuff out of the LeisureLife and move in with him.

We rode through the cattle pritnear ever day year round, and he come to trust me enough to show how his breeding program went, with culls and breedbacks and outcrosses and replacements, and took me to bull sales and showed me what to expect in a bull and which ones were correct and which were sorry. One day we's looking at a pen of yearling bulls on this outfit near Luther and he can't make up his mind and he says he wished his sister was with him and he starts snuffling and says she had an eye on her wouldn't quit. So I stepped up and picked three

A CHOICE

To walk away
to slam behind the lid of silence
or yet again
to take up the effort anew

to free the throat from the strangle
to fight to breathe
to pronounce a word
to utter a whole sentence
to speak up
in haste
before they once again apply the gag

I know you're waiting
you
who listen intently
who put your ear
to a deaf wall

—*Ryszard Kapuściński*

(Translated, from the Polish, by Diana Kuprel and Marek Kusiba.)

bulls out of that pen, and he quit snuffling and said damn if I didn't have an eye on me, too. That was the beginning of our partnership.

One whole year I was the cook, and one whole year he was the cook, and back and forth like that, but never at the same time. Whoever was cook would change when the other fella got sick of his recipes, and ever once in a while a new recipe would come in the *AgriNews*, like that corn chowder with the sliced hot dogs. I even tried a pie one time, but it just made him lonesome for days gone by, so we forgot about desserts, which was probably good for our health, as most sweets call for gobbing in the white sugar.

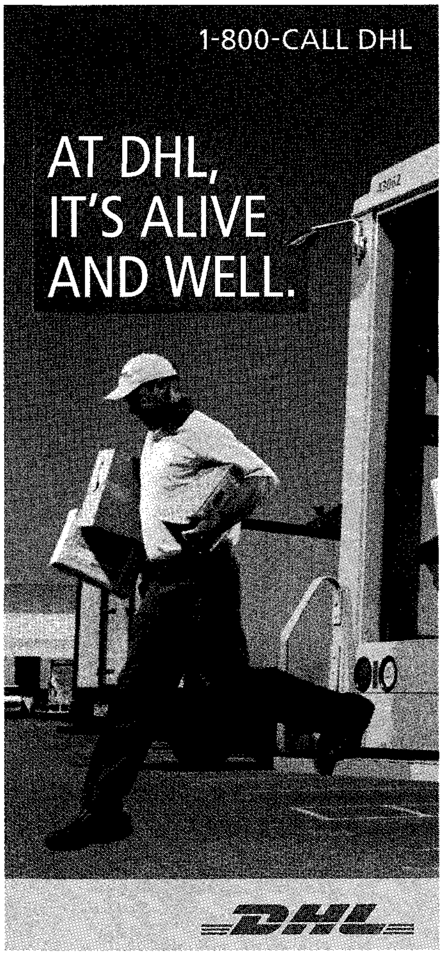
The sister never let him have a dog 'cause she had a cat and she thought a dog would get the cat. It wasn't much of a cat, anyhow, but it lived a long time, outlived the old lady by several moons. After it passed on, we took it out to the burn barrel and the first thing the old sumbitch said was "We're gettin a dog." It took him that long to realize that his sister was gone.

Tony was a Border collie we got as a pup from a couple in Miles City that raised them. You could cup your hands and hold Tony when we got him, but he grew up in one summer and went to work and we taught him "down," "here," "come by," "way to me," and "hold 'em," all in one year or less, 'cause Tony would just stay on his belly and study you with his eyes until he knew exactly what you wanted. Tony helped us gather, mother up pairs, and separate bulls, and he lived in the house for many a good year and kept us entertained with all his tricks. Finally, Tony grew old and died. We didn't take it so good, especially the old sumbitch, who said he couldn't foresee enough summers for another dog. Plus that was the year he couldn't get on a horse no more and he wasn't about to work no stock dog afoot. There was still plenty to do and most of it fell to me. After all, this was a God damn ranch.

The time had come to tell him why I went to jail and what I did, which was rob that little store at Absarokee and shoot the proprietor, though he didn't die. I had no idea why I did such a thing—then or now. I led the crew on the prison ranch for a number of years and turned out many a good hand. They wasn't nearabout to let me loose until there was a replacement good as me who'd stay a while. So I trained up a murderer from Columbia Falls, could rope, break horses, keep vaccine records, fence, and irrigate. Once the warden seen how good he was, they paroled me out and turned it all over to the new man, who was never getting out. The old sumbitch could give a shit less when I told him my story. I could've told him all this years before when he first hired me, for all he cared. He was a big believer in what he saw with his own eyes.

I don't think I ever had the touch with customers the old sumbitch had. They'd come from all over looking for horned Herefords and talking hybrid vigor, which I may or may not have believed. They'd ask what we had and I'd point to the corrals and say, "Go look for yourself." Some would insist on seeing the old sumbitch and I'd tell them he was in bed, which was pritnear the only place you could find him now that he'd begun to fail. Then the state got wind of his condition and took him to town. I went to see him there right regular, but it just upset him. He couldn't figure out who I was and got frustrated 'cause he knew I was somebody he was supposed to know. And then he failed even worse. The doctors told me it was just better if I didn't come round.

The neighbors claimed I was personally responsible for the spread of spurge, Dalmatian toadflax, and knapweed. They got the authorities involved and it was pretty clear that I was the weed they had in mind. If they could get the court to appoint one of their relatives ranch custodian while the old sumbitch was in storage they'd get all that grass for free till he was in a pine box. The authorities came in all sizes and shapes, but when they were through they let me take one saddle horse, one saddle, the clothes on my back, my hat, and my slicker. I rode that horse clear to the sale yard, where they tried to put him in the loose horses 'cause of his age. I told them I was too set in my ways to start feeding Frenchmen and rode off toward Idaho. There's always an opening for a cowboy, even a old sumbitch like me if he can halfway make a hand. ♦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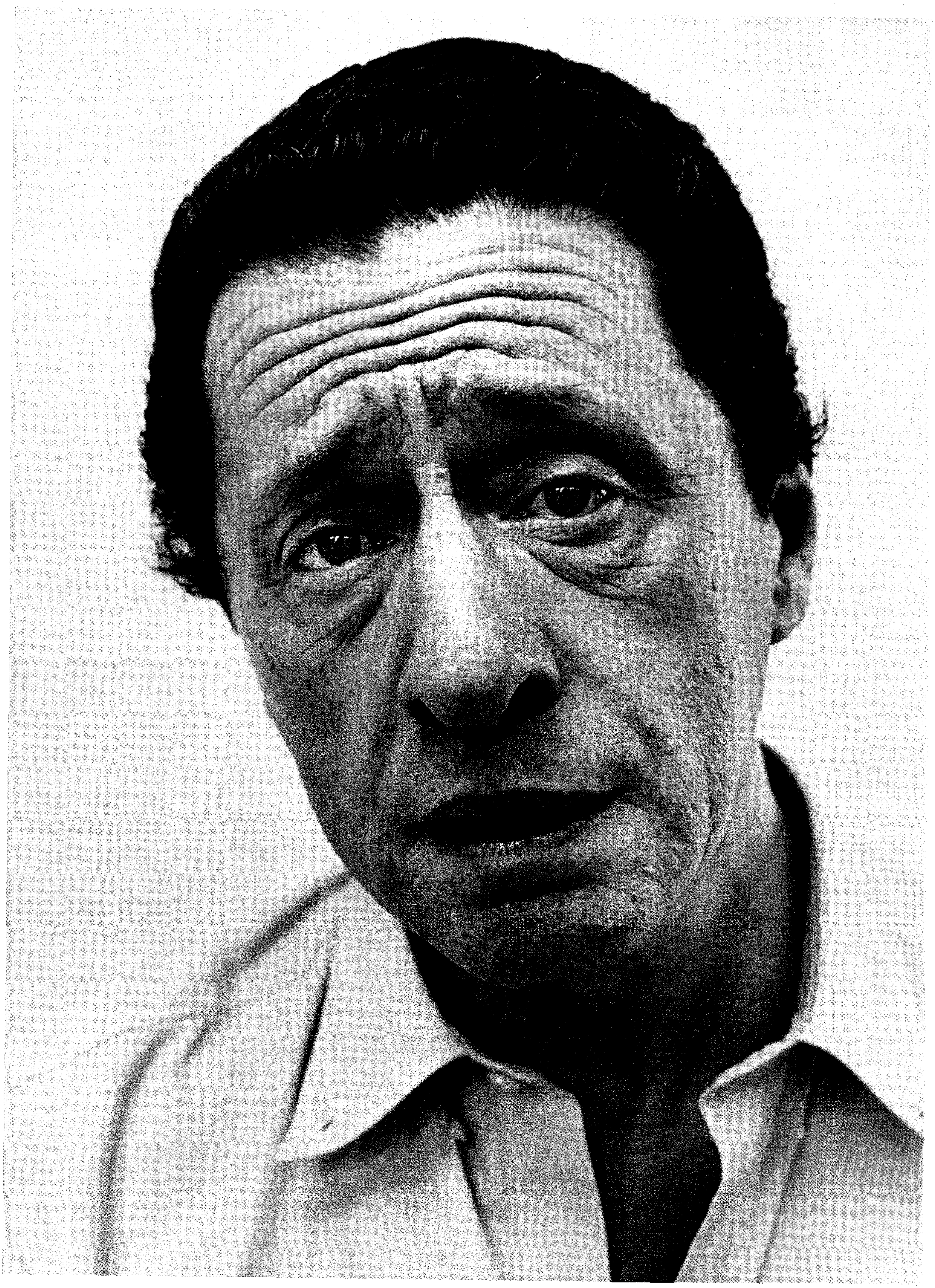

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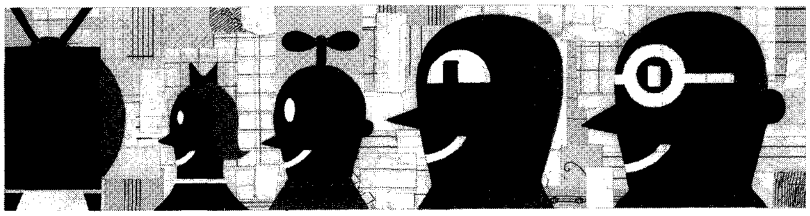


A CRITIC AT LARGE

COME RAIN OR COME SHINE

The bittersweet life of Harold Arlen.

BY JOHN LAHR

The composer Harold Arlen, a dapper man whose songs brought something both dashing and deep to the Republic, liked to tell a story about the time he danced with Marilyn Monroe. "People are staring at us," Arlen whispered to Monroe. "They must know who you are!" she replied. The joke, as Arlen knew, was on him. Although his catalogue included "I've Got the World on a String," "That Old Black Magic," "One for My Baby (and One More for the Road)," "Get Happy," and "Over the Rainbow"—which was voted the twentieth century's No. 1 song by the Recording Industry Association of America—Arlen was virtually anonymous. "Who's Harold Arlen?" Truman Capote asked in 1953, when it was suggested that he collaborate with the composer on the musical version of his short story "House of Flowers." In 1955, at a concert in Cairo partly devoted to American music, five Arlen songs—"Ac-Cent-Tchu-Ate the Positive," "Ill Wind," "Blues in the Night," "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues," and "Stormy Weather"—were billed, without attribution, as American "folk songs." Even this year, which happens to be the centennial of Arlen's birth (he died in 1986), at a celebration for a postage stamp honoring the late lyricist E. Y. Harburg, with whom Arlen wrote a hundred and eleven songs, including the score for "The Wizard of Oz," no one thought to even mention Arlen.

If Arlen's name is not on the American public's lips, his songs are in our hearts. "Harold's best is the best," Irving Berlin said. The songwriter and historian Alec Wilder, in his canonical book, "American Popular Song," warns himself at the beginning of his chapter on Arlen, "I must guard against over-enthusiasm." He goes on, "If the story was true that George Gershwin was his hero"—it was—"then as far as I'm concerned, the pupil surpassed the teacher. . . . I respect Gershwin, but I envy Arlen." Gershwin himself respected Arlen, whom he called "the most original of all of us." Unlike the music of most of his contemporaries, Arlen's harmonic flair and his melodic opulence were not influenced by Europe; instead, they grew out of the liberating principles of American jazz. "He, more than any of his contemporaries, plunged himself into the heartbeat of the popular music of his youth, the dance band," Wilder writes. "He had that crazy jazz going," Johnny Mercer, one of Arlen's collaborators, told Walter Cronkite in a nineteen-sixties TV special on the composer. "George's jazz was mechanical compared to Harold's." Mercer continued, touching his solar plexus, "Harold's was right from in there."

Arlen's sound also incorporated the Jewish wail and the wail of the blues. Across the decades, it found its most el-

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

Harold Arlen in New York City, May 24, 1955.

oquent expression in the mouths of black performers: Ethel Waters, Dooley Wilson, Pearl Bailey, Diahann Carroll, and, especially, Lena Horne, whose lengthy collaboration with Arlen began with "As Long as I Live," which she performed at the Cotton Club in 1934, when she was sixteen. Arlen and the lyricist Ted Koehler wrote five Cotton Club revues in the early thirties; their songs—among them "That's What I Hate About Love" and "Kicking the Gong Around"—were introduced to the world by the bands of Cab Calloway, Jimmy Lunceford, and Duke Ellington. Ethel Waters, who did twelve encores after singing "Stormy Weather" on the opening night of the 1933 "Cotton Club Parade," referred to Arlen as "my son"; she considered him, she said, "the Negro-est white man I know."

Meet
MISS
SUBWAYS

Unusually for a songwriter, Arlen was also a great interpreter of his own work. His sexy, pliant vocals, one wag said, were "like someone singing with his fly open." Bing Crosby considered him "one of the best stylists I've ever heard." Even Noël Coward, with his punctilio for diction and display, wrote to Arlen, "I'm here to tell you that I would rather hear you sing your own songs than anybody else."

"Music doesn't argue, discuss, or quarrel," Arlen said. "It just breathes the air of freedom." But his liberating songs, full of buoyant triumph, are also imbued with a sense of loss. The bittersweet began almost at Arlen's birth, in Buffalo, New York, on February 15, 1905: his twin brother died the following day. Throughout Arlen's life, his parents, the fine-voiced cantor Samuel Arluck and his wife, Celia, refused to acknowledge him by the American first name he adopted. To the family, to his close friends, the survivor of the Arluck twins was always Chaim, the Hebrew word for "life."

From the age of seven, Arlen sang in the choir at his synagogue, where he was a constant witness to his father's musical virtuosity. "Pop had a perfect genius for finding new melodic twists," Arlen told this magazine in 1955. "I know damned well now that his glorious improvisations must have had some effect on me and my own style," he said in another interview. When Arlen was nine, his father started him on the piano, and by the time he was in his early teens he was sufficiently adroit to play at local cafés. He was, he said, "aping what jazz I heard at the time and superimposing on that my own ideas—which led to orchestrating and my beginnings." At fifteen, he formed his first professional band, Hyman Arluck's Snappy Trio. As the band's name suggested, Arlen wanted to shine in a modern, streamlined way. In 1921, at the age of sixteen, and against his parents' wishes, he left home.

America, Saul Bellow observed, liberated the European Jew from the control of his family and of the Jewish community. Certainly this was true of Arlen, who was able to put the provincial oppressiveness of his birthplace behind him. ("To commit suicide in Buffalo would be redundant," he once quipped.) His Orthodox parents spoke to each other in Yiddish (his diminutive, fragile mother, to the end of her days, signed her name with an "X") and maintained in their demeanor an Old World gravity; Arlen, with his debonair style and raffish sound, adopted an impudently American idiom. By 1928, Chaim (or Hyman) Arluck had recast himself as Harold Arlen, a name that combined his parents' surnames (his mother's maiden name was Orlin).

As a pianist, a vocalist, and an arranger with a series of bands—the Southbound Shufflers, the Yankee Six, the Buffalodians—Arlen made his way to New York to pursue his dream of becoming a vaudeville headliner. Once in the city, however, the reserved Arlen found auditions—"all those glaring, staring faces"—"demeaning." At an audition for a Shubert show, he tried out his repertoire on the boorish J. J. Shubert himself, who shuffled papers at his desk and paid no attention. In the middle of his tenth number, Arlen stopped. "What happened?" Shubert shouted. "I ran out of throat," Arlen said, and left.

Then, in 1929, he got a part in Vincent Youmans's musical "Great Day!" "One day, Fletcher Henderson, who was leading the orchestra during rehearsals, got sick and I was asked to sit at the piano," Arlen said. "I gave them the standard pickup that first day, but the next day I played it a little differently. I could never stay with one thing long—in melody at least. On the third day, I worked it around a bit more, and suddenly the whole company was asking, 'Say, what is that you're playing?'" Arlen added, "I didn't know; I wasn't composing anything, I was just improvising naturally." The songwriter Harry Warren happened to overhear the melody, which Arlen described as "a rhythm number with the feel of a spiritual." He found Arlen a lyricist, Ted Koehler, and the song became "Get Happy." Used as the finale of Ruth Selwyn's "9:15 Revue," the song earned Arlen fifty dollars a week and was soon what he called "a noisy song," a classic. "I never stopped from that day on," he said.

In 1933, *Billboard* heralded Shakespeare as the most prolific playwright in history, and Arlen as the most prolific composer. Judging by his diaries, Arlen, who eventually wrote the music for eight Broadway shows and thirty films, understood his own prodigious talent and served it with a humble rigor. "Inside a world of sound, he is always courageous, intelligent, incapable of cliché," Capote said. "His songs invariably contain some melodic surprise, some difficulty, which is why he has not had the recognition he deserves." Of Arlen's signature octave leaps, Oscar Hammerstein, Jr., said, "You are listening to sweet and caressing notes and suddenly the tune flies up and away and you are carried with it. This is thrilling."

To Arlen, the arrival of a song was a sort of blessing. "You wonder later, in mystery, how it all happens," he said. His daily quest was to find what he called "the unsought phrase." "He tries to be different," Mercer explained. "He won't let a simple phrase take him where it would ordinarily lead somebody else." "When your daemon is in charge do not try to think consciously," reads a newspaper snippet that Arlen clipped to his journal. "Drift, wait, and obey." Arlen was also in the habit of invoking his unconscious through prayer. Before he began his day's work at the piano, he lowered his eyes, brought his hands together, and put himself in a worshipful state of mind—a gesture that bemused his less pious collaborators. "When he gets to the piano, it's a feeling of witchcraft," Harburg said of Arlen's ritual. "He'll spit three times and almost talk to the chords, talk to God. He does it humorously, but behind the humor are all sorts of superstitions and beliefs." Sometimes, as Ira Gershwin's archivist Lawrence Stewart recalled in his diaries, Arlen used prayer for baser purposes. In 1934, he was writing his first Broadway show, "Life Begins at 8:40," with Harburg and Ira Gershwin, while George Gershwin was working on "Porgy and Bess." Stewart writes, "Harold was in his 'inspiration' period. Even the most perfunctory verse required inspiration from 'the fellow upstairs,' Harold would say, pointing to the ceiling. Once, Ira returned from visiting George—they lived across the street from each other on 72nd Street—Harold was there, and he told Harold where he'd been. Harold turned to the street window, clasped his hands together in prayer and said, 'George, don't make it too good!'"

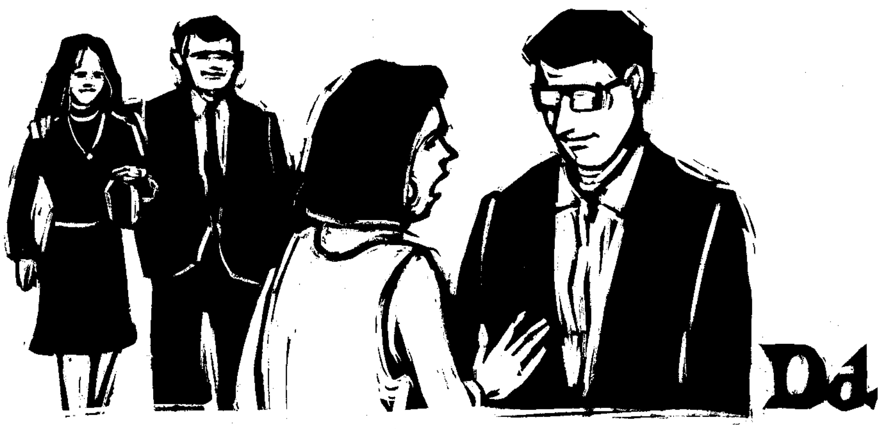
"Harold is a very, very melancholy person," Harburg said. "Inside, deeply religious." Arlen was good, however, at hiding the melancholy. He showed the world only a fine form: a cocky walk, a well-cut suit, a boutonniere, or "bluie," as he called it, whatever the flower's color. He had a raucous laugh and a loosey-goosey public manner. "The only time I ever saw him angry was . . . many years ago," the songwriter Jimmy van Heusen said in 1947. "He threw his brother and myself out of his apartment with a shower of books after I had naïvely said, 'Who in the hell is Stravinsky?' while he was playing 'The Rite of Spring' on the phonograph." Arlen's sense of fun made him good company—he was an avid golfer, a competitive tennis player, and a compulsive sports fan—but his need for privacy set him apart. "I'm not an easy man to get to, I know that," he said. "I don't have the talent for talking that some of my contemporaries have. Everything I feel, everything I want to say, I pour out in my manuscripts." Harburg said, "You take a song like his rousing hit 'Get Happy.' Sing it slowly. Examine it. It's painful! He's never liberated from that . . . *thing* hanging over him."

In his diary, a small, haphazardly kept omnium-gatherum, Arlen set down axioms, vocabulary words, and quotes from a wide-ranging reading list—Marcus Aurelius, Aristotle, Santayana, Nietzsche. Among the collection of philosophical epigrams, in special brackets and underlined, is a quote from Rilke: "Works of art are of an intimate loneliness. Only love can grip and fairly judge them. Consider yourself and your feeling right every time." When it came to his musical impulses, Arlen was vigilant. He always carried a pad and a pencil in his coat pocket to catch the fleeting musical ideas he called "jots." Inspiration could come at any time, but walking was his most consistent catalyst. "The momentum, the rhythm sets up something in me where I get ideas," he said. One crisp winter morning early in his composing career, Arlen left his apartment at the Croyden Hotel, on East Eighty-sixth Street, with Koehler, en route to the Brill Building, at Broadway and Forty-seventh. Arlen wanted to walk there. Koehler lobbied for a taxi. "No, this is good for you," Arlen told him. Koehler recalled, "He said, 'Just make believe this is a big parade, and you're marching.' . . . And he started humming this march and imitating the drums and the trombones and everything. He hit a couple of strains. I stopped walking and said, 'It sounds pretty good.' . . . By the time we got to the Brill Building, 'I Love a Parade' was almost finished."

Arlen's most sensational inspiration came in the late thirties in Beverly Hills, where he lived from 1935 to 1954, when Hollywood was a boomtown for the makers of musicals. (It "loomed up like the Parthenon . . . to me," Arlen said.) He and Harburg were close to finishing "The Wizard of Oz," but Arlen was bedevilled by the composition, long overdue, of a ballad that would transport Dorothy from the black-and-white tribulations of Kansas to the colorful utopian world of Oz. In frustration, he decided to take a break and go to a matinée at Grauman's Chinese Theatre with his wife, Anya. He was too anxious to drive. "I wasn't thinking about work. I just wanted to relax," he recalled. "And as we drove past Schwab's Drugstore I said, 'Pull over, please.' She knew what I meant." He added, "It was as if the Lord said, 'Well, here it is, now stop worrying about it.'" The miracle was not immediately visible to others. Arlen played "the nugget" to Harburg, who said that the symphonic sweep was "not for little Dorothy! That's for Nelson Eddy." Ira Gershwin, another émigré from Depression-devastated Broadway, was called in to break the standoff; he liked the melody, so Harburg set it. When Gershwin heard Harburg's lyrics, he cried. He didn't, however, think the song ended properly, and he improvised a coda: "If happy little bluebirds fly / Beyond the rainbow / Why oh why can't I?"

"Nothing is more beautiful than a word fitly spoken," Arlen wrote in his diary, quoting Marcus Aurelius. He didn't believe in the dividing line between composer and lyricist. "It's the collaboration," he said. Each of Arlen's partners lent a distinctive flavor to his songs: Koehler gave him colloquial directness; Mercer gave him cool; Harburg gave him wit. "All my collaborators react differently," Arlen told me when I interviewed him about Harburg, in the late seventies. "I have an idea. I don't know how to use it, but I know what they will react to. I know what makes them bubble." He went on, "Certain tunes hit the first time, others take a while. I have a trick. If you have a tune, you tease. You don't play it first. You play it second."

Sometimes one lyricist's missed opportunity was another's gold mine. In



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1954, when Arlen was working with Ira Gershwin on the film "A Star Is Born," he would arrive at "the Gershwin Plantation," at 1021 North Roxbury Drive, in Beverly Hills, at around two-thirty each afternoon with his tan briefcase in hand. He'd sit down at the Steinway in the living room, while Ira worked on the lyrics at a card table. As Arlen started to improvise, according to Lawrence Stewart, Ira "moves to a cat-clawed green armchair nearer the piano, where he sits with Calliope, the Siamese, on his lap and pets her abstractedly as he smokes a cigar. He puts his glasses upon his forehead, leans back and closes his eyes as he moves his hands in tempo with the music. Silence—discussion—the repetition of a melodic theme and the analysis of an idea. . . . The writing of another song has begun." At one point, while Arlen was exploring a "dive number" for the film, Ira's wife, Leonore, called down the stairs, "It sounds like George!" "That threw Harold into a kind of panic," Stewart said. "Without thinking, he started playing this tune which he had in the back of his head. He played a few bars of it, and of course, as he said, he knew it would hook Ira instantly." Arlen was playing a song he'd worked on with Johnny Mercer, whose lyrics began:

> I've seen Sequoia, it's really very pretty,
> The art of Goya and Rockefeller City,
> But since I saw you, I can't believe my
> eyes.
> You're one of them there things
> That comes equipped with wings:
> It walks, it talks, it sings.

The weak lines made the melody, Arlen said, sound "puny"; Gershwin's dramatic new words made it "like the Rock of Gibraltar." The song became "The Man That Got Away":

> The night is bitter,
> The stars have lost their glitter,
> The wind grows colder,
> And suddenly you're older,
> And all because of
> The man that got away.

Until the score was finished, Gershwin swore Arlen to secrecy about it. One weekend, at the Tamarisk golf course, in Palm Springs, Arlen ran into the star of the film, Judy Garland, and her husband, Sid Luft, who was producing it. True to his word, Arlen said nothing about the songs. Then, in the middle of the round, as Arlen wrote in Gershwin's excellent "Lyrics on Several Occasions":

> I started to whistle, very softly. I don't know what tempted me. She was about twenty yards away—it was a kind of tease and I couldn't stand it. I love Ira and I love Judy, and, well, I just whistled the main phrase of "The Man That Got Away." Suddenly, third or fourth whistle, Judy turned around. "Harold, what are you whistling?" "Nothing. I don't know." This continued.
>
> "Harold, what are you whistling? Don't tell me it's something from the picture." I said no. "Harold, I've got an idea it must be from the picture—don't hold out on me." Finally, on the eighteenth hole, Sid hit the ball 320 yards into a sand trap, and while he dug it out, Judy insisted: "Harold, there's a piano in the clubhouse, and you've got to play it." . . . So I played both songs, and—well—they were the first songs, the script wasn't finished, it was their first picture—and they went wild with joy.

"I can't tell about melodies until I hear the lyric," Arlen said. One song he was certain about, however, was "Blues in the Night"—which he deemed "one of the high points of knowing in my life" and also his only authentic blues song. "The whole thing poured out," he said. "And I knew in my guts, without even thinking what Johnny could write for a lyric, that this was strong, strong, strong!" Like many of Arlen's melodies, "Blues in the Night" departed from the thirty-two-bar Tin Pan Alley formula. It was fifty-eight bars long: a typical "Arlen tapeworm," as he called it. Other "winding songs" by Arlen include "That Ole Black Magic" (seventy-two bars), "The Man That Got Away" (sixty-two bars), and "Ill Wind" (forty bars). "When Mercer wrote 'Blues in the Night,' I went over his lyric and I started to hum it over at his desk," Arlen told Alec Wilder. "It sounded marvellous once I got to the second stanza but that first twelve was weak tea. On the third or fourth page of his work sheets I saw some lines—one of them was 'My momma done tol' me, when I was in knee pants.' I said, 'Why don't you try that?' It was one of the very few times I've ever suggested anything like that to John."

When they finished, Mercer called his friend the singer Margaret Whiting, who'd had hits with "That Ole Black Magic" and "Come Rain or Come Shine," and asked if he and Arlen could come over right away. Whiting suggested that they wait until later that evening, around ten, because she had guests for dinner. "Who's there?" Mercer said. Whiting's guest list included Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Mel Tormé, and

Martha Raye. “My God, we’re coming right over,” Mercer said. As Whiting recalls, “They came in the back door, sat down at the piano, and played the score of ‘Blues in the Night.’ I remember forever the reaction. Mel got up and said, ‘I can’t believe it.’ Martha couldn’t say a word. Mickey Rooney said, ‘That’s the greatest thing I’ve ever heard.’ Judy Garland said, ‘Play it again.’ ” Whiting continues, “We had them play it seven times. Judy and I ran to the piano to see who was gonna learn it first. It was a lovely night.”

“Don’t waste your energy on the ugly,” Arlen wrote in his diary. “Save it for the beautiful.” Anya Taranda, a lithe Busby Berkeley showgirl, was certainly that. They met during “Earl Carroll’s Vanities of 1932,” a revue in which Arlen and Koehler had four songs, including “I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues”; Taranda was in the chorus. At the time, her face was far more publicized than Arlen’s—she was the “Breck Girl.” She and Arlen formed a deep, passionate attachment. “There are no words to express the fullness of my heart when I wish you success, but I know you will understand and words are unnecessary,” she wrote to him in 1934 on the opening night of “Life Begins at 8:40.” The couple lived together for nearly three years, while Arlen procrastinated about marriage. (His parents objected to their son marrying outside their faith.) In 1937, after they attended “The Show Is On,” Arlen slipped a note under Anya’s hotel-room door: “Dearest Anya— We’re getting married tomorrow—’bout time, don’t you think?”

Although the marriage put an end to their romantic stalemate, as Arlen’s biographer Edward Jablonski tactfully writes, “an undercurrent of censure and bitterness remained.” The Syracuse *American Journal* ran a picture of the handsome couple, Arlen with pipe and double-breasted suit, holding hands with his stunning bride; the headline above it read, “SYRACUSAN SAID TO HAVE TAKEN ANYA TARANDA, CINEMA ACTRESS, AS BRIDE, BUT ‘IT’S ALL NEWS TO ME’ SAYS HIS MOTHER.” Celia Arluck could never reconcile herself to Anya. “Mama wasn’t very kind to Anya,” Rita Arlen, the wife of Arlen’s younger brother, Jerry, told me. “She was nasty, rude.”

Arlen began his married life in Hollywood. His home movies—which, through the decades, have become an invaluable and much reproduced witness to Hollywood at play in the late thirties and forties—are a record of his wonder at the sweetness of his new existence. On these reels is all of Arlen’s carefree society: the Gershwins playing tennis; Harburg doing the hula as a dog pulls his grass skirt to his ankles; Al Jolson wearing a camel-hair coat in the middle of summer; Dorothy Fields diving into a swimming pool. Anya is frequently filmed as well, but she is almost always alone: reading by the pool; walking Stormy and Pan, the Arlens’ two cocker spaniels; doing a dance step in front of Arlen’s newfangled camera.

The soft-spoken Anya lacked her husband’s social confidence. Her beauty was disarming, but she had no other resources for dealing with the world. To fill his days, Arlen had his music and his golf, which he played hard from 1941 to 1954—“The game consumed me,” he said of the long, raucous afternoons he spent at the Hillcrest Country Club with the “Pitch and Putt Society,” whose members included Jack Benny, George Burns, and Groucho Marx. Anya had only Arlen. With time on her hands and few friends, she gradually became isolated and distraught, depressed at Arlen’s long absences. Even sleep was difficult; she relied on pills to calm her. Her insecurity made parties problematic. There were jealous flareups over Arlen’s collaboration with Dorothy Fields. But until her emotional outbursts made her unhappiness incontrovertible her self-absorbed husband was slow to take notice. Arlen, who habitually avoided professional confrontation, also tiptoed out of the way of domestic turmoil. To avoid his wife’s explosions, he would often leave the house before she got up in the morning, playing thirty-six holes of golf and sometimes even staying away for the night. “There were times when he was found sleeping on someone’s lawn in Beverly Hills,” Jablonski writes. Anya’s state of mind was not improved by the relocation of Arlen’s parents to California, in 1949. (On one occasion, she even slapped her mother-in-law in the face.) “Harold seemed devoted to her,” Stewart wrote of Anya. “Yet he would never . . . give himself totally to her. This emotional

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retreat is the cause . . . of the tragedy."

Anya grew more and more volatile. In 1943, the Arlens' Beverly Hills home burned down under suspicious circumstances. Anya threatened her husband and others with physical harm. "Ralph Blane says she chased him around the . . . home in Hollywood with a butcher knife," the songwriter Hugh Martin recalled of one of his collaborators. In 1951, Anya had to be institutionalized. Arlen couldn't face the heartbreak of taking her to the sanitarium, so he delegated the job to his brother Jerry, who was also a professional musician and conductor. Arlen would go to see Anya and sign her out for long periods; these leaves of absence, however, did not improve her mental state. In 1953, Lawrence Stewart sat with Arlen at a Gershwin soirée as he watched some of his home movies. "His wife kept appearing in them," Stewart noted in his diary. "Everyone in the room carefully avoided mentioning her, but Harold pointed her out to me, saying, 'Glad am I / Sad am I' sotto voce from 'Yesterdays,' by Jerome Kern. . . . He was deeply moved and saddened, I could see."

Anya was institutionalized for seven years—she took up life with Arlen again in New York in 1958—and during that time Arlen stepped out with many glamorous women, Gloria Vanderbilt and Marlene Dietrich among them. "You're a married man and you should not be running around with other women," his mother scolded him. Nonetheless, when esophageal bleeding sent Arlen to the hospital, Dietrich was found in his hospital bed. Anya's return to Arlen's life was not without incident. "When they were living here on Fifty-fifth Street, she tried to poison him," Rita Arlen said. "She gave him poison and Dr. Chattel pumped it out." Rita also described the routine when Arlen set off for his office. Anya would "stand in the doorway and put her arms out and not let him leave the house," she said. "As soon as Harold was at the office, she would call and call. He would say, 'Tell her I didn't arrive.'"

In his diary, Arlen quotes Montaigne: "For we call a wife good and a marriage happy not because they are but because no one can say the contrary." He secluded himself with Anya behind the walls of their elegant ten-room apartment in the San Remo, on Central Park West; he also erected a wall of silence around the subject of his marriage. "We could never talk about Anya," Rita said. "When Anya was living"—she died of a brain tumor, in 1970—"we rarely saw Harold. In the whole lifetime of my marriage, Anya was in my home twice." Brief notations in Arlen's diary from 1966 gloss his grief: "A—rough"; "A—again surly"; "Rough it has been with A." "Dear Dear Annie," Arlen wrote to his wife on the eve of her brain surgery. "So little time and such sorrow."

In the forties and fifties, stuck in the tormented limbo of his marriage, Arlen produced some of his most gorgeous harmonies, most of them for the Broadway stage. His scores for "Bloomer Girl," "Jamaica," and "House of Flowers" were sumptuous and full of an eloquent longing for love ("Right as the Rain," "Cocoanut Sweet," "A Sleepin' Bee") and for freedom ("The Eagle and Me," "I Don't Think I'll End It All Today"). The scores proved more memorable than the shows; in the case of "House of Flowers," which ran for only a hundred and thirty-seven performances, Wilder wrote, the score "was simply too elegant, too subtle, too far beyond the deteriorating taste of an expense-account clientele."

"Creation never exhausts itself or comes to the end of its design," Arlen wrote on a piece of music paper that he wedged in his diary. But the marketplace exhausted him. Anya's death coincided with the dawning in popular music of what Arlen called "the percussive age." He had written blues, calypso, even introduced the steel drum to Broadway, but rock and roll now ruled the airwaves, putting paid to the musical idiom that Arlen had dominated for nearly forty years. After writing the score, with Harburg, for the animated film "Gay Purr-ee" (1962), Arlen began to retreat from the world of musical entertainment. "Have been very busy going to the barber," he joked to Mercer in 1963. There were attempts to coax him back to work. He flirted with musical collaborations with Dory Langdon Previn, Martin Charnin, and Leonard Melfi; Harburg intermittently tried to wheedle songs out of him. And Irving Berlin, who spoke to Arlen by phone daily, tried to coax him out of his seclusion. "I've shot my wad"—Arlen's response when Berlin suggested that he put together a one-man show of his songs—became the title of Berlin's birthday poem for Arlen in 1977. "A nightingale looked up to God / And said, 'Dear God, I've shot my wad, / No longer can I do my thing, / Dear God, no longer can I sing.'" God replies, in his omniscience invoking the name of the president of ASCAP:

> Don't be a schmuck
> No nightingale has had such luck,
> Your songs have built a golden nest
> For Stanley Adams and the rest.
> They're praying for the moment when
> You get off your ass and sing again.

Arlen never did. In the nine years that remained to him, he avoided people and rarely ventured out. Toward the end of his life, a business associate, fearing that if Arlen had no heir his music publisher would lay claim to his catalogue, suggested that he legally adopt Jerry's twenty-two-year-old son, Sam, in order to extend his copyright. Against Rita's objections, Jerry agreed to the adoption. "I want Sam to have a better life," he said. Sam, who is a saxophonist, now bills himself as "the son of Harold Arlen" and gets about seventy-five per cent of Arlen's trust, which amounts to more than half a million dollars a year. ("Harold experienced tremendous joy when his son Samuel was born on February 1, 1956," says the "Official Harold Arlen Website," which was set up by Sam Arlen.)

When Arlen died, of cancer, Rita and Jerry took on the task of dismantling his apartment. They discovered that, since Anya's death, sixteen years earlier, Arlen had maintained a kind of mausoleum for her. "In the closets were Anya's clothes," Rita said. "In the dressing room he had her perfume tray with her makeup and cologne covered with a silk scarf." The nurses who took care of Arlen in his last days told Rita that he would often take a gown of Anya's out of the closet and hold on to it and remember where they'd gone when she was wearing it. "I think he lived in the memory of their young life together, the romantic part of their life," Rita said. In the end, with the marvellous consigned to memory instead of to music, Arlen's destiny was the one described in his most poignant love song, "Last Night When We Were Young," written with Harburg:

> Today the world is old
> You flew away and time grew cold,
> Where is that star that seemed so bright,
> Ages ago last night. ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

Magic for Beginners, *by Kelly Link (Small Beer Press; $24).* Link's second collection has a *McSweeney's*-like tendency to digress, but does so without irony. Whether describing witches filled with ants that carry pieces of time, or an orange-juice-colored corduroy couch that looks as if it "has just escaped from a maximum security prison for criminally insane furniture," these stories examine American middle- and lower-middle-class life from unexpected angles that mix fairy tale, science fiction, and zaniness. In Link's worlds, a village takes refuge in a magical handbag, and a convenience store serves zombies as an experiment in retail. Two stories with zombies is perhaps too many, though the first effectively marries humor and horror. Reading Link, one has a sense that sometimes a person needs to wander off for a better perspective, and sometimes a person simply needs to wander off.

A Sudden Country, *by Karen Fisher (Random House; $24.95).* Starting with a few facts of her own ancestors' migration to Oregon, in 1847, Fisher has written a deeply affecting account of the journey West. Lucy Mitchell is travelling—much against her wishes—with her second husband and children from both marriages. The family hires as its driver James MacLaren, a former Hudson Bay Company cartographer and trader accustomed to hardship, yet freshly stung by greater loss than any of them imagine. Both Lucy and James are rich, complex characters, and each feels the other's pull among the many needs, duties, and persistent ghosts of the journey. The writing is assured, and the novel succeeds in rendering not only the overwhelming landscape and the small, hard details of daily life but monumental sorrow and the meanderings of love in its many channels.

Meet Miss Subways

The People's Tycoon, *by Steven Watts (Knopf; $30).* By the early nineteen-twenties, half of all cars on the road were Ford Model Ts, and Henry Ford was one of the most widely quoted men in America. This sturdy biography credits Ford with having, more than anyone else, "created the American Century," spearheading a vast consumer revolution by his mastery of "the mechanisms of modern publicity." When his first attempts at auto production failed, Ford captivated the nation with a series of audacious publicity stunts. His maverick populism made him the first tycoon to be a hero to ordinary Americans, but it was a short step from his early tirades against East Coast bankers and intellectuals to the anti-Semitic crusades that now mar his legacy. Watts somewhat underplays recently discovered evidence of Ford's collaboration—through a German subsidiary—with the Nazi regime, preferring to concentrate on the man who embodied the maxim "To make a sensation, be one."

Night Draws Near, *by Anthony Shadid (Henry Holt; $26).* On April 9, 2003, Shadid, a Washington *Post* reporter, witnessed the toppling of Saddam's statue in Firdaus Square; a year later, he watched as American troops encircled the square with razor wire, with orders to shoot anyone who crossed it. With that, he writes, the "first lasting image of the American entry . . . had emerged as a symbol again—this time, of a city returned to the precipice." Shadid won a Pulitzer for his work in Iraq, and his account of the invasion and its uncertain aftermath is both stark and profoundly humane. He visits a father who was forced to execute his son, whose only crime was coöperating with Americans; a cleric who wears a 9-mm. pistol on each hip; and a destitute fourteen-year-old girl who, in her diary, asks God to protect her from bombs. Shadid's concern isn't Pentagon policy but the interior life of the occupation, where the goals of the American mission remain, for the Iraqis he meets, tragically abstract.

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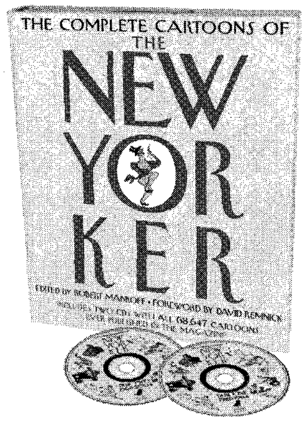

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"Proof," "The Weeping Meadow."

BY ANTHONY LANE

Not long ago, in "Sylvia," Gwyneth Paltrow played a suicidal poet. Now, in "Proof," she plays a mathematician steeped in mourning and mental agony. The question we must address to Ms. Paltrow, for her own good, goes as follows: Is there no end to your quest for frolicsome, girlish fun? When are you going to snap out of this oo-la-la and knuckle down to some serious roles? The new character is Catherine, aged twenty-seven, and so consumed by events within her own brain that those outside it are met with either blankness or a sniping disdain. For the past few years, Catherine has lived in Chicago with her father, Robert (Anthony Hopkins), himself a math wizard of Dumbledore proportions. Sadly, those years have seen the unravelling of his sanity; his work has apparently frayed to nothing, his personal habits have coarsened, and Catherine, rather than commit him to professional care, has chosen to tend him at home. In the opening scene, she marvels that he can discuss his madness so soberly while remaining mad. He agrees, but adds, with a smile, "I'm also dead."

It's a smart little kicker; you don't see it coming, and it gets the movie going. We know at once that Robert's suffering has ended ("Aneurysm, sixty-three years old"), and that Catherine's is gaining momentum; we know, too, that she is capable of holding conversations with a deceased parent, which hints that she may have inherited his friability of mind. On the tactical side, it allows the director, John Madden, to probe another angle of encounter between his characters—to prise open what already promises to be a tight, not to say airless, family drama. "Proof" began life as a play by David Auburn, who has adapted it with Rebecca Miller, and what ensues is a devout communal effort, tricked out with various hops through time and space, to make us forget that it was a piece of theatre in the first place.

Needless to say, the attempt is in vain. There is something incorrigibly stage-bound, for instance, simply about the way in which Hal (Jake Gyllenhaal) arrives on the scene. We have hardly heard of him until now, but it emerges that he has been lurking upstairs in Catherine's house—supposedly going through Robert's notebooks and setting them in order, though he has the air of a kid who has stood pertly in the wings and awaited his cue. Hal is a math freak, as was Catherine before she was swamped by her father's demands; the rest of the film offers an anxious patrolling of the border between the superrational and the disturbed, or, if you prefer, a sweaty, three-horse race designed to establish which of our three heroes is best at sums. Not Hal, for sure. He's a pacemaker for a couple of furlongs, but then he finds the Proof, and the other two thoroughbreds take the lead.

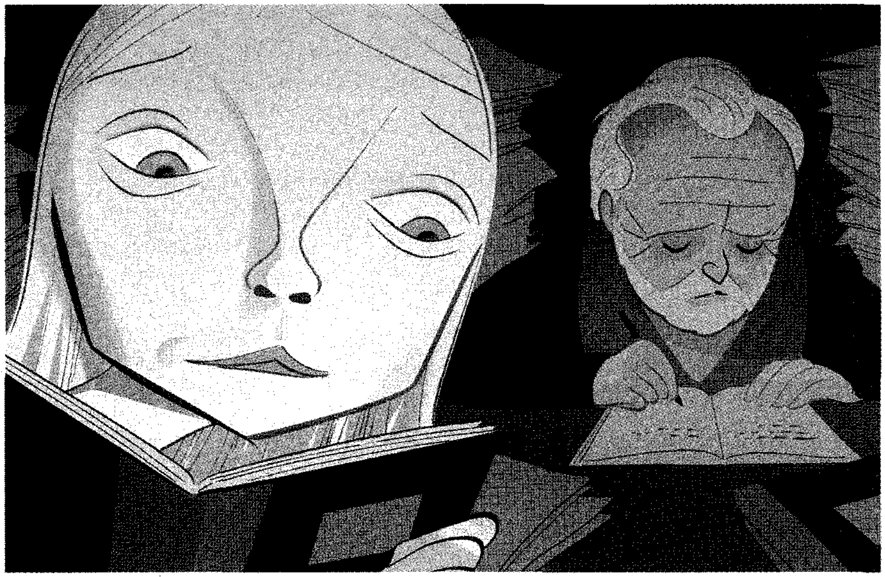
The Proof resides in a notebook, under lock and key. Catherine claims to have written it, but the handwriting is a match for her father's, and other people, confronted with the evidence, regard her as a blend of amanuensis and thief. What is proved is the theory of the Germain prime—an eternal teaser, which states that, if p is a particular prime number, $2p+1$ will also be a prime. This is tossed in casually, yet I must admit that it not only tweaked my interest but kept me occupied, as on a long car journey, during all the dreary, often snow-muffled flashbacks in which Catherine and Robert thrash out their emotional differences. As with so much popular science, "Proof" wants to tickle us by glamorizing the intensity of mathematical thought, with its notoriously short burn and other risks, but doesn't dare to frighten or offend the customers by actually showing them, however briefly, what such thinking might look like. If Gwyneth Paltrow had stopped sulking, turned to face the camera, and fired off twenty solid minutes on why 5 and 11 are Germain primes but 7 isn't, I would have left the movie theatre bewildered but happy. As it was, I left with the glum sensation of having spent the last hundred minutes with my integers trapped in a drawer.

Does Hope Davis feel the same way? She plays Claire, Catherine's non-abnormal sister, and we are encouraged, naturally, to despise her for that normality. (It's almost a definition of highbrow modern theatre: middle-class people pay to sit for three hours and have their lives exposed and scarified. Everybody wins: the playwright goes home convinced that he has changed their raison d'être, and they go out to dinner perfectly content that he hasn't.) Claire flies in from New York, where, unlike Catherine, she has (boo!) a job, and (hiss!) a fiancé, and (avaunt thee, Satan!) nice clothes. She despairs of her lank-haired, wonky sibling, and they soon lock antlers over the vexed question of jojoba conditioner. Claire can't even get the patient to eat. "Have a banana," she says, becoming the first person to utter that line since Louis Prima said it to Mowgli in "The Jungle Book." Unlike King Louie, however, Claire does not follow up her offer with a sprightly rendition of "I Wanna Be Like You," although you can't help praying that she would. This movie needs all the swingers it can get.

The trouble with "Proof" is that, however efficiently it completes its task, you have to ask whether the job was worth starting. The kind of narrative conceit that can grip and gratify onstage has a nasty habit, once transferred to film—a more ductile and silvery medium, less tolerant of constructed argument—of seeming merely pleased with itself. (That may be why Tom Stoppard has largely restricted himself to adapting other people's work for the screen. "Arcadia," an infinitely finer play than "Proof," though skirting similar issues, is probably unfilmable.) Anthony Hopkins seems unusually distracted here, as if he were holding his own performance at arm's length (the same thing happened in "The Human Stain"); the scenes of crazy chatter arouse him more, or weary him less, than the mathematical ones, and that tips his whole character to one side. As for Paltrow, who previously played Catherine in the London production of "Proof," she seems glued into place. In retrospect, I can barely remember her walking throughout the picture, let alone smiling, and if she goes on delivering lines like "I thought that you seemed not boring" to boring men, audiences may quickly forget that, once upon a time, she knew how to turn up the heat. In her final voice-over, she declares, "If I could go back to the beginning, I could make it better." Prove it.

What is the difference between "The Traveling Players," Theo Angelopoulos's most famous movie, released in 1975, and his latest effort, "The Weeping Meadow"? Well, the former takes its time—four hours or so—whereas the latter zips by in a natty, practically hectic two hours and forty-three minutes. Also, "The Traveling Players" guided us through modern Greek history from 1939 to 1952, in the company of itinerant actors, whereas now, in a complete change of tack, Angelopoulos uses wandering musicians as his chorus, and the chronological frame extends from 1919 to the aftermath of the Second World War. Still, it's hard to escape the impression of a story that he is driven to tell and retell, like an epic poem, as if the telling were the sole means of keeping it alive.

Mind you, if you stopped people as they came out of "The Weeping Meadow" and asked for a recitation of the major political shifts in Greece during the second quarter of the twentieth century, you would be met with vacant stares. Angelopoulos does not relate the story of his country so much as linger amid the whispered backstories of its citizens, and we are somehow left to fill in the shadowy gaps. Few countries in Europe can match the evolving unhappiness, the constant reseeding of grievance, that has been the lot of Greece since the War of Independence, in the eighteen-twenties, and you instinctively sense that bitter legacy lurking behind the film; yet the violence of both past and present is largely kept offstage, like a distant gunshot. The opening scene shows a weary, funereal herd of people on the bank of a Stygian river, returning—as we are informed by a voice-over—from Odessa to Thessaloníki, "city of refugees," in 1919. The fact is that Thessaloníki had been restored to Greece only six years earlier, at the end of the Balkan War, and by 1922 the "Great Idea," dreamed and brooded over for generations, that the country would swell to liberate Greek communities beyond its existing borders, would be halted and savaged by events in Anatolia. Heaven knows, you shouldn't have to research such tangled matters before going out to a movie, yet they may account for the extraordinary twining of opposites that we find in Angelopoulos as in no other director: on the one hand, the immanence of something grave and rooted, with half the characters standing on the spot or sliding to their knees, and, on the other, the slow glide of provisional populations forever on the move, seeking the embrace of a home that they can barely hope to reach or, far worse, that may no longer exist.


Gwyneth Paltrow and Anthony Hopkins are a mathematical family in "Proof."

ERIC PALMA

The clear outcome of this, Angelopoulos's tribute to both expectation and despair, is his trademark shot: a steady sideways track, as imperturbable as a glacier and about as easy to divert, followed by a stately withdrawal to reveal the majesty, or the horror, of his chosen spectacle. Or consider the head-on view of a family home, to which we are introduced early in the movie; later, we see it again, but this time the camera continues to travel calmly to the left to show slaughtered livestock hanging from the tree outside, like giant fruit. The family itself feels a secondary affair, defined not psychologically but by ancient gestures of betrayal, defiance, and loss. Alexis, the blandly beautiful son, impregnates the uncomplaining Eleni, an orphan from the Black Sea who has lived with them pretty much as his sister; just to thicken the air of near-incest, Alexis's father tries to marry the poor girl, who elopes with Alexis instead. And so begins their life on the road, funded by the moan of his accordion.

All the bits make Angelopoulos as open to parody as Antonioni, and just as liable to hypnotic longueur. Even those who march out of "The Weeping Meadow," however, must concede that it could not have been created by anybody else. Furthermore, how can one not revere a movie director who causes the printers of travel brochures to cry out in distress? The Greece of sun, sand, and sea is not open for business here, Angelopoulos having decided that grandeur, grief, and grayness are more his line of work. Away with the dispiriting high spirits of the Zorba cult; in with the more reticent, rain-backed—and more authentic—spectacle of men sitting at thin-legged café tables, with small cups of coffee and backgammon boards. Most of them dress in hats and suits, as though we had drifted into a crimeless gangster flick, while the women all conduct themselves like widows, or widows-to-be. If, by any chance, you cannot shake the heavy spell of such images, be not afraid; the full title of this movie is "Trilogy: The Weeping Meadow." There are two more parts to come, though where they will finally lead I have no clue. The Communist ascendancy during and after the war? The fascistic, American-backed rule of the Colonels that lasted until the mid-seventies? Yesterday's rush hour in Athens? Even the serene Angelopoulos might be tested by that. ♦

THE THEATRE

TALKING THE TALK

The Globe goes Elizabethan.

BY JOHN LAHR

Over the years, in efforts to make Shakespeare our contemporary, "Romeo and Juliet" has been reimagined as a Miami gang war, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" has been staged in a white box with trapezes and circus tricks, "As You Like It" has been reset in the nineteen-forties, and "The Comedy of Errors" has been interpreted in hip-hop; in fact, we've seen Shakespeare performed in every which way but the original way. Now, however, every Wednesday through the end of September, Shakespeare's Globe Theatre, in London, is staging "Troilus and Cressida," a rueful comic meditation on war's delirium, in Early Modern English, or "Original Pronunciation"—a novel aural simulacrum of Elizabethan delivery as it was before the eighteenth century standardized the spelling and, inevitably, the speaking of the Bard.

An Original Pronunciation "Troilus and Cressida" misses the mark.

ROBERT RISKO

Hamlet, when instructing his actors, urges them to "speak the speech . . . trippingly on the tongue." When you consider the rudiments of Original Pronunciation, it becomes clear that Hamlet is telling them not just to pick up the pace but to put the pedal to the metal. According to the linguist David Crystal, the author of "Pronouncing Shakespeare"—a book about the Globe's 2004 Original Pronunciation staging of "Romeo and Juliet"—that speed was facilitated by the Elizabethan habit of skidding over consonants and dropping vowel sounds in the middle of words. (These tendencies can be seen in the original folio spellings: "frien(d)s," "woulds(t)," "clo(th)es," "meas'ring," "liv'ry," "nat'ral.") The Elizabethans also dropped their final "g"s ("runnin'," "dancin'," "movin' "), and, even more shocking to our bourgeois ears today, they dropped their "h"s.

All this has a certain fascination, and, as "Troilus and Cressida" unfolds, the rolled "r"s, the elided pronouns, and the longer, tenser vowels give the audience a frisson of extra drama. The earthy regional sounds ruffle the familiar strut of Shakespeare's eloquence and root the language more in the belly than in the larynx. As the antique idiom washes over the mostly roofless auditorium, the audience struggles to suss out the odd bouquet of sound, savoring the hints of Irish, Yorkshire, and Welsh, each with its own verbal spice.

Still, sound must also serve sense. The performers at the Globe may live up to Hamlet's admonition about swiftness, but they stumble over his second piece of advice: "Suit the action to the word, the word to the action." The actors here aren't feeling the words they strain to pronounce. Troilus (David Sturzaker) is boyish enough, but he generates no genuine passion, either for the romantic ideal of Cressida or for her carnal conquest. Soaring Shakespearean lines, such as "Her hand / In whose comparison all whites are ink," evaporate like a cough in the theatre. Likewise, Cressida's wit and boldness fail to come through in Juliet Rylance's stiff and humdrum rendering.

Crystal writes that, because forming the elongated vowels put more pressure on the jaw, Original Pronunciation "pulled the emotions forward." Forward the emotions may be, but parsed they aren't. Shakespeare's feverish impasto of language comes across here as a watercolor. The barbarous vanity of the two swaggering Greek warriors Ajax and Achilles is almost lost; the irony between word and deed is unfocussed. While it's true that the concept of a director didn't exist in the Elizabethan theatre (the actors directed themselves), there seems to be a reason that no one wants to take credit for directing this "Troilus and Cressida." By my estimate, only about thirty per cent of the production, which is unamplified, is comprehensible; the waves of words produce a mesmerizing static, sort of like listening to poetry underwater. I had to read along to get the full meaning, a problem that was only compounded by the fact that a large number of the battle-hardened Greek soldiers—Ulysses, Nestor, and Agamemnon included—are played by women. This creates its own incidental hilarity. When Diomedes brings Cressida into the Greek camp, she is passed around to the generals like nuts at Christmas. "I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady," Achilles says, kissing her. The scene, which on paper is full of murky and powerful psychosexual tension, is staged, of course, with no whiff of sensuality. And since three of the panjandrums are played by women, it accidentally becomes a kind of Freudian nightmare. "For Venus' sake, give me a kiss," Ulysses says, bringing a sapphic surprise to the moment. The scurrilous fool Thersites (Colin Hurley), who inveighs against corruption in both camps—"Lechery, lechery, still wars and lechery, nothing else holds fashion"—adds to the general incomprehensibility here by being almost entirely inaudible, only very occasionally throwing up a scrap of identifiable thought. The audience gets the broad point of his speeches, but not the nuanced argument.

In Shakespeare, argument—the ever-changing play of contradictions—is what substitutes for character (a word that for the Elizabethans meant only a letter in the alphabet). Dynamic antitheses echo everywhere in the text of "Troilus and Cressida": in the alternation of tragic and comic scenes, which makes the play's genre impossible to categorize; in Troilus's cry when he watches his beloved Cressida betray him ("This is, and is not, Cressid"); and, at the finale, when Troilus rejects Cressida's letter of explanation, saying, "Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart / The effect doth operate another way." These lines, unfortunately, serve as an epitaph more to this lopsided theatrical experience than to the drama of the play. When Troilus vanquishes Diomedes and the renowned Achilles unheroically assassinates the armorless Hector (he wastes him with a six-shooter—go figure), the violence is staged in such a flaccid, cartoonish way that it carries about as much clout as a Punch-and-Judy show.

More than ever, "Troilus and Cressida" seems a fiercely relevant metaphor for the moment. The Trojans, trapped in the destructive attrition of a seven-year "cormorant war," fight on, clinging to their vainglorious delusions despite prophesies of disaster. At one point, they consider the idea of returning Helen and pulling out of the conflict. The desire for glory, however, trumps reason: "She is a theme of honor and renown," Troilus says. But the Globe production captures very little of the horror or the humor in Shakespeare's compelling and curiously abstract play. Now that I've heard the play in Original Pronunciation, next time I look forward to seeing it. ♦

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CARTOON CAPTION CONTEST

Each week, we provide a cartoon in need of a caption. You, the reader, submit a caption, we choose three finalists, and you vote for your favorite. Caption submissions for this week's cartoon, by Danny Shanahan, must be received by Sunday, September 18th. Finalists in the September 5th contest appear below; go online to vote. We will announce the winner, along with the finalists in this week's contest, in the October 3rd issue. The winner will be given a signed print of the cartoon. Any U.S. resident age eighteen or over can enter or vote. To do so, and to read the complete rules, visit www.newyorker.com/captioncontest.

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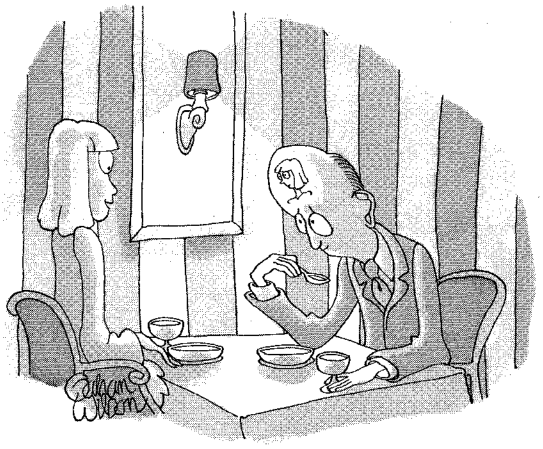
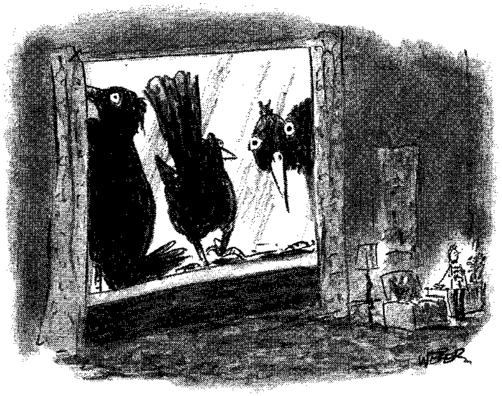


"Well, it's a lovely gesture, but I still think we should start seeing other people."
Evan Butterfield, Chicago, Ill.



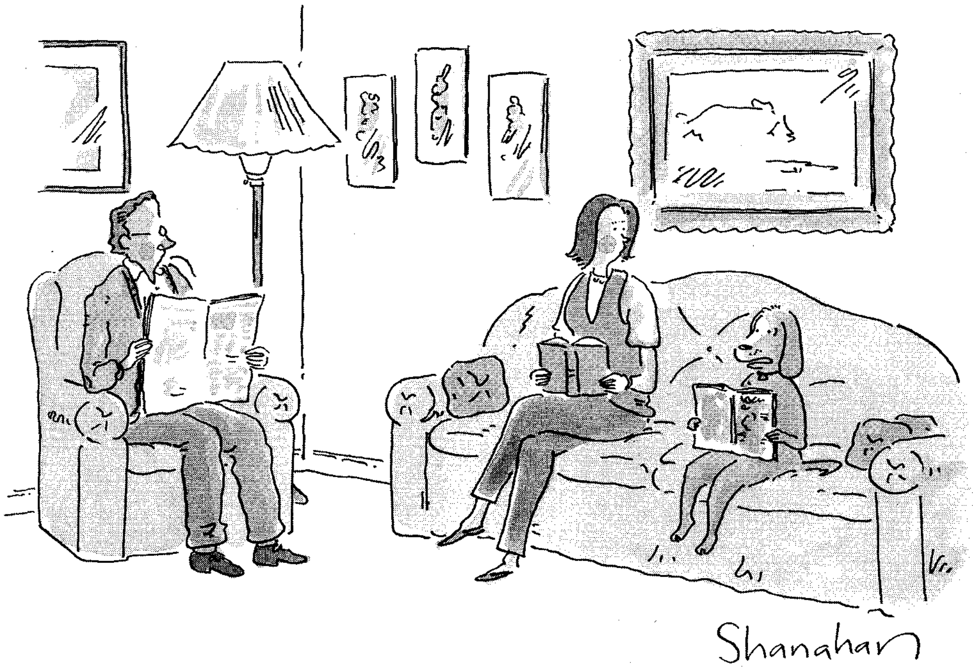
THE FINALISTS

"Maybe you'll believe me once I've been regurgitated."
Dallas Davidson, San Francisco, Calif.

"Yes, I tried tapping on the glass."
Rob Nieto, Kinnelon, N.J.

"Well, the good news is the giant worms are gone."
Nathan Seay, Marietta, Ga.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST



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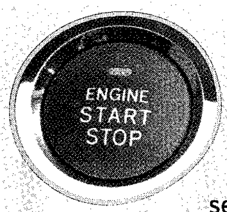

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